

SPORT

AUGUST 35¢

**WILLIE MAYS:
HIS LONELINESS
AND FULFILLMENT**

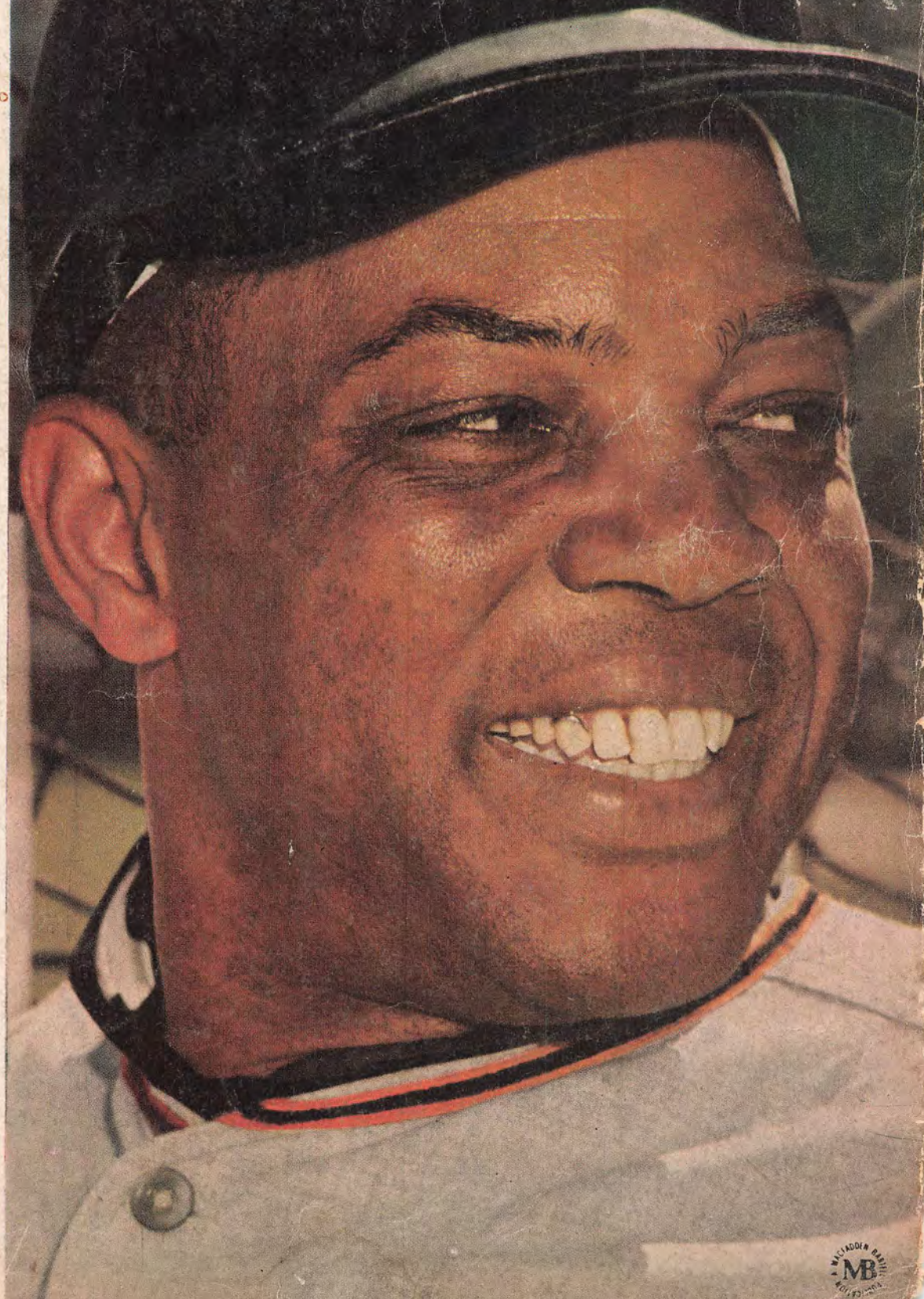
**WHAT ABOUT
THE
JOHNNY UNITAS
RUMORS?**

**AMERICAN LEAGUE
MANAGERS' SECRET
PLAYER RATINGS**

**EXCLUSIVE!
Davey Moore's
Last Days:
"THERE'S NO ROOM
FOR MERCY
IN BOXING"**

**MIKE BEATTY:
"WE'LL BURY
RUSSIANS"**

**ALSO:
BOB POWELL
JOEY JAY**



We can tell you in one word why more people buy Remington 22's than any other make...**NYLON!**

Du Pont "Zytel" nylon is what makes Remington 22's better than other 22's. Nylon means more accuracy—because a nylon stock never swells, shrinks or warps from changes in temperature or humidity. So once you sight in a Nylon 22, it *stays* sighted in—until *you* change the sights. And nylon permits three-point bedding for greater accuracy—the same type of bedding that gives expensive target rifles their accuracy.

Nylon stocks are better-looking, too. That's because only nylon gives you such graceful lines, handsome checkering and inletting—things you don't find on comparably priced 22's.

Dependability? Nylon wins, hands down! For example, the Nylon 66 Automatic is the most trouble-free automatic ever made. The action rides on "greaseless bearings" of self-lubricating, long-wearing nylon. And all Remington nylon stocks are guaranteed not to warp, crack, chip, fade or peel for the life of the rifle, or we will replace it free.

So why buy a 22 that really isn't new . . . hasn't changed in years. Not when you can have a brand-new, modern, guaranteed Remington Nylon 22. And you can pick your model and price from six models in three great actions:



NYLON 66 AUTOMATIC—Most trouble-free automatic made. Grooved for tip-off 'scope mounts. Holds 14 long rifle cartridges. \$49⁹⁵*
Also in striking Apache Black and Chrome. \$54⁹⁵*



NYLON 76 LEVER-ACTION—Fastest, most accurate lever-action made. Grooved for tip-off 'scope mounts. Holds 14 long rifle cartridges. In Mohawk Brown. \$59⁹⁵*



NYLON 11 BOLT ACTION—Has chrome-plated Mannlicher-type bolt handle, many other top features. Clip magazine holds 6 short, long or long rifle cartridges. . . . \$36⁹⁵*

NYLON 12—Same with tubular magazine. Holds 21 short, 16 long or 14 long rifle cartridges. \$39⁹⁵*

NYLON 10—Single shot. Takes all sizes of 22's. . . . \$25⁷⁵*

*Prices subject to change without notice.

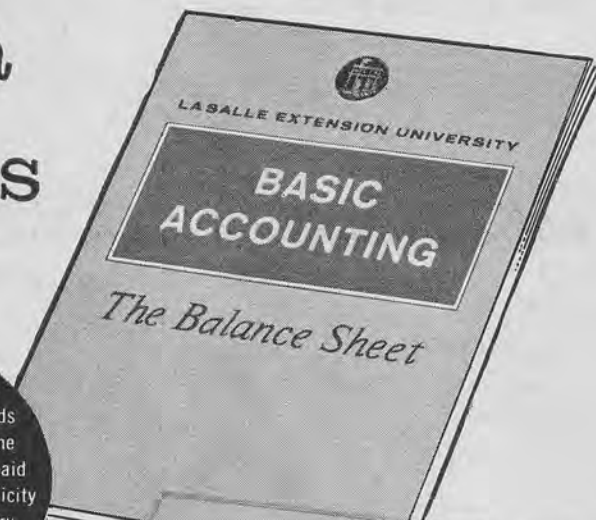
REMINGTON GUNS ARE BETTER BECAUSE THEY'RE MADE BETTER

Remington 

"Zytel" is a registered trademark of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. (Inc.). Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport 2, Conn. In Canada: Remington Arms of Canada Limited, 36 Queen Elizabeth Blvd., Toronto, Ont.

This Free sample lesson can start you on a high-pay career as **ACCOUNTANT, AUDITOR, or CPA**

This same lesson has started hundreds of thousands in one of the world's best-paid professions. Its simplicity will surprise you. Try it, enjoy it, without obligation.



This valuable booklet also **FREE**

The demand for trained Accountants far exceeds the supply. Salaries keep going higher, promotions come faster. Why remain in a dull job with insufficient pay when you can qualify easily—in your spare time—for the big rewards offered to the men trained in Accounting?

To prove this to yourself, send for the interesting sample lesson which demonstrates the remarkable LaSalle method of home training. This lesson is yours free of cost or obligation. It will show you how you are guided step by step through actual Accounting work . . . how you learn by doing . . . how thoroughly you are prepared for every Accounting task you will be called upon to handle in the business world.

No previous experience required

LaSalle's distinguished faculty of expert Accountants and CPA instructors starts you right at the beginning . . . then supervises, corrects and grades your work all the way . . . right up to qualifying you for the Certified Public Accountant examination, if this is your goal.

You train in your spare time—at your own pace—without losing a single day from your present job.

Which of today's many Accounting positions do you want?

Regardless of your present job—if you want to qualify as expert Accountant, Controller, Auditor, Income Tax Specialist, Government Accountant, or Public Accountant, LaSalle has the exact plan to prepare you rapidly and inexpensively.

For over half a century, LaSalle has been a world leader in business education. It has trained at home more than 1,000,000 successful men and women. That is why a LaSalle diploma in Accounting is a credential respected by America's biggest companies. Mail the coupon now for your free sample lesson and the free booklet "Opportunities in Accounting."

LA SALLE
EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution
417 South Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.

**LaSalle students report
up to 56% increase in
pay the first year**



"My income has increased over \$100 a month since I began taking your course. I recommend it highly to anyone."
—W. G. Hensley, Memphis, Tenn.

"My salary has more than doubled since enrolling with LaSalle and due to my fine training, my salary is still growing."—William T. Black, Canoga Park, Calif.

"As a direct result of my LaSalle studies, my salary has increased 400% since I first began my LaSalle success building program."
—Rudolf Urbatis, Port Chester, N.Y.

LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A Correspondence Institution

417 South Dearborn St., Dept. 20-039, Chicago 5, Ill.

Please send me, free of cost or obligation, your sample lesson and illustrated booklet "Opportunities in Accounting"

Name.....Age.....

Address.....County.....

City & Zone.....State.....

108

MEN!

Here's deodorant
protection

YOU CAN TRUST



Fastest, neatest way to all-day protection. Old Spice Stick Deodorant glides on smoothly, speedily; is *never sticky* and dries in record time. The man's deodorant preferred by men... absolutely dependable. 1.00 ^{plus tax}

Also available in Canada

SHULTON

SPORT

AL SILVERMAN
Editor

STEVE GELMAN Managing Editor
AL BURGER Art Director
BERRY STAINBACK Assistant Managing Editor
FRED KATZ Associate Editor
JIM BENAGH Associate Editor
DALE SHAW Outdoors Editor
MARTIN BLUMENTHAL Staff Photographer

THE LINEUP FOR AUGUST:

- 9 THE AMERICAN LEAGUE MANAGERS' PLAYER RATINGS.....Til Ferdenzi
- 12 WILLIE MAYS: HIS LONELINESS AND FULFILLMENT.....Arnold Hano
- 16 WHAT ABOUT THE JOHNNY UNITAS RUMORS?.....Murray Olderman
- SOUND OFF!**
- 18 JIM BEATTY: "WE'LL BURY THE RUSSIANS".....Hal Higdon
- 20 A PHILLIE FINDS PEACE.....Larry Merchant
- 24 THE IMPORTANCE OF PRIDE IN SPORTS.....Myron Cope
- 27 DAVEY MOORE'S LAST DAYS.....Bill Libby
- 30 THE BURDEN OF BOOG POWELL.....Jerry Izenberg
- 32 UNDER THESE ARCHES.....Photos by Herb Flatow
- 36 COOKIE.....Pete Hamill
- 38 THE TEN YEARS OF JOHNNY PODRES
- 42 TED WILLIAMS, HUNTER.....Tap Goodenough
- SPORT'S HALL OF FAME:**
- 44 NUVOLARI.....Ken Purdy

THE SPORT SPECIAL:

- 48 JOEY JAY IN CONTROL OF HIMSELF.....Roy McHugh

AND ALSO:

- 4 ASK THE EXPERTS
- 5 LETTERS TO SPORT
- 6 SPORT TALK
- 8 NEXT MONTH IN SPORT
- 58 THE SPORT QUIZ

COLOR:

- 9 JIM GENTILE, TOM TRESH
 - 13 WILLIE MAYS
 - 16 JOHNNY UNITAS
 - 44-45 TAZIO NUVOLARI
 - 48 JOEY JAY
- Great Moments in Sport:
62 MATHIAS COMES FROM BEHIND
88 TIME OUT with the Editors

COVER—Lee Balterman

AUGUST, 1963

SPORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY by Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, New York, N. Y.

EXECUTIVE, ADVERTISING AND EDITORIAL OFFICES at 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Gerald A. Bartell, Chairman of the Board and President; Frederick A. Klein, Executive Vice-President-General Manager; Michael J. Jackson, S. N. Himmelman, Vice-Presidents; Lee B. Bartell, Secretary. Advertising offices also at 221 No. LaSalle Street, Chicago; 625 Market Street, San Francisco 5, California and 3959 W. 6th Street, Los Angeles 5, Cal.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: In the United States, its Possessions and Canada, one year \$4.00; two years \$7.00; three years \$10.00. All other countries \$6.00 per year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Eight weeks' notice essential. When possible, please furnish a stencil impression address from a recent issue. Address changes can be made only if you send us your old as well as your new address. Write to SPORT, Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, 205 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

Vol. 36, No. 2

MANUSCRIPTS, DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage and will be carefully considered but publisher cannot be responsible for loss or injury.

FOREIGN editions handled through International Division of Macfadden-Bartell Corporation, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Gerald A. Bartell, President; Douglas Lockhart, Vice-President.

ENTERED as Second Class Matter July 25, 1946, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N. Y., and other Post Offices. Authorized as Second Class Mail, P. O. Dept. Ottawa, Ont., Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1963 by Macfadden-Bartell Corporation. All rights reserved. Copyright under the Universal Copyright Convention and International Copyright Convention. Copyright reserved under the Pan-American Copyright Convention. Todos derechos reservados segun la Convencion Panamericana de Propiedad Literaria y Artistica. Title trademark registered in U. S. Patent Office. Printed in U. S. by Art Color Printing Co.

Member Sport-Saga Men's Group

September SPORT on sale July 25



Cast your ballot for a successful future!

223 I.C.S. COURSES



I.C.S. is the oldest and largest correspondence school. 223 courses. Business, industrial, engineering, academic, high school. One for you. Direct, job-related. Bedrock facts and theory plus practical

application. Complete lesson and answer service. No skimping. Diploma to graduates.

Send for the 3 free booklets offered here and find out how I.C.S. can be your road to success.

ACCOUNTING

Accounting
Cost Accounting
Federal Tax
General Accounting
Junior Accounting
Practical Accounting
Public Accounting

ARCHITECTURE AND BUILDING

Architectural Drawing & Designing
Architecture
Building Contractor
Building Estimator
Building Inspector
Building Maintenance
Carpenter-Builders
Carpentry & Millwork
House Planning & Interior Design
Mason
Painting Contractor
Reading Arch. Blueprints
Review in Arch. Design & Practice
Review of Mech. Systems in Buildings

ART

Amateur Artist
Commercial Art
Commercial Cartooning
Illustrating
Interior Decorating
Show Card & Sign Production
Show Card Writing
Sign Painting & Designing
Sketching & Painting

AUTOMOTIVE

Automatic Transmission Specialist
Automobile Body Rebuilding & Refinishing
Automobile Electrical Technician
Automobile Engine Tune-Up
Automobile Technician
Automotive Mechanic
Diesel-Gas Motor Vehicle Engines

AVIATION

Aircraft & Powerplant Mechanic
Introductory Aero-Engineering Technology

BUSINESS

Advertising
Basic Inventory Control
Business Administration
Business Correspondence
Business Law
Business Management & Marketing
Business Management & Production
Canadian Business Management
Condensed Business Practice
Industrial Psychology
Managing a Small Store
Marketing
Modern Executive Management
Office Management
Programming for Digital Computers
Programming the IBM 1401 Computer
Purchasing Agent
Retail Business Management
Statistics and Finance
Systems and Procedures Analysis

CHEMICAL

Analytical Chemistry
Chemical Engineering
Chemical Engineering Unit Operations
Chemical Laboratory Tech.
Chemical Process Control Technician
Chemical Process Operator
Elements of Nuclear Energy
General Chemistry

CIVIL ENGINEERING

Civil Engineering
Construction Engineering
Highway Engineering
Principles of Surveying
Reading Structural Blueprints
Sanitary Engineering
Sewage Plant Operator
Structural Engineering
Surveying and Mapping
Water Works Operator

DRAFTING

Aircraft Drafting
Architectural Drafting
Electrical Drafting
Electrical Engineering Drafting

Electronic Drafting
Introductory Mechanical Drafting
Mechanical Drafting
Sheet Metal Layout for Air Conditioning
Structural Drafting

ELECTRICAL

Electric Motor Repairman
Electrical Appliance Servicing
Electrical Contractor
Electrical Engineering (Power option or Electronic option)
Electrical Engineering Tech.
Electrical Instrument Tech.
Electrical Power-Plant Engineering (Steam option or Hydro option)
Industrial Electrical Tech.
Industrial Telemetering
Power Line Design and Construction
Practical Electrician
Practical Lineman
Reading Electrical Blueprints

ENGINEERING (Professional)

Chemical
Civil
Electrical
Mechanical
Industrial Management for Engineers

ENGLISH AND WRITING

Better Business Writing
Introductory Technical Writing
Modern Letter Writing
Practical English
Short Story Writing

HIGH SCHOOL

High School Business
High School College Prep. (Arts)
High School College Prep. (Engineering & Science)
High School General
High School Mathematics
High School Secretarial
High School Vocational

LEADERSHIP

Basic Supervision
Industrial Foremanship
Industrial Supervision

Personnel-Labor Relations Supervision

MATHEMATICS

Advanced Mathematics
Mathematics and Mechanics for Engineering
Mathematics and Physics for Engineering
Modern Elementary Statistics

MECHANICAL

Industrial Engineering
Industrial Instrumentation
Machine Design
Mechanical Engineering
Quality Control
Safety Engineering Tech'lgy
Tool Design

PETROLEUM

Natural Gas Production & Transmission
Oil Field Technology
Petroleum Production Eng'r'g
Petroleum Refinery Operator
Petroleum Technology

PLASTICS

Plastics Technician

PLUMBING, HEATING, AIR CONDITIONING

Air Conditioning
Air Conditioning Maintenance
Domestic Heating with Oil & Gas
Domestic Refrigeration
Gas Fitting
Heating
Heating & Air Conditioning with Drawing
Plumbing
Plumbing & Heating
Plumbing & Heating Contractor
Plumbing & Heating Estimator
Practical Plumbing
Refrigeration & Air Conditioning
Steam Fitting

PULP AND PAPER

Paper Machine Operator
Paper Making
Pulp Making
Pulp & Paper Engineering

Pulp & Paper Making

RAILROAD

Car Equipment Fundamentals
Motive Power Fundamentals
Railroad Administration

SALESMANSHIP

Creative Salesmanship
Real Estate Salesmanship
Sales Management
Salesmanship
Salesmanship & Sales Management

SECRETARIAL

Clerk-Typist
Commercial
Professional Secretary
Shorthand
Stenographic
Typewriting

SHOP PRACTICE

Foundry Practice
Industrial Metallurgy
Machine Shop Inspection
Machine Shop Practice
Machine Shop Practice & Toolmaking
Metallurgical Engineering Technology
Patternmaking
Practical Millwrighting
Reading Shop Blueprints
Rigging
Tool Engineering Technology
Toolmaking
Welding Engineering Technology
Welding Processes

STEAM AND DIESEL POWER

Boiler Inspector
Industrial Building Engineer
Power Plant Engineering
Stationary Diesel Engines
Stationary Fireman
Stationary Steam Engineering

TEXTILES

Carding
Carding and Spinning
Cotton Manufacturing
Dyeing & Finishing
Loom Fixing
Spinning
Textile Designing

Textile Engineering Technology
Textile Mill Supervisor
Warping and Weaving
Wool Manufacturing

TRAFFIC

Motor Traffic Management
Railway Rate Clerk
Traffic Management

TV-RADIO-ELECTRONICS

Communications Technology
Electronic Fundamentals
Electronic Fundamentals (Programmed)
Electronic Fundamentals with Electronic Equipment Training
Electronic Instrumentation & Servo Fundamentals
Electronic Principles for Automation
Electronics and Applied Calculus
Electronics Technician
First Class Radiotelephone License
Fundamentals of Electronic Computers
General Electronics
General Electronics with Electronic Equip. Trng.
Hi-Fi Stereo and Sound Systems Servicing
Industrial Electronics
Industrial Electronics Engineering
Industrial Electronics Engineering Technician
Practical Radio-TV Engineer's
Practical Telephony
Principles of Radio-Electronic Telemetry
Principles of Semiconductor Transistor Circuits
Radio Servicing with Radio Equipment Training
Radio & TV Servicing
Radio & TV Servicing with Radio Equip. Trng.
Second Class Radiotelephone License
Sound Systems Specialist
Telephony, Electronics and Radio Communications
TV Receiver Servicing
TV Technician

For Real Job Security—Get an I. C. S. Diploma! I. C. S., Scranton 15, Penna.

Accredited Member,
National Home Study Council

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS I C S

BOX N2003G, SCRANTON 15, PENNA.

In Hawaii reply P.O. Box 418, Honolulu

Without cost or obligation, send me "HOW to SUCCEED," the opportunity booklet about the field I have indicated below, and a sample lesson.

Name of the course in which you are interested _____

Your Name _____

Age _____

Home Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

Working Hours _____

A.M. to _____

P.M. _____

Occupation _____

Canadian residents send coupon to International Correspondence Schools, Canadian, Ltd., Montreal, Canada. . . . Special low monthly tuition rates to members of the U. S. Armed Forces.



A new Winchester 22: made slow to shoot fast.

Winchester puts a lot of painstaking work into this one. Builds the new Model 290 22 caliber semi-automatic rifle so you can *always* squeeze off shots as fast as you need to. We make the action silky. Balance it right. Put heft where it's needed. Make it light enough to enjoy.

You can't do that without turning out an honest gun. And if one word ever described Winchester guns, it's "honest." The 290 wraps 21 shorts, 17 longs or 15 LR cartridges in just about 5 pounds of honest-to-gosh wood and steel craftsmanship. Honestly, what more could you ask? Only \$52.90

WINCHESTER *Western* **Olin**
WINCHESTER, WESTERN DIVISION

ASK THE EXPERTS



Sports director of Kansas City's WDAF, Merle Harmon broadcasts baseball, football and basketball

What is the record in major-league baseball for most home runs by a rookie?

—Alex Hardy, Edmonton, Alberta

Wally Berger of the Boston Braves hit 38 in 1930. Frank Robinson of the Cincinnati Reds tied that record in 1956.

What pitcher holds the record for the most lifetime World Series wins? What years? How many?

—Tony Crowder, Madison, Tennessee

Whitey Ford of the New York Yankees has ten. He won one in 1950, two in 1955, one in 1956, one in 1957, two in 1960, two in 1961, and one in 1962.



Ernie Harwell, who's aired big-league ball for 15 years, does Tiger games for WKMJ and WJBK-TV Detroit

What major-league team holds the record for most triple plays in one season?

—Thomas Marsilio, Hazleton, Pennsylvania

Detroit (1911) and Boston (1924), both of the American League, had three each. In 1882 Cincinnati of the old American Association (then a major league) had three.

Which pitcher in the majors holds the record for the most shutouts in a season?

—Mike Kalk, New Castle, Indiana

Grover Cleveland Alexander had 16 in 1916 for the Philadelphia Phillies. John Coombs had 13 for the Philadelphia Athletics in 1910, the American League record.



Boston's Curt Gowdy covers sports for WHDH, airs Red Sox games, and does specials for ABC and NBC

Where did John McKay, the Southern California football coach, attend college?

—Pat Hickey, Washington, D.C.

John, the college football "coach of the year" in 1962, graduated from the University of Oregon in 1950.

What is the longest bat that can be used in major-league baseball?

—Bobby Ridings, Gallatin, Tennessee

Rule 1.10, (a) reads "the bat shall be . . . not more than 42 inches in length."

This is a regular feature. Send questions to Ask The Experts, Sport, 205 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Selected ones will be used.



LETTERS TO SPORT

205 East 42 Street, New York 17, N.Y.

SOME MODEST PROPOSALS

Senator Ribicoff's article in June *SPORT* is a timely one. We do need to get more boys and girls interested in the so-called "minor" sports. It seems like many people are aware of the problem but few care enough to follow through.

As one person's opinion, I suggest there be a meeting of the National Sportswriters Association and the following proposals be made:

1) To write more articles on these sports and put them on the sports pages where they can be seen. Accompany with an occasional picture. (Have you ever seen a picture of a good volleyball team?) Instead of showing an odds-on favorite trot away with a \$20,000 purse, let's see a cyclist winning a sprint by a nose.

2) To begin a nation-wide promotion of sports by the newspapers. Have an Olympic committee of newspapermen and have state, regional, and national competition supported by our great newspapers. What town does not have a newspaper? If more than one newspaper exists in a town, let them split the cost of trophies and medals. And let the writers themselves be the officials. In this way the old ego would take care of much needed publicity.

3) Let's not make it a repeat of the NCAA-AAU controversy. It is about time the nation's leaders in amateur athletics took the welfare of the individual athlete and the United States' sports prestige as their prime objectives rather than their own selfish pride and the belief that they alone are "Great White Fathers."

Naperville, Ill. Richard Monnard

A "MAJOR" COMPLAINT

I should like to compliment the editors and Senator Ribicoff for two very excellent articles about the United States' disgraceful Olympic situation.

You mentioned that we concentrate only on the "major" sports, neglecting such as canoeing, equestrian, hop-step-and-jump, etc. This is very sadly true, but we are not doing such an excellent job on the major sports.

If we were shoo-ins for the major events, we could neglect them. But we're not! We must work just as hard on the shot put (our best event) as field hockey. And we must work hard on all of them!

Camden, N. J. Nathan Katz

EXCUSES, EXCUSES

Your Dick Stuart "Sound Off" in June was a bunch of excuses. First he said that his bad start last season was due to lack of spring training. Even though he did play only ten or 11 games, he could have practiced on his own. Also, winter baseball was open to him.

Secondly, he sat out half the year watching a better first-baseman play.

His stay on the bench was surely enough time to get rid of an abscessed tooth.

Then he said that the Pirates of 1960 had no great stars. Preposterous.

Stuart's only good year in all the time we had him was in '61 when he hit 35 homers. But he never hit in the clutch and the Pirates fell back that year.

He says that he is glad to leave, but we are more than happy to see him go. Boston, you can have him.
Pittsburgh, Pa. Alan Wolfson

GUARANTEED: 100 HOMERS

We will be glad to lend Dick Stuart our little-league baseball field. It measures 180 feet to right field, 230 feet to center and 190 to left.
Santa Fe, N. Mex. F. Garcia

THE YANKEE WAY

Dick Young's eye-opening article on the obvious weaknesses in the New York Yankees' farm system in June *SPORT* was smartly twisted to indicate that the champ's future in the American League may be dark. However, an important factor remains. Despite the shameful behavior of their minor-league sisters and brothers, some of their farms have excellent pitching but mediocre hitting; other Yankee farms are vice versa.

The point is that the Yanks steal their promising pitching, then swipe their burgeoning good hitting from wherever it may be. Actually, it's a simple, wonderful formula that spells pennant.

Oh my, the Yankee dynasty is as dead as the New York subways during the rush hour.
Atlantic City, N. J. Harry Ryan

STOP THE FUNERAL

The Yankee Dynasty is not dead. It is just asleep.
Providence, R. I. Merrie Bloom

MEDIOCRITY BY ASSOCIATION

I do not like the way Dick Young compares the Mets with the Yankees. I think he should have a little more respect for a team that has won the pennant 29 times in a row.
Toledo, Ohio Mike Clear

Come now, Mike. Twenty-nine in a row? If anyone need not exaggerate, it's a Yankee fan.

A DILIGENT PRONOUN TABULATOR

In answer to James McDonald's letter in your June issue:

The purpose of "Sound Off" is to get the opinion of the person being interviewed. This cannot be done if that person doesn't use "I," "me," or "my."

If Mr. McDonald had looked over
(→ TO PAGE 67)



These are
what you feed
your 22 to give
it muscle!

Power? Super-X and Super-Speed Long Rifle 22s are up to 36% more powerful than ordinary 22s!

Whether it's hand inspected Match ammunition or inexpensive 22 shorts for plinking—team winners and woodsmen know it's Winchester or Western for power and performance in a 22.

WINCHESTER®
Western® Olin
WINCHESTER-WESTERN DIVISION

SPORT TALK

THE "BALLOON" HITTING

When you watched Chuck Schilling bat for the Red Sox near the end of last season you had to shake your head. He looked about as much like a major-league hitter as Hank Aguirre. His bat was slow and when he did hit the ball it took off like Gus Triandos running out a double. People in Boston were talking about a Geritol fund for Chuck.

But when you saw Schilling hit early this May, you had to check your scorecard a few times to be sure it was him. He was hitting the ball so hard through 26 games that he even had three home runs among his 37 hits, and a .346 average. How come?

"I guess it's a combination of things," Chuck said. "I was 0-for-26 last year before I got a hit, then I pressed the rest of the year trying to make up for it. This year I got a hit the first time at bat and everything's been going pretty good for me. I have a little more confidence."

He also has a little more weight. When he arrived at spring training Chuck's teammates chorused, "Look at the balloon!" Normally a 170-pounder, Schilling fell off to 160 by the end of last season and it weakened him. He reported at 183 this year. "I got married and my wife's a pretty good cook," he said. "I didn't do anything this winter except get my degree (in engineering at Man-

hattan College). I'm about 175 now and I'm just as agile around second. It just strengthened me and it'll really pay off when it gets hot."

Actually, Schilling figured to be a better hitter than his .259 rookie average and his .230 average in '62. He'd batted .340 and .314 his two years in the minors. But last year he had just started to swing out of his slump when he broke his wrist.

"Yeah," Chuck said, "the wrist must have bothered me. Although it didn't hurt me, I guess I must have been favoring it subconsciously because I just wasn't swinging with the snap I used to. I was getting hit on the fists a lot; I just wasn't being quick with the bat."

Ted Williams told him in the spring to swing a heavy bat to strengthen his hands and wrists and Chuck says that helped. "Especially on off days," Schilling said. "I swing the lead bat 20 or 30 times every day when the rest of the guys are loosening up, and in the batting circle, of course."

"I'm a little surprised at my hitting, but I always thought I was a better hitter than I showed my first two years because I always hit .300 in the minors. But getting off to this good start has really boosted my morale and I feel that I can stay there, at least around the .300 mark, for the rest of the year if I stay healthy. Something like this does wonders for your confidence."

Fred Kaplan



Schilling said the "new spirit" that manager Johnny Pesky has encouraged on the Red Sox has helped him too. "It helps everybody. When Roman Mejias hit that double in the 15th inning after we'd been behind Detroit by three runs, we came out and swarmed over him like it was the World Series. They say Pesky swallowed his tobacco."

If Schilling's still hitting .346 by the end of the season, Pesky's liable to swallow a fungo bat. But the "Balloon" just figures this is his season.

HOW TO KILL A RUNNER

A baserunner who tries to take a lead off first on New York Mets' pitcher Roger Craig is apt to end up feeling like Eddie Fisher after *Cleopatra*. Roger picked off 13 men in 1962 and bagged a 14th twice, only to have the first-baseman drop the throws. Even Maury Wills couldn't steal on Craig last year; he couldn't even keep the base he had one night because Roger got the ball to first before Wills, diving back, got his hand on the bag.

When we sat with Craig in the Polo Grounds clubhouse in mid-May, nobody had stolen on him in '63 either. The one man who had dared take a lead on him, Joe Torre of the Braves, returned to his dugout with vividly gained new knowledge on the art of a pitcher's pick-off skill.

"They're not taking any leads on me this year," Roger said, "which is good. They don't go from first to third on a single so easily, they don't steal. That's why I worked on my move. I'm saving a lot of throws over there this year."

Craig propped his feet in his locker, swigged a soda and said he had perfected his pickoff move in the spring of '62. "Casey knew I had a fairly good move with the Dodgers and he asked me to work with the kids on the Mets. In working and working and practicing with them I picked up a couple of extra things that really helped me."

"What are they basically?" we asked.

"The most important thing," Roger said, "is the use of the head. Your head can really deceive a runner if you use it the right way. Another thing is knowing when I go into my stretch whether I'm going to throw to first or home. I decide before I stretch

Chuck Schilling, No. 2, was noted only for his fielding before this season (as a rookie he set a record for fewest errors, eight, by a second-baseman). But through the first six weeks of '62 he hit over .300. He felt he could stay there.

and this gives me full concentration on one throw. I don't think a lot of pitchers do this.

"Also, a lot of times I can kinda sense when the hit-and-run or the steal is on, just by the situation of the game or the batter. I kinda second-guess the other manager, put myself in his place. If a guy like Dick Groat or Jose Pagan is up with a man on first, you know there's a good chance the hit-and-run's on. I catch a lot of guys off at times like this. I can tell when a lot of guys are gonna steal too. They act very nonchalant—like a thief who's about to grab something."

"You mentioned deceiving the runner with your head," we said. "How, in general terms, does this work?"

"I'll give you a demonstration and you can write it the way you see it." Roger finished his soda, took his glove and stood up. He stretched and said, "Most pitchers do this:" Chin down, he looked at first, at home, at first, at home in rapid succession, then simulated a snap throw to first. "Now watch." Chin down, he repeated the glances from first to home, but the last glance home became a chin-up, exaggerated look toward the plate. "You give a very deliberate look," Roger said, then he spun and simulated the "blind" snap to first.

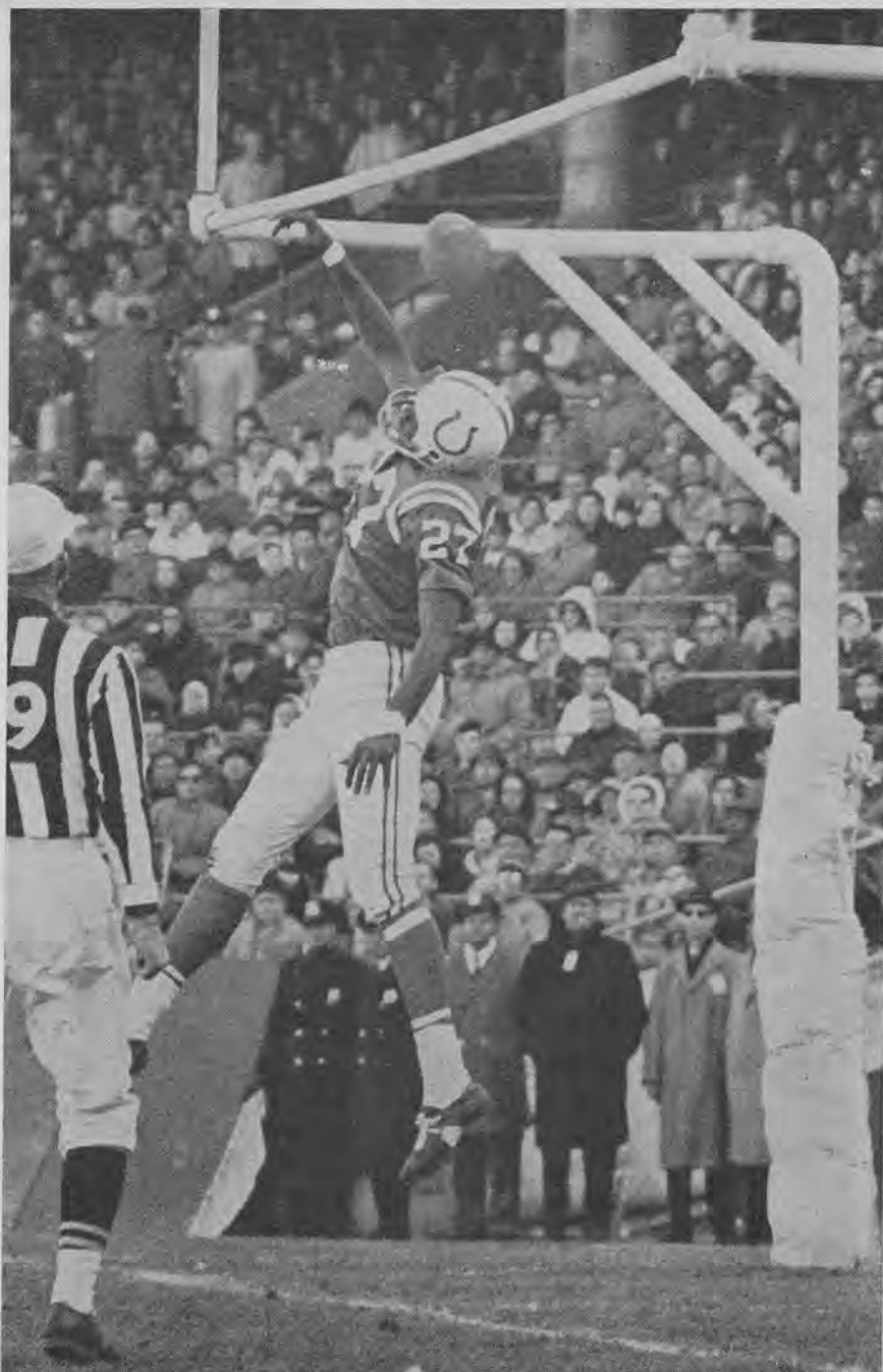
This is the key to Craig's move, but there is much more finesse involved in execution. Setting up a runner with a few throws without the exaggeration, then using it, for instance. A pitcher's feet and shoulders can also be factors.

Roger perfected his move on his own. "I was thinking one day last spring, why can't I—even though I'm righthanded—have the best move in baseball?" he says. "It would be harder, I knew, because a lefthander has so much more advantage, but I decided to work on it."

It's obviously paid off, because no righthander has a better move than Craig's, though Art Mahaffey's may be as good. Several other Met righthanders are developing good moves under Craig's coaching too. He again tutored the pitchers this spring—which was one reason the Mets were much improved early in the season. Few runners were stealing on them. It hurts getting thrown out trying to steal, but it kills you to get picked off first.

R. C. OWENS: F. G. BLOCKER

Against the Washington Redskins late last season, R.C. Owens of the Baltimore Colts introduced a play no other man had executed in the National Football League. Bob Khayat of the Redskins was set to try a field goal from the 40. Owens was back in single safety in front of the goal post, as if to run back a short kick. Khayat's



Paul Hutchins, *The Sunpapers*

R. C. Owens jumped and blocked the ball on this Redskin field-goal try in 1962.

right foot hit the ball and the ball went up; then Owens went up and his right hand hit the ball just as it was about to clear the crossbar. The crossbar stands ten feet off the ground and R.C. stands 6-3 off the ground, yet he blocked the low-trajectory placement.

Owens, a public relations executive for the J.C. Penny Company between seasons, was in town on business a while ago and told us how he happened to try blocking field goals. He started during the 1961 season while he still was with the San Francisco 49ers.

"We were going to play the Lions next game," R.C. said, "and we had just seen the films of the Lions' game against the Colts. The Lions won the game on four field goals by Jim Martin of 48, 45, 42 and 38 yards, something like that—and all of them

had just gotten over the bar. So I tried to block one in practice, just goofing around. That's the way the Alley Oop pass came about, just goofing around in practice with Y.A. Tittle. Anyway, Tommy Davis was practicing field goals and I was hanging around under the goal post and trying to block them. Well, I did block one and Red Hickey saw it."

"R.C.," said 49er coach Hickey, "I'm going to let you try that Sunday."

Jim Martin attempted three field goals against San Francisco with Owens standing under the crossbar. They were wide. "I didn't block any," R.C. Owens said, "but Martin may have had a little psychological block, I don't know. But there were few games in which Jim Martin missed three out of three field goal attempts." Owens smiled. "I saw Wilt Chamberlain at a basketball game (Owens



AT YOUR
NEWSSTANDS
JULY 25



BABE
RUTH



PAUL
HORNUNG

NEXT MONTH IN SPORT

This is a troubled time for Paul Hornung, a time for reflection, a time for looking ahead. Dick Schaap, who visited Paul often and wrote about him often in times of glory, takes another look at him now. Schaap reports on his exclusive interview in next month's **SPORT**. Also next month a typically tough report by Dick Young on one of the typically tough subjects he tackles for **SPORT**: "Baseball's Iron Curtain." What is it, how does it work, how does it affect the player and fan? Young answers those questions, angrily.

Another tough story is our September Sound-Off! The subject is beanballs and the microphone is in front of San Francisco Giant manager Alvin Dark, who has some frank warnings for teams who throw at the Giants... Other big current baseball features are the September **SPORT SPECIAL** on Sandy Koufax, and probing personality studies of Carl Yastrzemski, Leo Cardenas and Ray Herbert.

Fifteen years ago next month—on August 16, 1948—Babe Ruth died. We honor his memory with a special section next month. It includes "What The Babe Means To The Game Today" by Roger Maris, who learned about the subject first hand when he pursued Ruth's home-run record in 1961. Also, "Ruth's Ten Greatest Days" (play-by-play dramatizations) and a **BONUS SPORT SPECIAL** featuring Ruth's personality: "The Man Behind The Power" by Arnold Hano.

Next month, too, our annual board of experts' National Football League predictions, a photo story showing Arizona State University's superb track stars (Henry Carr and Uli Williams among them) in action, and a look at lady golfer Marilyn Smith. More, too.

SPORT TALK

himself played basketball with Elgin Baylor at College of Idaho) and told him he ought to sign with a pro football team to block field goals. Wilt just laughed."

Even Chamberlain with his great height and jumping ability couldn't get his hand up much more than three or four feet over the crossbar. Most field goals go over much higher than that. However, some of those attempted from the 40-yard line or beyond do just barely clear the bar. These are the ones Owens is used to defend against, and with his skillful timing—perhaps his most crucial asset, getting up just as the ball arrives—R.C. may block another field goal or two in seasons to come.

AROUND THE BATTING CAGE

There is a silly rule prohibiting opposing players from fraternizing before baseball games. But players still talk around the batting cage and occasionally the dialogue is interesting. This was in Yankee Stadium. Baltimore had beaten New York in the season's third game and the apparent top pennant rivals were about to play again. Roger Maris, who was sidelined with a pulled muscle, was taking batting practice and Jim Gentile was looking for sympathy. Maris hit a shot into right field.

"You can play, Roger," Gentile said. "You can play against Barber." (Steve Barber was to pitch against New York that day.)

"I can play against anybody," Maris said.

"They make me play against Ford," Jim said, "so you can play against Barber." He wandered away as Maris stepped out of the cage.

"Hey, One-shot," Roger yelled at Gentile, "you don't want me to look that sick" (as Ford had made Gentile look a couple of times in the series' first game, though Ford lost it).

"You ever get the feeling you're overmatched sometimes?" Jim said. Maris smiled.

Elston Howard had finished hitting and he got on Milt Pappas, who'd beaten the Yankees in the preceding game. "Hey, Pappas," Elly said, "you're throwing a good one now." Howard's fingers went to his lips as he simulated spitting.

"No!" Milt said, astonishment freezing his face. "What do you mean?"

"That first one to me with the bases loaded," Elly said through a smile. "The catcher couldn't even hold it!"

"Aw, Elly," Gentile said, "that was just a back-up slider." But Diamond Jim was still mainly interested in his own problems. "You shouldn't sit back there and laugh at me," Jim told Howard, "when I take a swing like that against Ford." Gentile nodded toward Berra, who was catching batting practice. "Yogi never laughed at me when I did that."

Howard ignored Gentile and walked toward Pappas, who was shaking his head. "That ball came in." Elly's hand traced the ball's flight in at his knees. "And went like that into the dirt." The hand fell straight down.

"Hey, Milt," a voice yelled from the stands behind home, "get out of there." Milt looked at the man behind the voice, who was waving him away. "You can't stay there." The man was either from the Orioles or the league, because Pappas moved from behind the cage and the talk diminished.

HARDY BROKE IN CENTERS

Pro football has undergone many changes in recent years and one the players applaud most heartily has been the steady decline in excessively rough play. You talk to a group of veteran players and they'll tell you the game isn't nearly as rough as it used to be—as it was, say, when Hardy Brown backed the line for the 49ers or Cardinals or Redskins. Whenever former football roughnecks are mentioned Hardy Brown's name comes up and we wondered just what kind of stunts he pulled that officials wouldn't allow today. Detroit Lion Carl Brettschneider, a tough line-backer himself, told about one of Hardy Brown's favorite maneuvers.

"He put out a lot of guys," Carl said. "He used to have little tricks, like on a punt. When a team would line up to punt, usually an official would stand about five yards in front of the center. So Hardy, who was just a little guy, would hide behind the official and when the center would snap the ball, the minute he'd raise his head up," Brettschneider laughed, "Hardy would hit him right under the jaw with his shoulder. He had a way of hitting with his shoulder. He broke more jaws than any guy going."

"He wasn't really a dirty player though," Brettschneider said. "That was just the way Hardy knew how to hit 'em. But the game's changed; it's not that bad any more."

INFORMATIVE FILLER

The sports pages occasionally offer very interesting filler items, such as this one from a recent Baltimore paper. "NEED ANY PROPERTY?", headlined the story, which reported: "Oriole catcher Dick Brown sells real estate in Florida during the off season, and his wife Liisa was born in Finland."

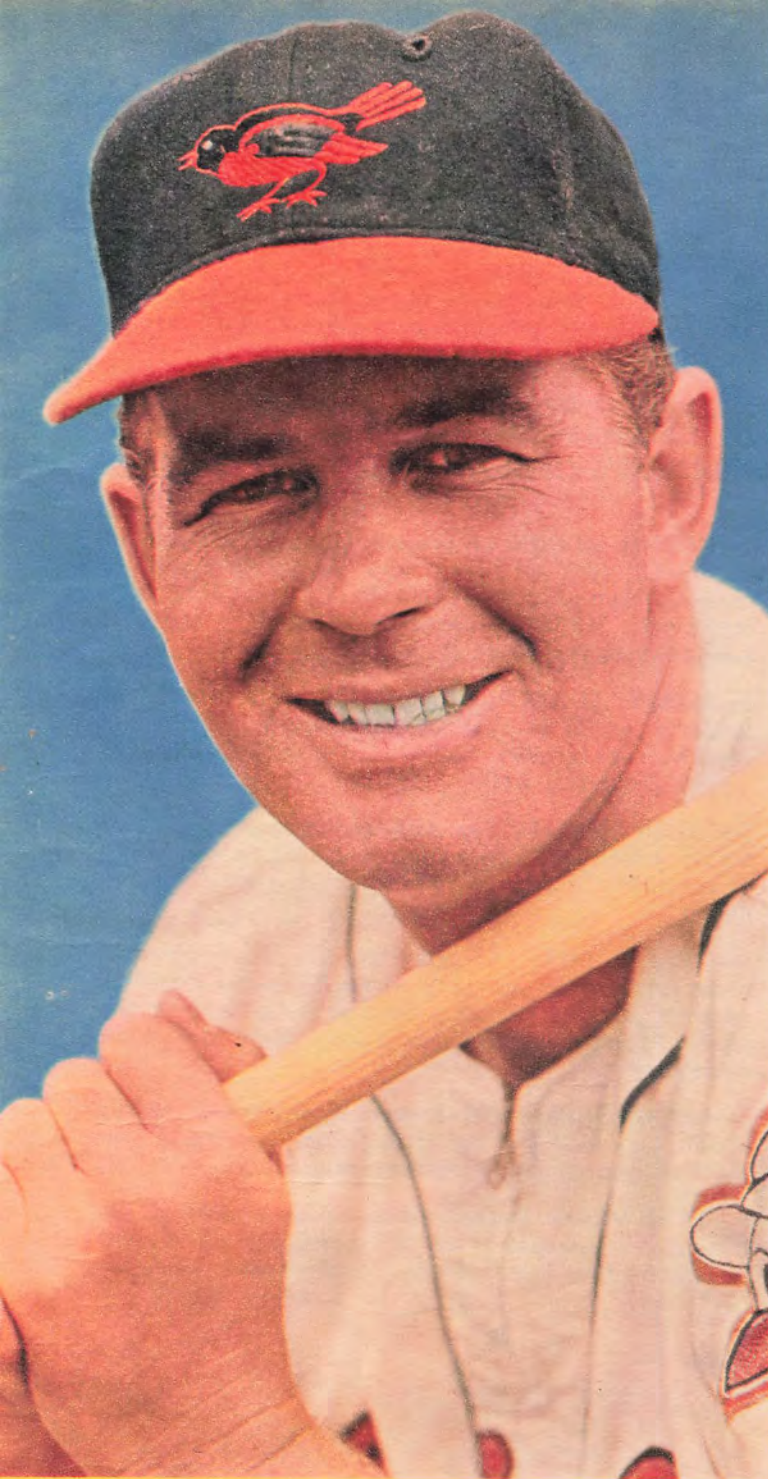
AS ROCKY MARCIANO SEES IT

Like anything else, boxing gets tiresome after a time. Which is why people shouldn't have been shocked when Ingemar Johansson and Paul Pender—both of whom could continue to make good money fighting if they still had the desire—abruptly retired. So said Rocky Marciano when Johansson and Pender announced their plans.

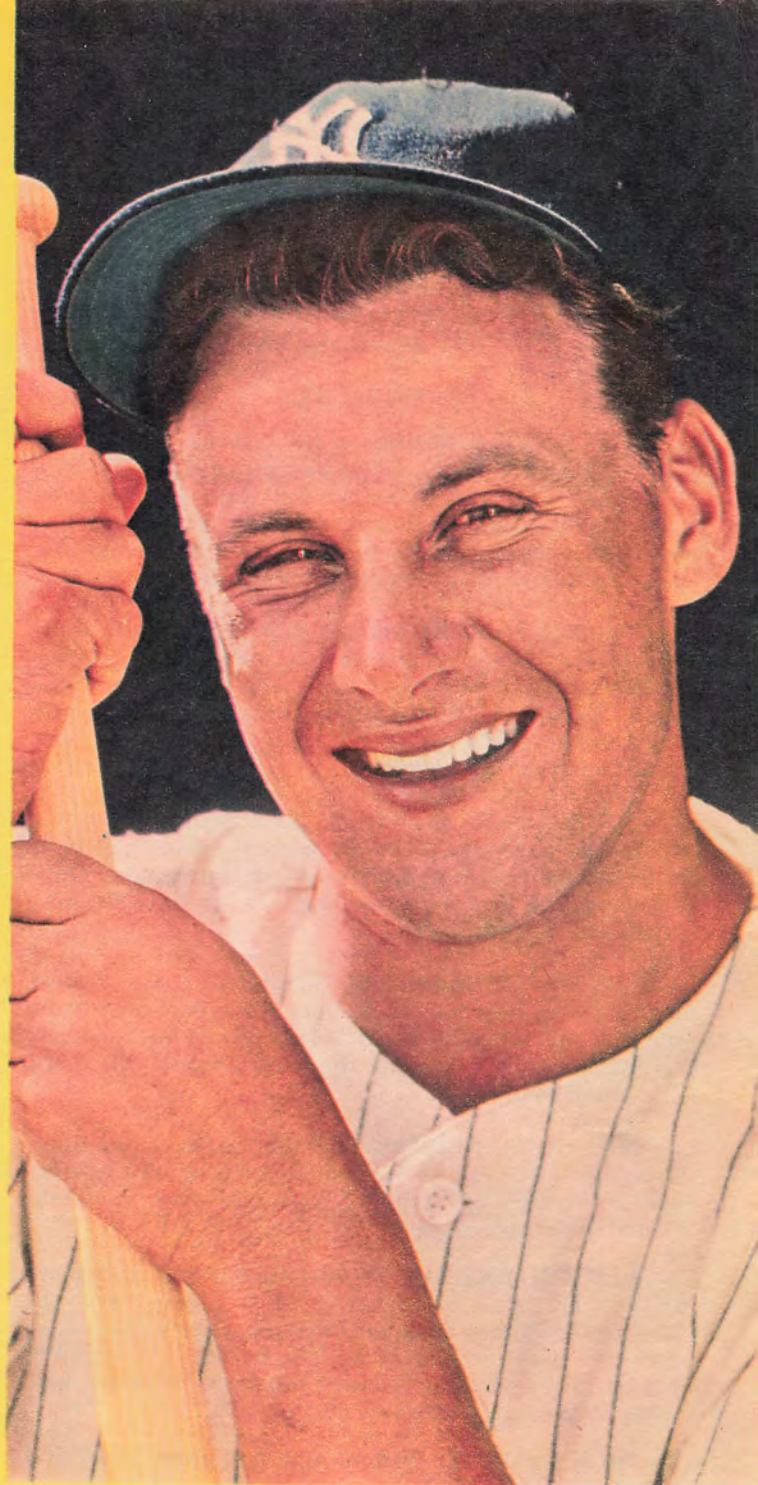
"It's not surprising," said Marciano, perhaps the most famous fighter (49 pro fights without a loss) to abruptly retire. "Look, I went through eight years of boxing, I had a lot of fun, a lot of success and glory and I built up a lot of prestige. But I actually got tired of boxing because it was two fights a year for the last four years and all those tours after each fight. A guy who puts so much time and effort into boxing reaches a point where he just loses interest."

"Joe Louis did. And I think Floyd Patterson was getting tired of it too. After all the months and months of training. I can understand it, a guy puts in a lot of time in boxing and then all the good sorta goes out of it. I know Ray Robinson told me one time it's getting monotonous. Guys fight on because it's good money and they may have some debts. I personally believe that every fighter reaches a certain time when he gets tired of it."

The former heavyweight champion said he had been (→ TO PAGE 77)



Jim Gentile



Tom Tresh

The American League Managers' Secret Player Ratings

By Til Ferdenzi

Color by Ozzie Sweet

PLEASE TURN PAGE ►

A MANAGER'S CHANCES of long and prosperous employment in the major leagues depend, in large part, on how well he knows the talent. Not only the talent under his command, but also the talent on opposing clubs. Here, in confidence, the American League managers appraise the talent on the ten clubs most important to them. Their appraisals have been combined for the ratings that follow, the managers' ratings of the American League ballplayers.

FIRST-BASEMEN

1—JIM GENTILE, Baltimore. Not a unanimous choice. Each of his first-place votes was inspired by his batting power. An acceptable fielder who has improved considerably the past two years. Not likely to hit .300, but compensates with home runs and RBI. Hits low balls best; has to curb his swinging at high pitches.

2—NORM SIEBERN, Kansas City. Hits to all fields with power. Great judge of strike zone. Was very poor fielder two years ago, but has made steady improvement. Excellent hitter with runners in scoring position. Capable of hitting 30 home runs a year and maintaining a .300 average.

3—NORM CASH, Detroit. Rated this highly on his home-run potential. Plays 50 percent of his games in ballpark which favors power-hitting lefthanders. Only acceptable as a fielder. Not much range to right side. Average baserunner.

4—VIC POWER, Minnesota. Unanimous choice as best fielding first-baseman in league. Has great control of bat and can hit to all fields. Lacks power but manages to move runners around the bases. Could be more consistent.

5—JOE CUNNINGHAM, Chicago. Always hustling. Consistent .300 hitter. Will change stance at plate according to style of pitcher. Tough to pitch to in clutch. Sound defensive man.

6—LEE THOMAS, Los Angeles. On his way to becoming a star; some managers say he's already arrived. Has good power and can pull the ball. Like most young, free-swinging, lefthanded hitters, he needs to improve his batting against lefthanded pitchers. Likes the ball away from him. Adequate fielder.

7—DICK STUART, Boston. Can hit home runs and has excellent power to left center. Ideally suited slugger for Fenway Park, the Boston home field. Not rated highly as a fielder or baserunner.

8—JOE PEPITONE and HARRY BRIGHT, New York. Pepitone very exciting hitter. Has short stroke and great wrist action. Still, most managers wonder how well Joe will hit lefthanded pitchers. Bright is dangerous hitter and is a steady, if not spectacular fielder.

9—JOE ADCOCK and FRED WHITFIELD, Cleveland. Adcock's primary value is based on his punch at the plate. Has exceptional straightaway power. Below average fielder: has sure hands but little range. Whitfield was fine minor-league hitter. Likes fast ball. Better than average fielder.

10—LARRY OSBORNE, Washington. A utility man

who wound up at first. Adequate in field and got off to a good start at bat. Managers didn't expect him to sustain hitting.

SECOND-BASEMEN

1—BOBBY RICHARDSON, New York. Unanimous first-place choice. Dependable hitter, outstanding fielder, best double-play man in league. Exceptional range to his left. Hits to all fields. Smart baserunner.

2—JERRY LUMPE, Kansas City. All-round fine player. Hits around .300 with good power. Won't make many fielding mistakes. One of best in league at playing the hitters.

3—BERNIE ALLEN, Minnesota. Managers say he will be a star. Very intelligent and constantly trying to improve himself. Exceptional baserunner. Hits with fair power. Managers generally agree he is the best young infield prospect to come up in years.

4—JERRY ADAIR, Baltimore. Fair hitter who has tendency to hit in streaks. Not much power. Better than average fielder. Good on double play, charges topped grounders well.

5—BILLY MORAN, Los Angeles. Unspectacular, but highly effective. Good team man who puts out 100 percent daily. Improved his hitting last year. Adequate fielder.

6—NELLIE FOX, Chicago. Past his prime but still helps his club considerably. Great example of perseverance. Hits to all fields because he goes with the pitch. Arm not so strong as it used to be and range decreasing.

7—CHUCK SCHILLING, Boston. Strong fielder. Makes double play well and has strong arm. Just starting to hit. He's young, intelligent and improving.

8—JAKE WOOD, Detroit. In the lineup mainly for his hitting. Second base is his best position, even though he has fielding lapses there. Speedy base-runner.

(→ TO PAGE 84)



Brooks Robinson



Al Kaline



Bobby Richardson



Luis Aparicio



Elston Howard



Mickey Mantle

WILLIE MAYS: His Loneliness



And Fulfillment



Despite Mays' stature and high salary, he is not yet a happy man. The reasons for his unhappiness—too deep to be offset by baseball success—are thoughtfully examined here

By Arnold Hano

Color by Lee Balterman

ON SATURDAY NIGHT, this past March 30, I boarded the San Francisco Giant team bus outside the Travolator Motel in San Diego and rode out with the ballplayers to Westgate Park, prior to a spring-training game between the Giants and Cleveland.

My assignment had taken me to San Diego to see Willie Mays. Mays, however, was not on the bus. This was not surprising. Mays seldom rides the team bus. He arrived at the park that evening, alone. He and I spoke briefly in the Giant dressing room, and Mays—the highest salaried ballplayer in his league—refused to be interviewed unless he were to be paid for it.

"There's a lot I could tell about loneliness and fulfillment," he said wistfully. "I'm not doing anything tonight. You could get the story in my motel room. If I got paid for it."

I said I was sorry; maybe next time we could work together on a "by Willie Mays" story and he could be paid. This one, though, had to be written about Willie; it needed the perspective of an outsider. I spoke some more with Willie, then I went out into the brightly lit San Diego night. My wife and daughter were in San Diego with me, on this trip, and there was lots to do.

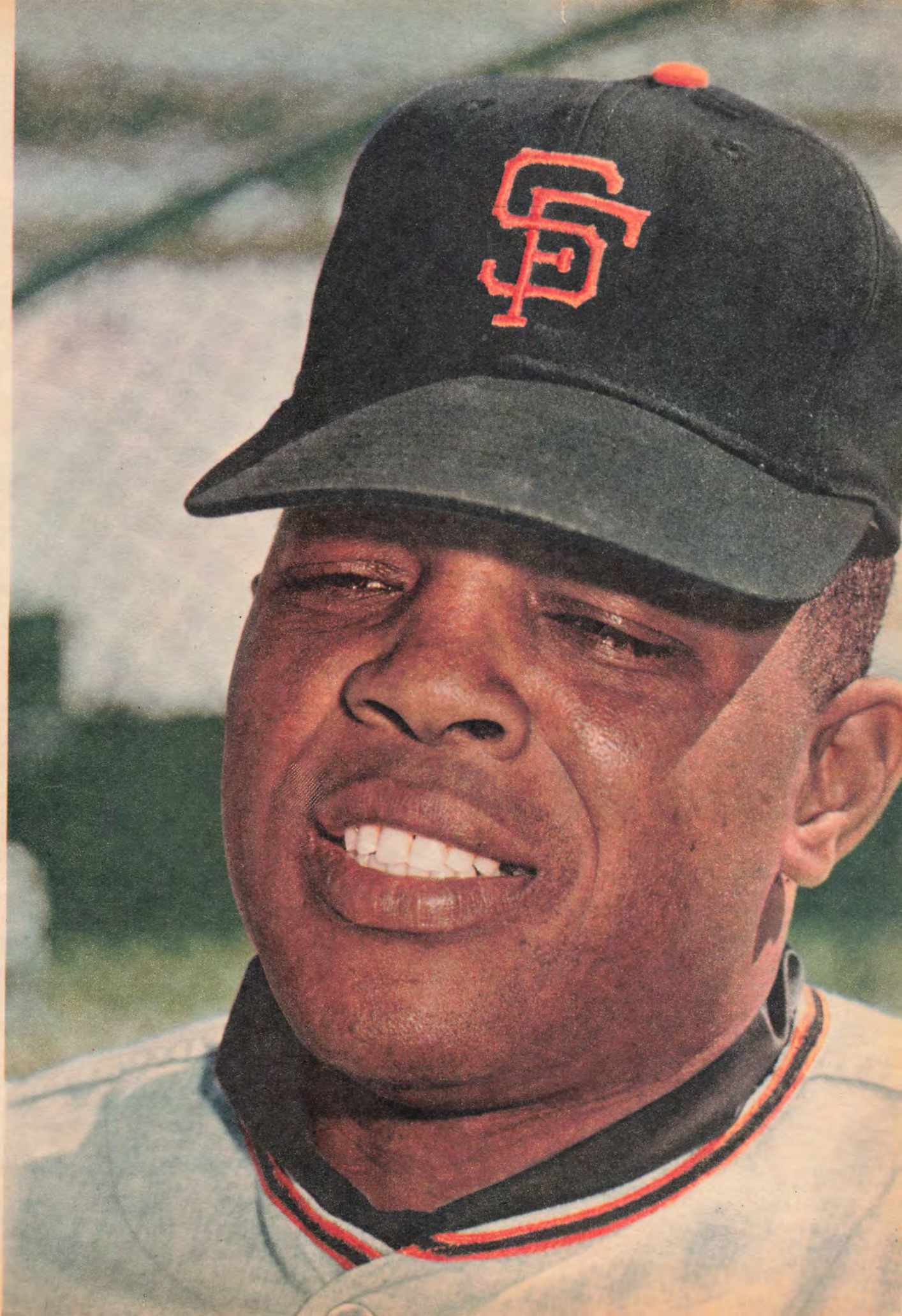
Willie Mays went back to his motel room, alone. Saturday night. The loneliest night in the week.

The story of Willie Mays is, on the face of it, the satisfying saga of an American boy struggling out of difficult conditions to a position of heroic eminence. Willie Mays is paid a salary of \$100,000 for a year's work. In Mays' first season in the major leagues, he was a vital member of a pennant-winning club. In his first full season—1954—he was baseball's most valuable player, and the leader of a World Series winner. There is little need to go over Mays' deeds; they are written into the record books: the four home runs in one game in 1961, the three triples in one game in 1960 (no player in the history of baseball has ever put together this twin accomplishment), the 30-or-more steals/30-or-more home runs for two years running, the seven home runs in six consecutive games, his leadership in runs scored in All-Star Games, his triples in All-Star Games, his major-league home-run leadership, his slugging titles. In 1962 only one outfielder made 400 or more putouts. It was Mays. Nobody else was close.

Nearly all of us set goals when we were young. Fulfillment of these goals is usually at best a partial success. The pyramid we set out to climb is deliberately lowered, or else we decide the hill over there is really the hill we want to master, and so what if it's not quite as high, and so what if we get only halfway up. That's life. You can't have everything.

Willie Mays has fulfilled his own dream; he has reached the top of his pyramid, and it is the very pyramid he chose to climb. He accepted no substitutes. He is king of the hill, and it is his hill, and it is a very high hill at that. This is rare, heady fulfillment, Paul Bunyanesque, Supermanish. There are many who think Mays the greatest ballplayer now active; there are a few who think Mays the greatest ever to play ball.

What does it mean? It means—to Willie Mays—practically nothing. My mind wrestles in vain with this concept, this idea of setting out to be the greatest, and achieving your goal, and finding it has the taste of pennies in your mouth. It is a depressing thought, and the Mays story—for all the Say-Hey bubbling effervescence—is a depressing tale.





A while ago Mays was the host at an ice-cream party, *above*, in his San Francisco home. He has thrown many such parties through the years and he has also frequently visited sick children in hospitals. These are satisfying experiences for Willie, who usually finds the bulk of his satisfaction out on the ballfield, making his superstar plays, *right*. "I'm lonely," he said this spring. "I want to have a family of my own. I have a son (an adopted boy who now lives with Willie's ex-wife) and I get to see him only once or twice a year. I want a wife and children around me who will love me because I'm Willie Mays, a person, not Willie Mays, a ballplayer."



I sat in the pressbox at Westgate Park that chilly March evening, watching Mays and the Giants. It was a frustrating, saddening experience. In the first inning, Willie McCovey hit a home run far over the right-field fence, a monstrous blow that surely exceeded 450 feet. The next hitter was Mays, and Jim Perry's first pitch was an ugly white bolt at Mays' head, and Mays was knocked to the dirt. In the third inning, McCovey hit another home run, and Perry's next pitch to Mays was another bolt at the skull, and Mays was again rolling in the dirt. Today, if you want to measure your great hitters, you look at the color of his uniform. If it is brown, he is a feared hitter. Hobie Landrith, who has been in both leagues, says, "The man who is in the dirt more than any other is Willie Mays."

And the lasting memory of the game is a man in the press box saying, in complete non-sequitur: "You know, there never was a Negro who could block. Look at your football teams. I defy you to show me a Negro who is a blocking back. They just don't have it in them." Nobody mentioned John Henry Johnson or Cookie Gilchrist or Tom Wilson or Ollie Matson—or any of the others—because you don't reply to a fool like that. When you looked away from the man, there was Mays climbing back out of the dirt and digging in. It is not in the record books, but this too is part of fulfillment, and part of the Willie Mays story.

Fulfillment is more than statistics. It means a sense of achievement, a sense of completion, and one wonders whether Mays actually senses what he has accomplished. It is fairly simple to judge Mays' greatness and his accomplishments as an outfielder, for the reason that one of the very finest of all fielding outfielders plays right next to Mays. Felipe Alou is a man with great speed, sure hands, a powerful, accurate throwing arm, deftness in judging fly balls, a man who goes straight back to the fences or rushes in toward the infield, and makes plays at either extreme, or in between. In short, the complete outfielder.

In Houston early this season, Felipe Alou spoke

briefly of the wind that had sprung up during a ball game against the Colts, and Alou said, "If Willie was not out there to help me judge balls, I would have been lost."

Felipe Alou, the complete outfielder. In every aspect of play, Mays is his superior.

Yet one wonders how complete Mays feels. It does not appear to be very complete. In an interview this past spring at Casa Grande, in Arizona, where the Giants train, Mays revealed himself to *Associated Press* writer Joe Reichler.

"I'm lonely," Mays said to Reichler. "I want to have a family of my own. I have a son (an adopted boy) and I love him, but Michael lives with his mother in New York, and I get to see him only once or twice a year. I want a wife and children around me who will love me for myself, because I'm Willie Mays, a person, not Willie Mays, a good ballplayer."

Willie Mays is a man of many small lonelines. I spent a few days at the Francisco Grande Motor Inn in Casa Grande this past February, watching the Giants train. Mays seldom ate in the team dining room, with the rest of the players. In the evenings, he did not sit in the lobby of the motel, with the rest of the players, either playing cards, or kibitzing, or chatting, or watching the big television screen, a group of men drawn together by a common experience, and shielding themselves from the nearly total drabness of their lives by the comforting knowledge that everybody else around them was living the same way. Not so Mays. Mays had a television set in his room—unlike most of the other Giants, Mays roomed alone—and he sat in his room and watched television, alone.

Loneliness has gradually come to be Mays' natural state. On the road, he rooms alone, a star's prerogative, yet other stars, preferring companionship, yield the prerogative. In the spring of 1961, Willie Mays had described for me his life as a ballplayer. It is a document of unwitting despair.

"When I'm on the road," Mays said, "I like to sleep late. Maybe till nine. Then I order breakfast in my room. Then maybe I go back to sleep a while. Sleep and breakfast are the most important things to me, keeping me strong. When I'm free, I take in lots of movies. Westerns, lots of fighting. When I'm home—" Mays was still married at the time—"my wife and I watch television. She likes love stories, mysteries. I like action." So they watched television on separate sets, in separate rooms, separated by the length of a \$125,000 house, and a while later they were divorced.

"On the road," Mays continued, "if I have friends in the town, like Chicago, I might spend an hour with them. I like to get back to the hotel early after a game. If we win, I go to the hotel and relax a little and go to sleep. If we lose, the same thing."

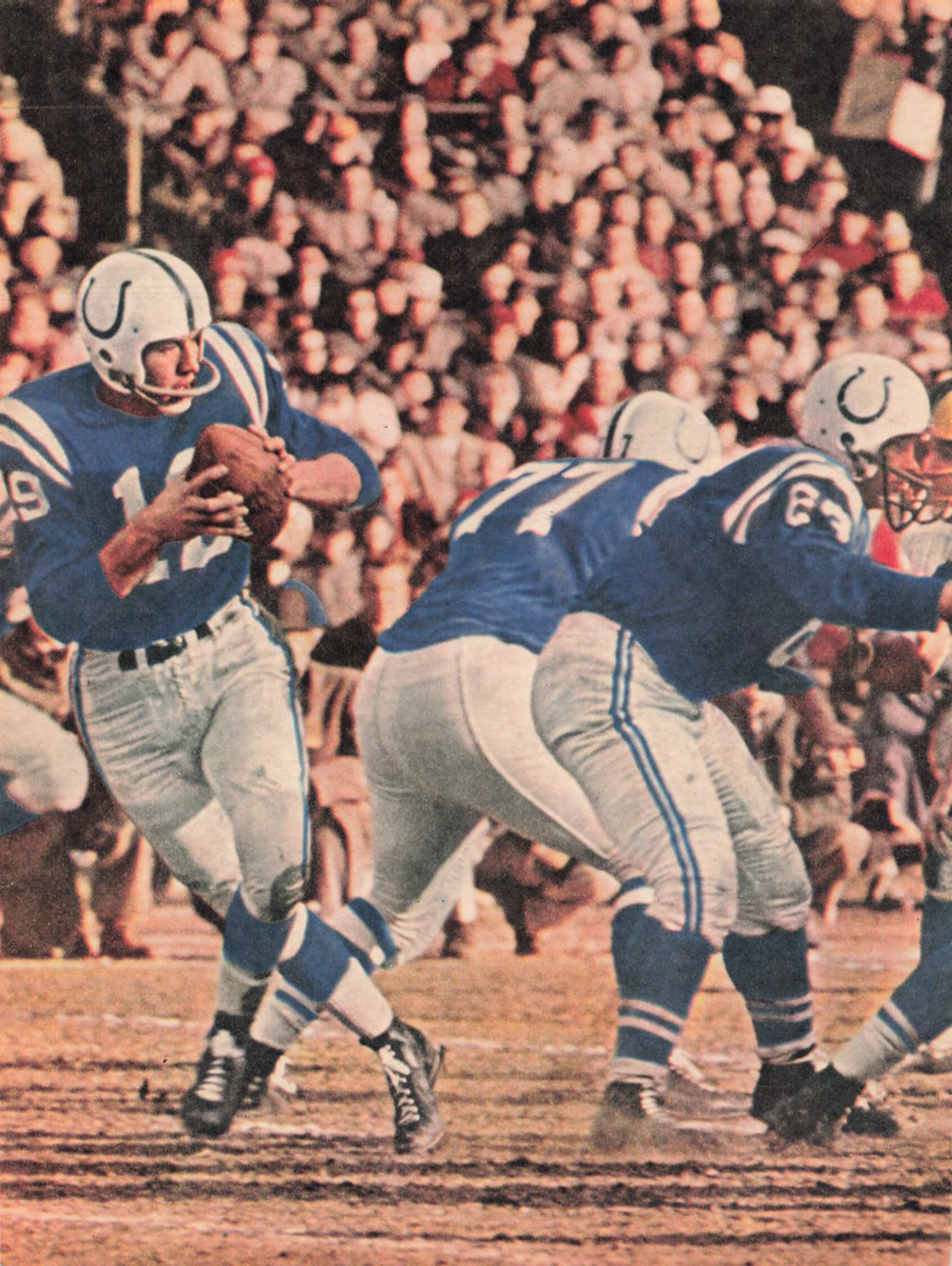
This is more than loneliness; it is withdrawal, Mays slipping out of the group and into his own cocoon-like environment, where he is by himself, with himself, and the rest of the world is neatly shut out. Marguerite Mays said in court: "He would come home in the evening, have dinner in his room, and then go out and play pool." And when he went out to play pool, he went out alone.

Still, Mays is not a hermit. His name pops up in the San Francisco gossip columns, linked with this beauty or that. "Willie has a stable of classy women," a San Francisco reporter told me.

"The public has the wrong impression of Mays," says Leon Wagner, a former teammate of Mays. "He's not just a country boy who doesn't talk because he doesn't know anything. He's not (—→ TO PAGE 75)



Willie, sliding above, pushes himself to peak physical and mental performance in ball games. This overall drive and accompanying tensions may help bring about the blackouts he suffers.



What About The Johnny Unitas Rumors?

Is the Colt quarterback washed up? He says no and tells what went wrong with him in a tough indictment of his former coach and some of his teammates

By Murray Olderman

◀ In his seasons as the NFL's No. 1 star, Johnny, fading back at left, had complete play-calling freedom on the field and the excellent pass protection necessary to make big plays work. The past few seasons he had neither.

Color by Mort Tadder

JOHNNY UNITAS SLOUCHED in a hotel-room chair and said, no, he didn't think he deserved to be starting the Pro Bowl game ahead of Green Bay's Bart Starr. He was even surprised he had been picked to play in the Pro Bowl. Not that he minded, of course. It was always pleasant to spend some January time in warm Los Angeles. It was a nice way to end a football season. Except for one important matter.

Johnny, generally regarded the last five years as the single most important man in professional football, had seemed to have lost some of his skill. And, during the days prior to the Pro Bowl, people were publicly wondering if his star's days were behind him.

So we sat and discussed the rumors that he was on his way to being washed up. He had completed 222 passes for 2967 yards and 23 touchdowns during the '62 season, but this is what people had been saying:

A National Football League coach, after watching Unitas miss several passes to open receivers, had said, "What gives with this guy? He can't throw any more."

Baltimore writers, after watching him pass in practice, had said he couldn't hit the target in simple drills.

Weeb Ewbank, the Baltimore coach, hadn't knocked him but had acknowledged critical comment on how Unitas ran a game.

The middle finger of Johnny's throwing hand, dislocated in 1961, had become permanently swollen. He had played with a sprained left shoulder most of the '62 season and, some people said, a bad back. Some guys even had insinuated that he had lost his taste for the tough going since being battered by the Chicago Bears a couple of years earlier.

Johnny is normally a phlegmatic man who doesn't say very much. A shrug is his most expressive gesture. He has positive ideas, but he hides them from public debate. The rumors, however, had (—→ TO PAGE 79)

SOUND OFF!

JIM BEATTY:

"WE'LL BURY

THE

RUSSIANS"

By HAL HIGDON

*America's top distance runner previews
the upcoming track-and-field meet between
the United States and the Soviet Union*

THE UNITED STATES' Pan American team was in Miami prior to departing for Brazil. At seven o'clock one morning, while the basketball and baseball players still slept, the distance runners on the track team began to gather in the lobby ready to take an early-morning workout. Soon, the United States' best miler, Jim Beatty, stepped out of the elevator along with his roommates and rivals, Jim Grelle and Bill Dotson. With mock surprise Beatty said of the early-bird crowd: "Gee, you'd never see this back in 1956."

We went to a nearby golf course for the workout. In half an hour most of the runners had finished. Assistant team coach Ted Haydon asked, "Where's Beatty, Grelle, and Schul?" referring to the three men coached by Mihaly Igloi.

"They're over on a back fairway doing their secret workout," said steeplechaser George Young. It had become a team joke that the Igloians work out only in private so that other competitors won't learn their secrets. Actually their secret is hard work.

We returned to the hotel and, following breakfast, Jim Beatty and I walked to the ocean. Jim is an old friend of mine. I once toured Finland with him on an AAU track trip long before anyone suspected he might some day hold the world record for two miles and every American record from 1500 to 5000 meters. We spoke about that trip as we sat down on a sea wall. Then I took out the tape recorder. I had some questions I wanted to ask Jim about track and field in general and this summer's U.S.-Russia meet in particular. (—→ TO PAGE 70)



A PHILLIE FINDS PEACE

A few years ago, though he was playing well and receiving recognition, Don Demeter thought he might be wasting his life. He's changed his mind—for a variety of complex reasons

BY LARRY MERCHANT

PHOTOS BY MARTIN BLUMENTHAL



A thin, unlikely looking slugger, Don gets

BY ALL accepted standards of the great American daydream, Don Demeter should have been a most happy fella in the summer of 1959. He was a Los Angeles Dodger, only 24, getting his first full chance as a regular and making good in the biggest of ways: He was leading the team toward a pennant and he was among the major-league leaders in home runs, runs-batted-in and batting average. Photographers were consistently clicking him; they had, in fact, barged in on him at four o'clock one morning after he hit three homers in a game. Ten-year-olds in Anaheim, Azusa and Cucamonga were miming his widespread stance and demanding a Reese and a Hodges for one Demeter baseball card.

So it was starting to come and it seemed inevitable that before very long there would be Don Demeter fan clubs, jockey-shorts endorsements, \$100 guest appearances at sports lodges, \$1000 fees for winter banquets, the Ed Sullivan Show, an invitation to the Bing Crosby pro-am, magazine stories and an offer to invest in a bowling alley.

The thing about Don Demeter is that he didn't want any of it, maybe not even the home runs, the runs-batted-in and the batting average. He was a most confused fella.

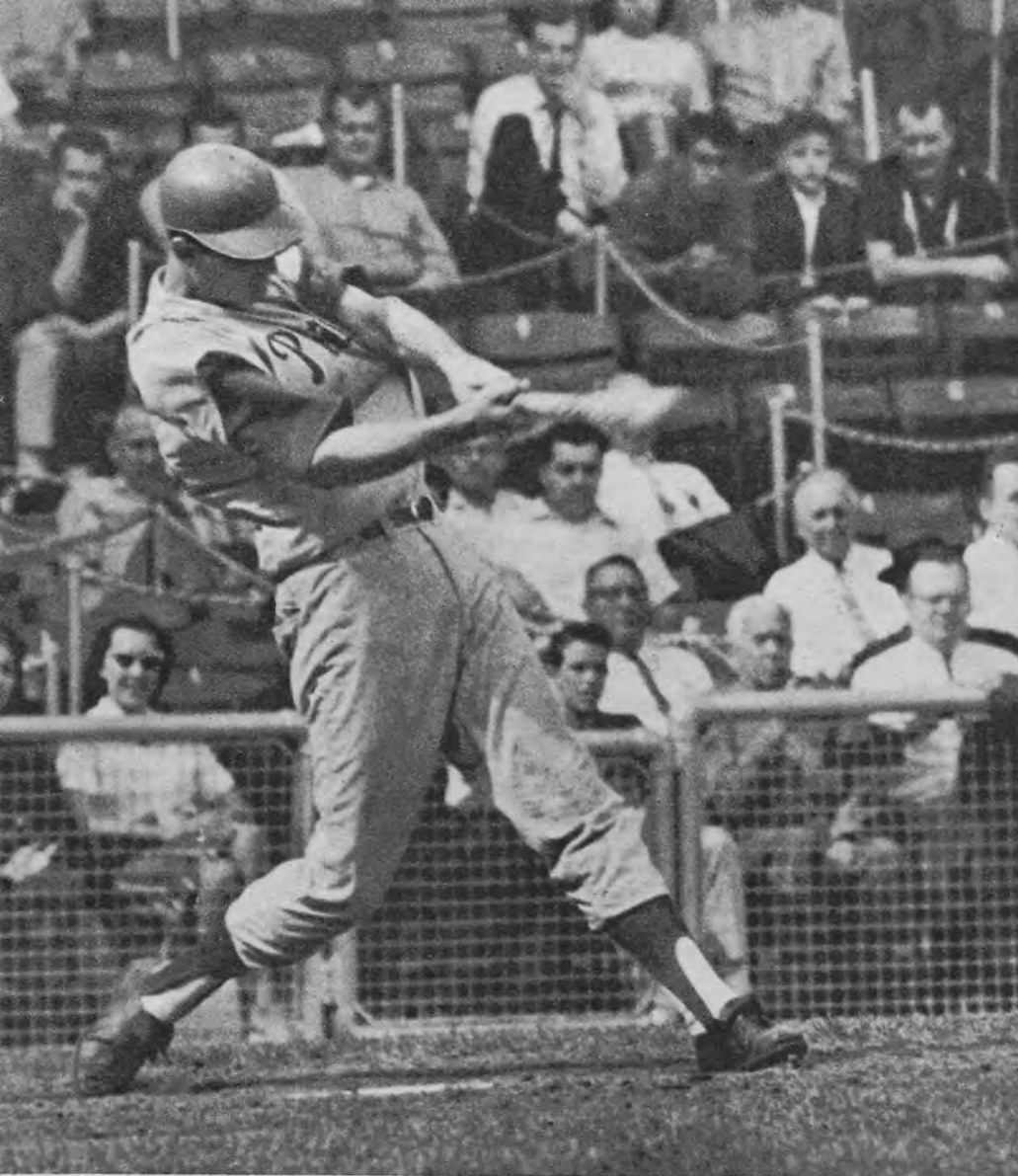
And even today, as an unconfused Philadelphia

Phillie, having made his peace with home runs, runs-batted-in and batting averages, he still doesn't want the rest of it.

"When I look down the road of life and see you have to meet your Maker," Don Demeter says, "I've thought that you have to make a life, not a living."

Making both, Don Demeter is a citizen of that tight little community of ballplayers with strong religious convictions funneled through active church work. They eschew testimonials because in their view there is but one worthwhile testimonial: themselves. The romance of baseball enables them to be testimonials of the good, moral life.

In the first flush of fame that was his as a rookie, though, Don Demeter wasn't quite sure that that was the answer. Wrote the *New York Times*: "Demeter admittedly has qualms as to whether his present success isn't just a snare and delusion that will entrap him longer in baseball, against his innermost wishes." The gaunt outfielder said he had been playing for six years without financial reward, unable to adjust to the personal wrench of travel, irked by forfeited educational opportunities. He mused that his time could have been spent much more wisely. "I don't really enjoy baseball," he said soberly. "I'm not sure whether I should continue in it."



his power from hands "with steel springs in them," says manager Gene Mauch.

A strange confession, that, because this was no jaded veteran or budding intellectual blaspheming a national icon. Ridden with doubt once before, Demeter had read an article about Alvin Dark that convinced him he could best serve his God, his church and himself by playing baseball. "When I saw that Dark tithed to the church from his 1954 World Series share," Demeter says, "it told me it could happen to somebody, and I'd have a chance to do it."

Thus, on the surface, Demeter had every reason to be as pleased with events as a crassly commercial bonus babe because, on his own terms, he was beginning to attract the light that would illumine him for his own purpose.

Why the crisis then?

Demeter himself, in retrospect, is puzzled. "I don't know how to explain it," he says. "The only tangible thing I had from baseball was a batting average. Maybe I'm just not impressed with early season averages; I've always had a tough time hitting. I really hadn't accomplished anything yet."

Perhaps it runs deeper than that, perhaps not. Young men react to sudden celebrity status in various ways, some extreme. An introspective sort, Demeter's way was self-doubt.

According to one qualified observer, Wally Moon, his Dodger roommate on the road for a season, Demeter's dilemma was also related to an unresolved conflict—the daily dog-eat-dog of professional baseball (Leo Durocher: "I come to kill you.") vs. his personal ethic. This is something that each man must decide for himself, whether it is Alan Worthington drawing the line at illegal sign-stealing or Al Dark justi-



Demeter once was accused of pampering himself. But now, says the writer, the Phillies call him "Dog," as in dogged. Asked why Don was hit with so many pitches in 1962, manager Gene Mauch said, "Because he's a dog—he won't give in."

fying the flooding of the infield in reprisal for the opposition's groundskeeping reforms.

Moon says that Demeter was uncertain about several facets of the game. One was general, one physical, one fraternal. Recalls Moon:

"Besides not knowing whether he was wasting his time, Don wasn't sure whether religion and baseball mix, whether one could help the other. On the field, for example, he wasn't sure how far he should go to break up the double play. Gradually he came around to the thinking that you're not trying to hurt the pivot man—slash him with your spikes—but there's nothing wrong with going all out to take him out of the play. If you happen to hurt him it's not deliberate, it's accidental. The language of the players bothered him too, but I think he learned it doesn't mean anything; it's just habit, a release from the frustration and pressure."

Conversely, the Dodgers eyed Demeter with curiosity. They respected him as a man and liked him as a teammate, but his unorthodox values made them wonder about him as an athlete.

"It took time for some players to adjust to Don's

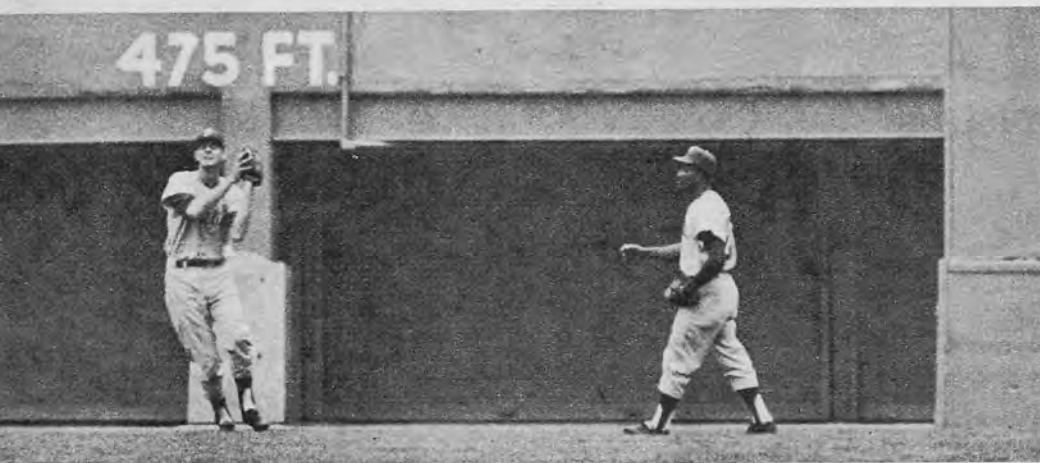
ways," Moon says. "He's quiet. When he'd come back to the dugout after striking out or something he wouldn't show any emotion. After a while they realized he wanted to do well as much as anyone, but he showed it differently."

Says Roger Craig: "Everyone knew Don had the natural ability to be an outstanding player, but we didn't know whether he'd ever become one because we didn't know if he really wanted to be one."

Don Demeter is one now—he hit .307 with 29 homers and 107 runs-batted-in last year—possibly because the thread of inner turmoil in him has been neatly woven into the whole cloth he is cut from. It was a long thread, knotted and tangled as a child's fishing line, which tells much about the fabric of Don Demeter.

He was born in 1935 in Oklahoma City, the third of four children. When he was 12 he was buffeted to New Hampshire and back to Colorado as the marriage of his parents shuddered and finally broke up. He found himself in Denver, nearly 13 and an unholy terror.

"I was pretty bad," he says. "I stole beer cans off trucks and drank it. I'd spend lunch money on Bull



Though Demeter, making the catch above, is rated one of the best centerfielders in baseball, he has played first base much of the '63 season. Don's versatility, says Mauch, gives the team "tremendous flexibility." Don, foreground at right, says playing the infield may prolong his career.



Durham and roll my own cigarettes. I thought it was smart. (When they ask me why I don't smoke or drink, I tell them I went through that early.) And I'd cut school a week or two at a time, until they'd have to come for me."

Within a year Demeter returned to Oklahoma City to live with his grandparents. He settled down. He spent Saturdays from sunup to sundown riding and roping at the local stockyards, learning, he says with a grin, that "God protects the ignorant." He crammed school, baseball, work and church into the rest of the week. He was greatly influenced by a friend's father, George Stevens, who was superintendent of the Exchange Avenue Baptist Church.

Demeter later lived with the Stevens. He still belongs to the church.

His first recollection of baseball was complaining to an uncle that he batted fourth on the YMCA team. "I thought the best hitter should hit first." At Capital Hill High School he was happy to bat eighth. The school won 59 of 60 games in two state championship seasons and placed eight players on the all-city nine. Excluded: centerfielder Don Demeter. He hit .235. A dozen members of the team signed professional contracts in the two years, Demeter going along for the ride and \$800.

Bert Wells, the scout who signed the 6-2, 160-pound sapling, should be in the Hall of Fame at least. Wells of the Dodgers was impressed with Demeter's strike-out form. "He said he liked me because of two long foul balls I hit," says Demeter. "The next pitch was a curve. Strike three." Don't knock foul balls to Don Demeter.

Demeter hit a lot of fouls and looked at a lot of strike threes in the next three seasons, never batting more than .267. Flashes of power kept the Dodgers interested, and sympathetic. "The manager at Bakersfield, Ray Berry, would shake my hand every time I struck out," Demeter says. "He'd say, 'That's great, you took a great cut.' He got to shake my hand a

lot, about 150 times. Many times I wanted to crawl in a hole."

Baseball was fun "because there wasn't a lot at stake," but his failures complicated Demeter's being. "I wasn't equipped for the life," he says. "I pondered trying something more worthwhile. I guess the reason I stayed in baseball was because I didn't have anything else going for me." He wasn't comfortable, in large measure, because he wasn't as tolerant of people's foibles, his own included, as he would be with maturity.

"I had some miserable times because I wanted to do so well," he says. "It took me two, three years to understand some things." Like: "I'm only responsible for myself. I hope that others might see a better way through my life. When a crisis arises they may take to something else—drinking or swearing—but maybe they didn't have the kind of background I did. I couldn't have stayed in the game without an outlet. Prayer and the Lord, the search for understanding—I needed it."

Demeter thinks he turned the corner at Fort Worth in 1956. He had degenerated into a helmet-thrower, bat breaker; water cooler-kicker and tobacco-chewer. High-school friends attending a seminary told him that all his tantrums did was dramatize a lack of grace.

"Reviewing things, I realized they were right," Demeter says. "It made me less dependent on myself—and closer to the Lord."

It didn't hurt his ballplaying either. He hit 41 homers and drove in 141 runs. Before the summer was out he would get his first major-league hit, a home run at Ebbets Field. Also he would meet a couple of future roommates, Bobby Malkmus and Betty Madole. He met Malkmus in a collision at second base. "When his hat flew off and I saw his bald head," Demeter says, "I felt sorry for him." When they later played together with the Phillies they logged many hours in many hotel rooms listening to church music on Malkmus' tape recorder. There (→ TO PAGE 78)



"I wasn't equipped for the life," says Demeter of his early days in baseball. "I pondered trying something that was more worthwhile. I guess the reason I stayed in baseball was because I just didn't have anything else going for me."



Outfielder Roberto Clemente, diving for the ball, catching it and holding it up for the ump to see, *above*, says, "Pride and love is

THE IMPORTANCE OF PRIDE IN SPORTS

By MYRON COPE

ROBERTO CLEMENTE probably has never heard of Dr. Evangeline Leirfallom. Evangeline was a big blonde babe who had a build like Ekberg and a gorgeous face, although she wore horn-rimmed glasses and usually managed to appear five degrees colder than a butcher's refrigerator. She knew all about psychology and computer machines and stuff like that, but Roberto Clemente knows by instinct a fact of life that all of Evangeline Leirfallom's laboratory studies failed to teach her.

It was raining in Pittsburgh one night last April and Clemente, the Pittsburgh Pirates' rightfielder, sat in the clubhouse, waiting for word that the game would be postponed. He was talking about pride and its importance in the makeup of a ballplayer.

"Pride and love," said Clemente in his imperfect English, "is something that work together. You got to love this game to play the game. And if you love the game you got to have pride in it." (Here, Clemente

has given us a sensitive definition that is exactly in agreement with the words of Dame Edith Sitwell, the septugenarian British writer, who has said that pride may be "perhaps one of the highest forms of love.")

Anyhow, Clemente does not have baseball figured out the way Evangeline Leirfallom did. Evangeline worked for C. K. Dick, a multimillionaire industrialist. Specifically, she was in charge of Personnel Testing. In her files were 120,000 Skill Profiles, and if the Dick-a-Magic Company needed a spot-welder she could run her Skill Profiles through her computers and come up with just the right man. One day C. K. Dick bought a downtrodden Philadelphia baseball franchise and assigned Dr. Leirfallom to call upon all her scientific resources and produce a team of winning players. Forthwith, she began to research the game of baseball as it had never been researched. At last she concluded that baseball was "a primitive and almost laughably simple game" that had been confused by



something that work together. You got to love this game to play this game. And if you love the game you got to have pride in it."

a lot of emotional hokum—by such words as heart, desire, guts, etc. "All these things militate against efficient performance of very simple chores by the batsman," Dr. Leirfallom declared.

To obtain a winning team, she advised C. K. Dick, he need only locate a group of well-coordinated young men who had never heard of baseball and who therefore would have no emotional involvement in the game. Teach them to do only one thing—hit the ball—and they will overpower any team in the major leagues, Dr. Leirfallom assured her employer. She then pushed a button, setting into motion an electronic computer that whirled smoothly and then spat out a batch of punched cards. Having sorted them, Dr. Leirfallom announced:

"Your best candidates are now fishing off the reefs of Nukiti Island. It is one of the islands in the Macronesian Archipelago. In the South Pacific. These boys are between eighteen and twenty-one years of age. They are tall, muscular, and brown-skinned. They subsist on a simple diet of seafood, tubers, and wild jungle fruits. They have never heard of baseball."

Under Dr. Leirfallom's direction, ten Nukitian boys were taught the perfect batting swing, mostly by showing them motion pictures of Ted Williams. C. K. Dick fetched them to America, and sure enough, once they got acclimated, they began to outslug every team in baseball. They did their job mechanically and obtained no thrill from victory, which was exactly the way Dr. Leirfallom wanted it. But the beautiful doctor had failed to take into account the team's manager, a leathery, ulcer-ridden old guy named Max Gallivan, who had come with the franchise.

Secretly, Max began to teach the island boys how to steal a base, how to flip their sunglasses and chase down a fly, how to hook-slide. Soon they began to get a kick out of winning.

One day, however, Max' ulcers acted up so severely that he had to be taken to a hospital for surgery, and no sooner had he left the team than it fell into a terrible slump. The island boys, you see, had grown to love old Max—he was for them a chief-symbol—and in their love they took pride in winning for him. ("Pride and love is something that work together."—R. Clemente.) Dr. Leirfallom was crushed. The Nukitians, she had to admit in review, "have been emotionally involved in the game . . . and instead of getting erratic and Western, they were getting steadily better." When Max returned to the team the boys won the pennant and World Series.

You won't find their victory in the record books, for they and Dr. Evangeline Leirfallom are from a world that rested between the covers of a delightful 1959 novel, *Stay Loose*, by Bud Nye. Yet the Nukitians' triumph over Dr. Leirfallom's cold calculations is parallel to the triumph of today's athletes over American conformity in the age of fallout. Let us don scholars' robes, ball fans, and consider the virtue of our heroes.

Outside of sports, where oh where can you find a sense of pride any more? Pride is like the homeliest girl on the block. Everybody agrees she's a good kid, but nobody wants to take her out. The farmer is paid by the government not to plant crops. The skilled artisan, who took pride in the products of his handicraft, disappeared long ago, and even the assembly line worker is giving way to guys who push buttons. Unions admonish workers not to work too hard else they show up their fellow workers. Management employs experts to design appliances that will fall apart in 12 months, thereby ensuring a big business in parts and repairs and a constant consumer market. Newspaper reporters used to have so much pride in their work that they would not hesitate to tell off an editor

THE IMPORTANCE OF PRIDE IN SPORTS

continued

who had butchered their copy, but today they don't give a damn; most newspapers are run by publishers and editors who don't know English from Nukitian, so why try?

But most professional ballplayers, God bless 'em, still have pride in their work. They must, for there is room for only so many men in the big time, and the athlete who has made it and stayed has something to be proud of. Roberto Clemente is a lithe, brown-skinned island boy who would have fit Dr. Leir-fallom's specifications except that he'd heard of baseball in Puerto Rico. He was sitting in the clubhouse that rainy night in Pittsburgh and he made a speech that ought to be reprinted on the back of every box of Wheaties. He spoke first of the 1960 season, when he helped lead the Pirates to the pennant, and then of the 1961 season, when he beat the American League in the All-Star game and won the National League batting championship. Said Roberto:

"When we win the pennantship, I don't know how to put the words to it, but it was something like this. This is my ninth year here. When I came here we don't have no one. I know how hard these people pull for this club but we don't give them a winner. So in 1960 we was going toward the pennant and I was one of those in it, helping to give these people what they pull for all those years, and that keep me going. I really love these people. There no better fans anywhere. They wave to me when I go out to right field. I am proud of them, so I have pride when I give them pennant.

"In 1961, when I win the batting championship, I was so mad with the sport writers that I want to show them up. They don't give me a single vote for Most Valuable Player in 1960. My brother say, 'Don't talk to them. Show them.' So at spring training I don't talk to no sport writer. All I want to do is show them what I can do. When I am selected to play in All-Star game I am proud, because ballplayers gave me those votes. They give me lot of pride, and I have to play hard in All-Star game. And when I win the batting championship I am very proud, because it is not winning it for me but for my island. I was the first Puerto Rican boy to win it. I love my island so I am proud to win batting championship for it.

"I play in baseball and I love baseball, so I want to sell baseball. I want people to come to the game. I stand two, three hour signing with the kids outside. Suppose you sell clothes. You sell a man a bad suit, you don't have no pride in what you do, see? I have the pride, so I sell the product as good I know how. I try hard in game, and if they boo me I be hurt, not because they boo me but because maybe they think I don't try hard enough. I don't see how you can play in major leagues without pride."

But let us not become maudlin about pride, because here is Smokey Burgess, the roly-poly catcher, across the room and he is interestingly skeptical of the importance of pride. Pride, like God and mother, is a good thing and Smokey is all for it, but he does not believe it explains why one player has a big year and another doesn't. "I don't think pride would help you do it," says Smokey. "But it helps your pride when you do it."

Smokey borders on heresy when he talks like that, for more and more these days ballplayers are fond of ascribing their success to pride. Perhaps this is because they sense that they have become rare birds in American society—men who rise or fall strictly on their merits. I have never seen anyone who took more pride in wearing a major-league uniform than Don Hoak, the Philadelphia third-baseman. One day Hoak delivered a game-winning single in the ninth inning of an important game, and later he lay on his back on the trainer's table. A reporter approached him and asked, "When you went to the plate did you think you could get a hit off that pitcher?"

(—→ TO PAGE 83)

Not long before his tragic death, Davey spoke frankly about death in the ring: "I ain't scared of dying. And I ain't scared of getting hurt. I show no mercy. There's no room for mercy in boxing"

Davey Moore's Last Days

By Bill Libby

Photos by Curt Gunther

PLEASE TURN PAGE ►



LOS ANGELES' Main Street Gym is on skid row. Drifters, drunks, panhandlers and prostitutes litter the soiled streets. Up one flight, the boxers work out. On this day, early in 1963, the boxers were mostly preliminary boys. But there was a champion, too, skipping rope, humming a jazz tune.

The champion, Davey Moore, dropped his skip-rope and bundled a robe around his sweating body. He wiped his brow, picked up a towel and sat down on a bench. I asked him about Sugar Ramos, who wanted to fight him for his featherweight title.

"Me afraid of Sugar Ramos? Haw! 'Tain't so." He laughed. "Davey Moore is the champion. Davey Moore ain't afraid of no one. They put the money up, I'll fight Ramos, I'll fight anyone. Till then, let him wait. I had to wait. Ain't gonna hurt him to wait some."

"Do you think you can beat him?"

"I think I can beat anyone," he said.

"But Ramos . . ."

"He no different than no one else." Moore shrugged. "Maybe he can beat me. Till he does, I ain't gonna believe it. Ain't no one been beatin' me lately."

Moore had lost only one fight in five years, that one in 1960, when Carlos Hernandez knocked him out.

"He didn't knock me out, man," Moore said. "I had an impacted wisdom tooth, only I didn't know it at the time. He hit me on the left side of my face in the second round and he broke my jaw. Every time he hit me after that he hurt me like hell. I was never out, but I couldn't help from goin' down a lot."

"How many times?"

"Eight times."

"You kept getting up."

"I kept getting up. Finally I quit."

"What round?"

"After the sixth."

"You fought with a broken jaw for four rounds?"

"Damn near five," Davey said, smiling proudly.

"Any other fighter ever knock you down?"

"Charley Riley. That was back in '54. I was just a punk kid. I had no manager. I wasn't goin' nowhere. I wasn't in shape. He knocked me down. Only time I ever been dazed in my life. But I got up and I beat him."

"You won the fight?"

"That's all I won. Promoter ran south with the money," Davey said. "Only good thing was ol' Riley didn't get paid either." He chuckled.

Davey Moore had been a pro ten years and was 28 years old. He was small, 5-2 and 126 pounds, but built big, like a miniature heavyweight. He had a scar on his forehead, an Oriental mustache on his lip, and he wore a scowl when he fought. "Do I really look so mean?" he said when I mentioned it. He was surprised and pleased.

"You in shape?" I said.

"Pretty good," he said. "Davey's always in pretty good shape these days. I mean: I'm in town, now. I'm doin' a little participatin'. I got to squeeze in all the whatjimmicallits now, before I go to camp. I don't get in real good shape till I get to camp. I'll be goin' down soon."

"You like it in camp?"

"Like it? Man, I hate it. It is boring and lonely. But I got to do it. I'm champion. I got to protect that. I got a fight, I got to be ready. No one's got any sense, he don't go into a ring when he ain't ready."

Moore got up, took off his robe and began to thump the heavy bag.

The training camp is in Gilman's Hot Springs, in the desert, two hours out of L.A. It is a hot, dusty, bare place. I visited Davey Moore there shortly before his fight with Ramos, the fight that would kill him. He sat at a plain wooden table in his barracks-like living quarters. Jazz music drifted out of his old record player. We talked of Emile Griffith who had killed Kid Paret in a fight for the welterweight title.

"You know Griffith?" he asked.

"I know Griffith," I said.

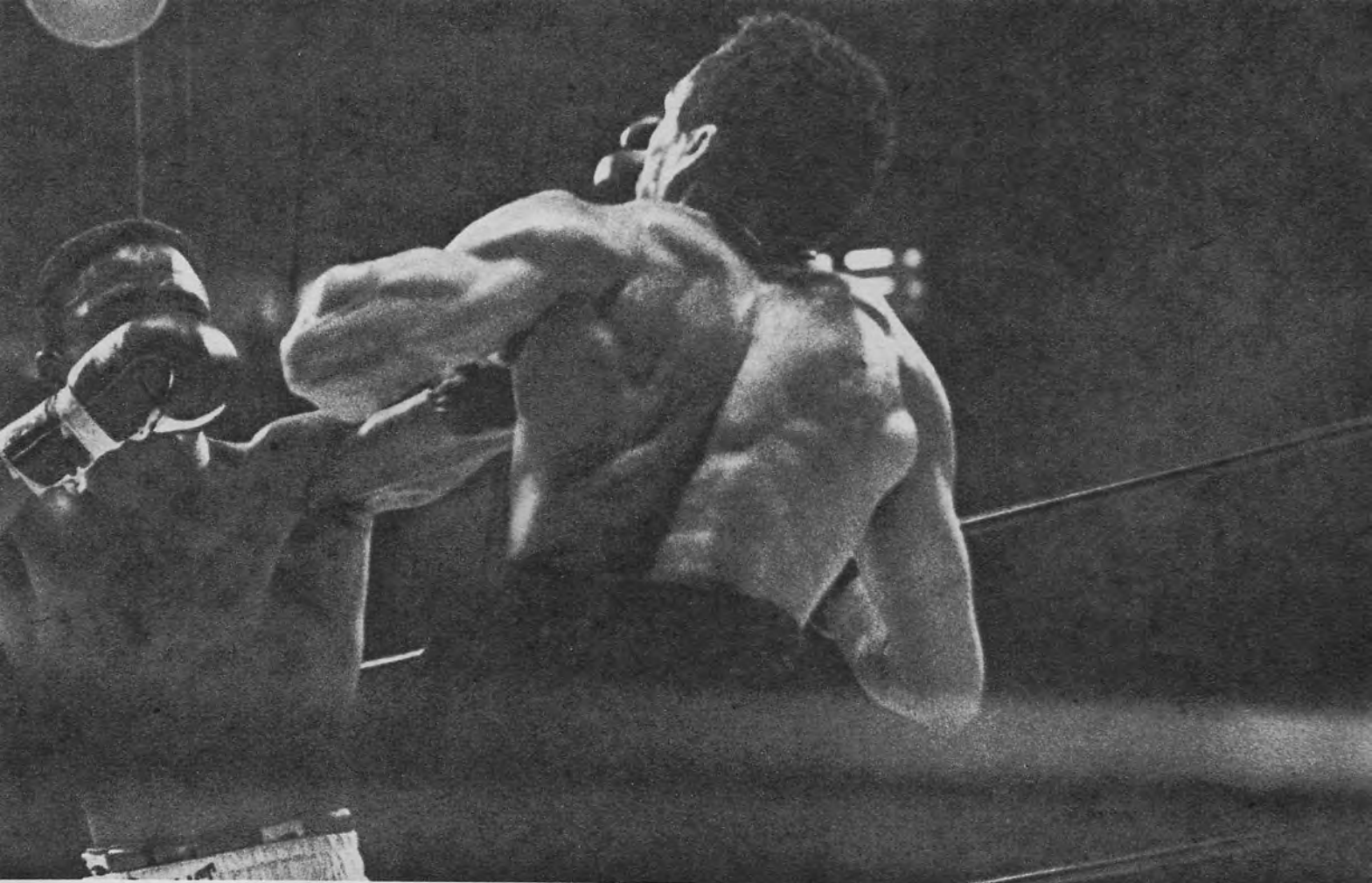
"What's he like?"

"He's a good boy," I said.

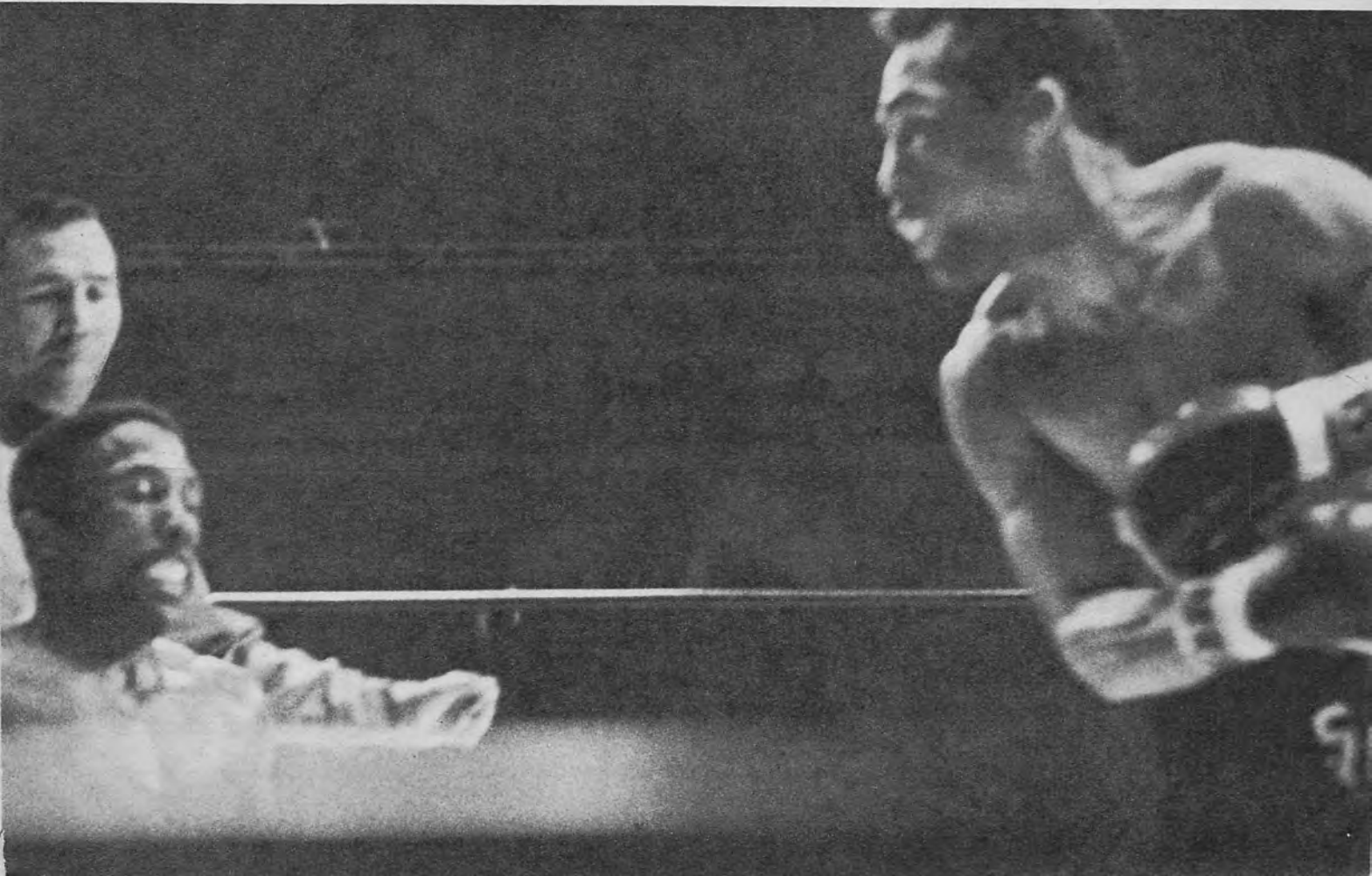
"I hear he's ladylike. Paret said it."

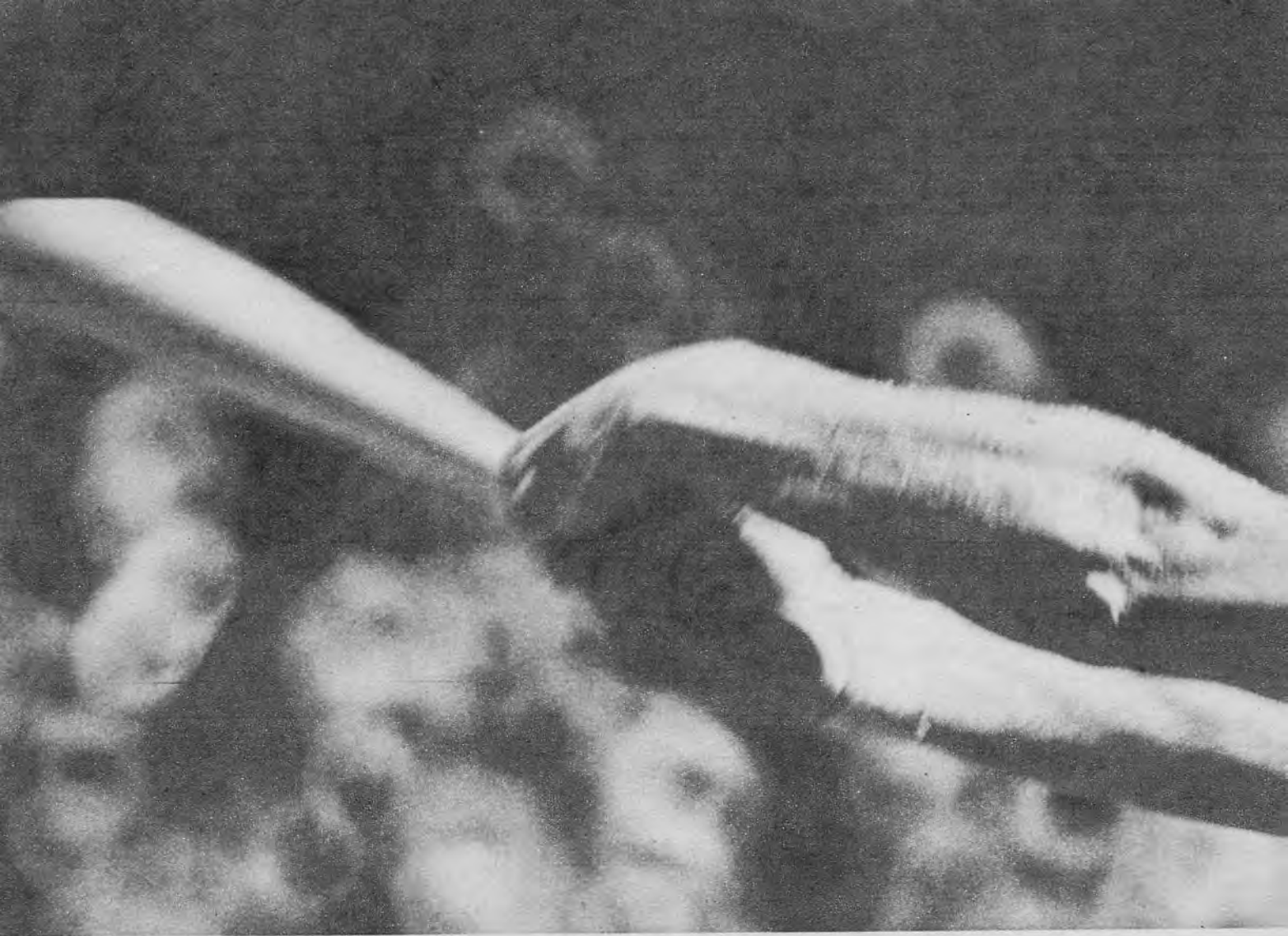
(—> TO PAGE 60)

For a while Davey did well



against Ramos, hitting him, *above*, with hard left jabs. Later, Ramos came strong, ending the fight with the fatal punch, *below*.





THE BURDEN OF BOOG POWELL

THE BIGGEST KID on the block kicked off his loafers and flopped across a bed in New York's Hotel Roosevelt. It was a small twin bed and John (Boog) Powell, six feet, three inches and 235 pounds, seemed to dwarf it. "When I was a kid," Powell was saying, although it strains the imagination to place all that size in a world of short pants, "somebody's mother was always getting mad at me. They didn't want me playing with their kids. You know how it is when you're growing up. There's always some kind of horsing around and they were afraid I'd hurt somebody. But I wasn't wild . . . really . . . I was just big."

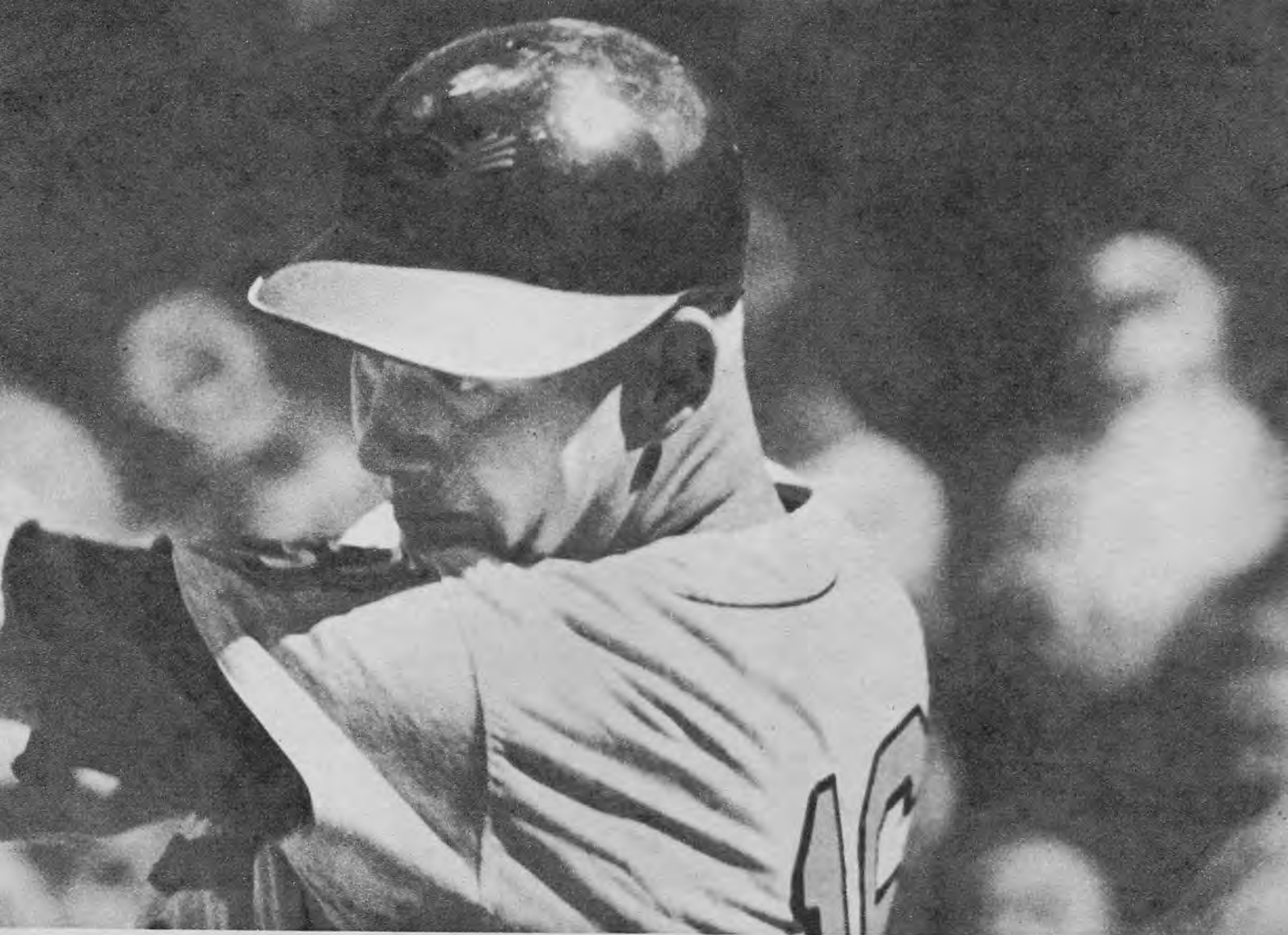
At 12 he was banned from the Lakeland, Florida, Little League because he was 5-7 and weighed 165 pounds. Throughout his boyhood, he remembers, people continually told him to go out and play with the big boys. He was doing that now. He was loafing in a major-league hotel in a major-league city and soon he would be playing a ballgame in the major leagues where the little men throw curveballs and nobody is afraid of the Big Bad Boog. "Powell is just growing up," Detroit pitcher Hank Aguirre had said in the

spring of 1963. "Personally, he hasn't been too tough for me yet. But once he learns what to do with all that size, he's going to make a lot of us unhappy."

While learning, Boog has had to battle himself and major-league pitching at the same time. For him life has been a continuous search for self-confidence. He even lacked the confidence when he was the biggest kid on both the football and baseball teams at Key West (Florida) High School.

"He was a 215-pound tackle as a junior," says his high school coach, Eddie Beckman, "In the spring he was the only kid on the team who could hit the ball over the fence. It's about 360 feet there, you know. And still I had to keep firing him up. I knew he could do it . . . we all did. But came the state baseball tournament in his senior year and he got nervous and upset and he didn't do the job he could have done."

But now, as Boog Powell of the Baltimore Orioles plays his second season in the major leagues, he is beginning to believe in himself. The confidence is coming, breaking through the barriers that built up within the oversized kid, the barriers that often will



Fred Kaplan

A big man who receives a big buildup is bound to have problems when he breaks into the big leagues. Boog's had his problems but now, he hopes, he'll be able to relax, play regularly and fulfill at least part of his potential

By JERRY IZENBERG

build up when a kid is the biggest on the block.

There is, in our society, an incalculable burden attached to being the biggest kid on the block. In baseball, for instance, he is supposed to hit the ball more times for more distance than anybody else on the field, and George Sisler, whose job it was to make major leaguers out of minor leaguers at Rochester in 1961, recalls Powell in that context. Stories of Boog's size and strength preceded him to Rochester that year. And, says Sisler, "Naturally I'd heard about him ever since the Baltimore organization signed him. By the time he came to us I figured he'd be about eight miles tall. I couldn't wait to see how good he really was."

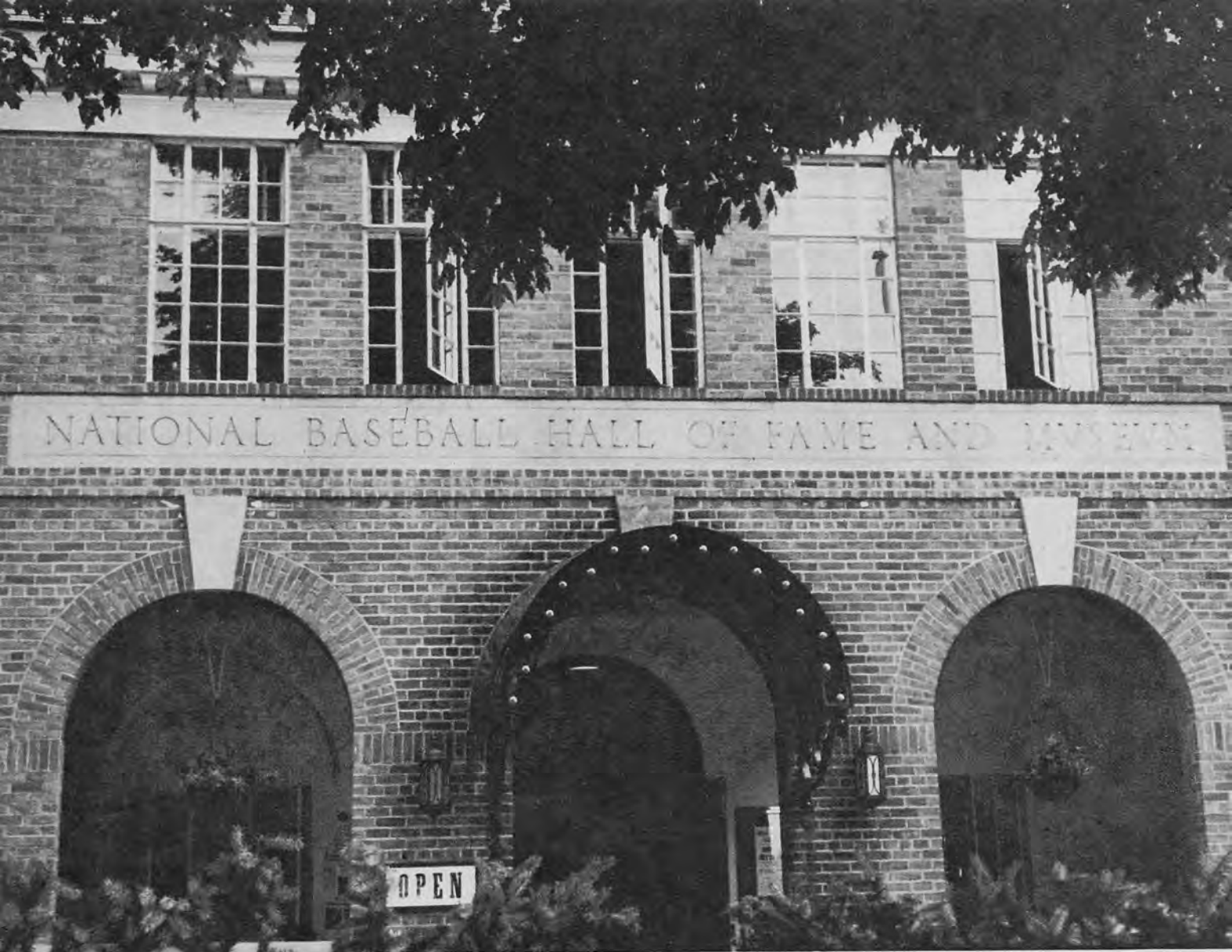
He was good enough to bat .321 and hit 32 home runs. Since he was only 20 years old, his youth, size, strength and statistics led the Orioles to believe they had a player who could easily be a big-league star. They brought him up in 1962 amid considerable publicity. But he began to run into walls and other players' spikes. He had trouble learning the strike zone. He was injured often and he struck out often. Somehow, the biggest kid on the block is supposed to with-

stand injury, especially such things as the shin-splint injuries which sidelined Boog frequently in 1962. Somehow, he is supposed to match his strikeouts with home runs. That's the image, anyway, as foolish as it may be, and Powell did not fulfill it. The publicity added pressure, and, overall, Powell's confidence plunged.

This is not a new story. Frank Howard, the biggest National Leaguer extant, had to be coaxed and prodded into belief in himself. Clint Hartung, a large over-publicized property with the post-war Giants, tried it as a pitcher and an outfielder but the publicity out-wrestled his potential and he never made it the way they said he would.

"The thing I remember most about my rookie year," Powell said as he sprawled on the Hotel Roosevelt bed in 1963, "is that it ended and I was still alive. I can't remember all the things that happened to me and I don't want to. I'd rather forget the whole thing."

"I can't," Janet Powell said vehemently. John Powell's attractive young wife had been sitting across the room at a little desk, writing (—→ TO PAGE 82)



Under These Arches...

... big crowds pass each year to enter baseball's Hall Of Fame museum. Inside they see some of the sport's most prized possessions, which provide a panorama of baseball history stretching back to the 19th Century

Photos by Herb Flator

IN 1788, Judge William Cooper, father of the novelist James Fenimore Cooper, built a home at the foot of Otsego Lake in upper New York State, and thus was Cooperstown founded. Fifty-one years later, so the story goes, a Cooperstown resident named Abner Doubleday invented a game he named baseball. History has been far kinder to Judge Cooper than to Abner Doubleday. Doubleday, historians have pretty well proven, did *not* invent baseball in 1839, or any other year. Nevertheless, Cooperstown today is, as the town fathers call it, the "Home of Baseball."

The reasons are clear. In 1939, to celebrate the "centennial" of baseball, a National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum was dedicated in Cooperstown. Thus the myth of Abner Doubleday, the myth of

baseball springing to life in a sleepy little New York hamlet, was given respectability, and permanence. Ever since then, Cooperstown has come gloriously to life once each year. That happens on a day in July when two major-league baseball teams come to town to pay homage to the myth, to plan an annual exhibition game—at Doubleday Field, of course. Last July 23, 1962, was one of Cooperstown's most glorious days. Not only were two big league teams coming to play—the New York Yankees and Milwaukee Braves—but two of baseball's most recent superstars, Bob Feller and Jackie Robinson, were to be inducted into the Hall of Fame.

On the morning of July 23, the street fronting the Hall of Fame was jammed with people. Gay bunting



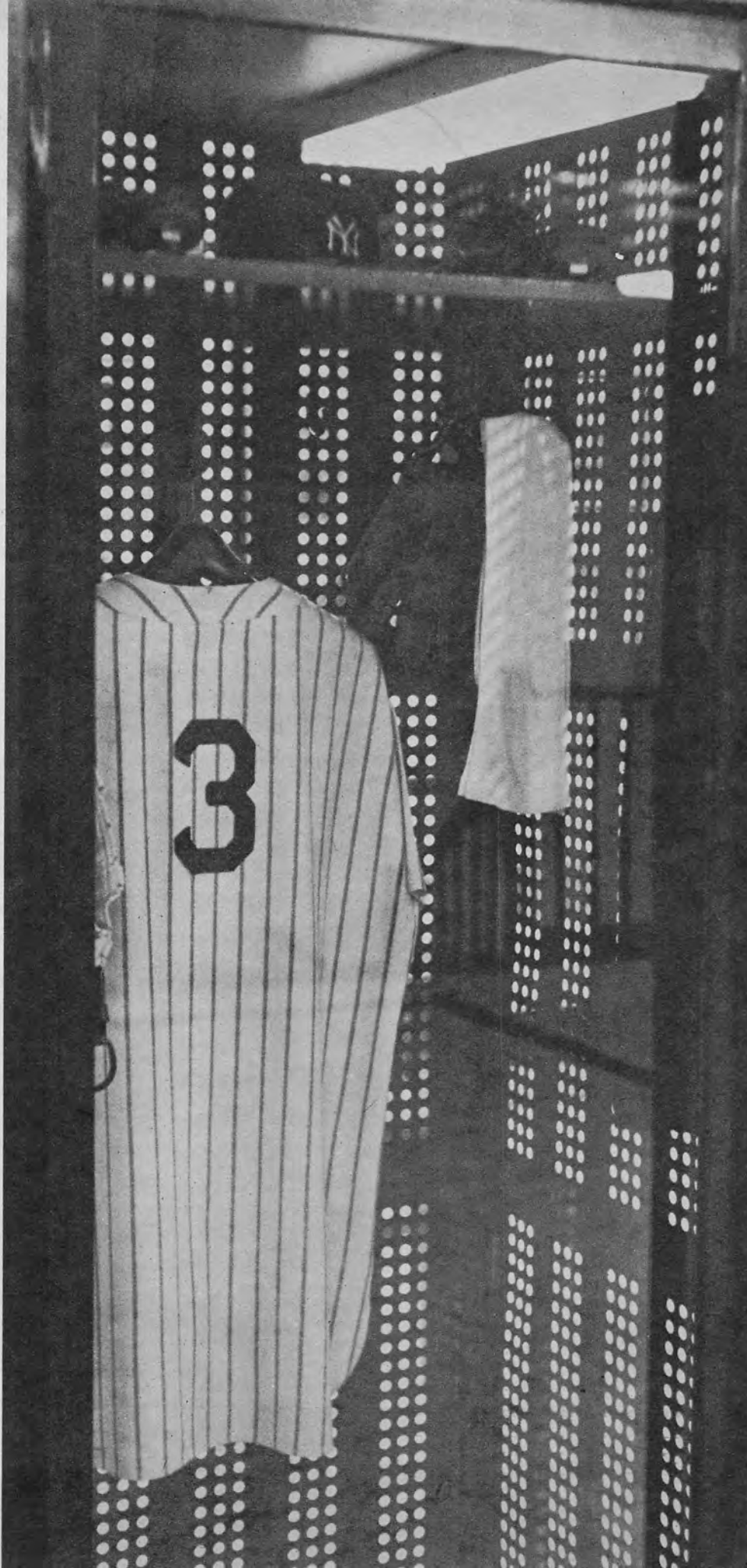
Plaques of the Hall of Fame members, like Mickey Cochrane, *above*, line the walls in a solemn, cathedral-like room.



Historians say General Abner Doubleday, *above*, really did not invent baseball, but the myth that he did lives on.



Among the most priceless possessions in the museum today are, *above*, the plaque of Kenesaw Mountain Landis, baseball's greatest commissioner, and, *right*, the locker of baseball's greatest player, Babe Ruth. The Babe's locker contains his famous No. 3 uniform, his glove, stockings, cap and spikes.





continued

decorated the streets. A platform had been set up on the porch of the museum and all of baseball's most important people were there. Commissioner Ford Frick made a short speech and then the newest Hall of Fame members were inducted. All of them

—Bill McKechnie and Edd Roush, who were selected by the old-timers' committee, as well as Feller and Robinson—expressed their thrill at making the Hall of Fame. "I never thought I'd make it in my lifetime," said Robinson. "I thank you all," said Feller.

After lunch everyone went out to the ballpark, there to be disappointed. Just before game time, a cloudburst struck and the game had to be cancelled. Many of the spectators drifted away from the field and walked into the museum and Hall of Fame where they could look at Babe Ruth's No. 3 uniform hanging in a locker; at the plaques of Hall of Fame members; at the cornerstone of Ebbets Field, the ballpark where the *Brooklyn Dodgers* once played; at the fingerless gloves and thick-handled bats—at many of the mementos cherished in baseball.



Every year two major-league ballclubs come to town to play in the annual Hall of Fame game at Doubleday Field. Some years there is an extra thrill when baseball's newest Hall of Fame members come to town for their induction. In 1962 Jackie Robinson, left, and Bob Feller, above, were inducted. During the ceremonies, fans took pictures, asked for autographs and were almost as thrilled as Robinson and Feller.



Among the most popular mementos in the museum is the plaque listing all "200 Home Run Club" members (men who have hit 200 big-league homers); the cornerstone of Ebbets Field, once a ballpark that housed a team named the Dodgers; and the bust of a pitching immortal, Christy Mathewson. The museum has balls, bats, gloves and uniforms of baseball's idols; pictures of teams that show the players during the day of the moustache, and even the bench Connie Mack occupied while managing the Philadelphia Athletics for 50 years (from 1901 to 1950).



COOKIE

Cookie Gilchrist, the fullback who came down from Canada to become the American Football League's Most Valuable Player, is an angry man on and off the field. His anger involves basic roots and basic beliefs

By PETE HAMILL



Robert L. Smith

THE WAY COOKIE GILCHRIST tells the story he was driving a friend home a little after midnight in the suburbs of Buffalo. It was a spring night, cooled by the breeze blowing in off Lake Erie, and he was playing mood music on the radio.

"It's a suburban neighborhood," says Gilchrist, a 6-2, 255-pound fullback with the Buffalo Bills. "The streets were absolutely empty and when I came to a stop sign I slowed, came to a stop, and threw it into gear again. Just automatically. I was about two blocks from my house."

He pulled up to his home on Humboldt Parkway, turned off the radio, switched off the ignition, and got out.

"Just as I got to the door, a police car pulled up," he says. "I turned and went down and talked to them."

According to Cookie, the conversation went like this:

Cookie: What's up?

Cop: Let me see your license and registration.

Cookie: What for? What's this all about?

Cop: Let me see your *license* and *registration*!

Cookie: What'd I do?

Cop: You went through a stop sign, buster.

It started as simply as that. But before the night was over this past May, it had become quite complicated. Carlton Chester Gilchrist, the Most Valuable Player for 1962 in the American Football League, one of the hardest running fullbacks in any professional league, a veteran of ten years of pro football, had suffered his first arrest.

"It was a kind of nightmare," said Gilchrist. "You know, you read about things like this happening in Alabama or Mississippi. But you don't expect them to happen in the fine, civilized, liberal North."

The events of that evening will perhaps never be sorted out. But Gilchrist, one of the angriest men in football, says that he will never forget them.

"They told me I was under arrest," he said. "I wanted to know for what. They refused to tell me. Then they called more cops. They wanted me to get into the police cruiser and I told them they'd have to get me into it, unless they told me what was happening. When the other cops came, one of them got behind me, pulled his billy up against my throat and started choking me. Well, I said, if this is the way things are done here, put the handcuffs on me. They called me a number of choice expressions and we all drove off to jail."

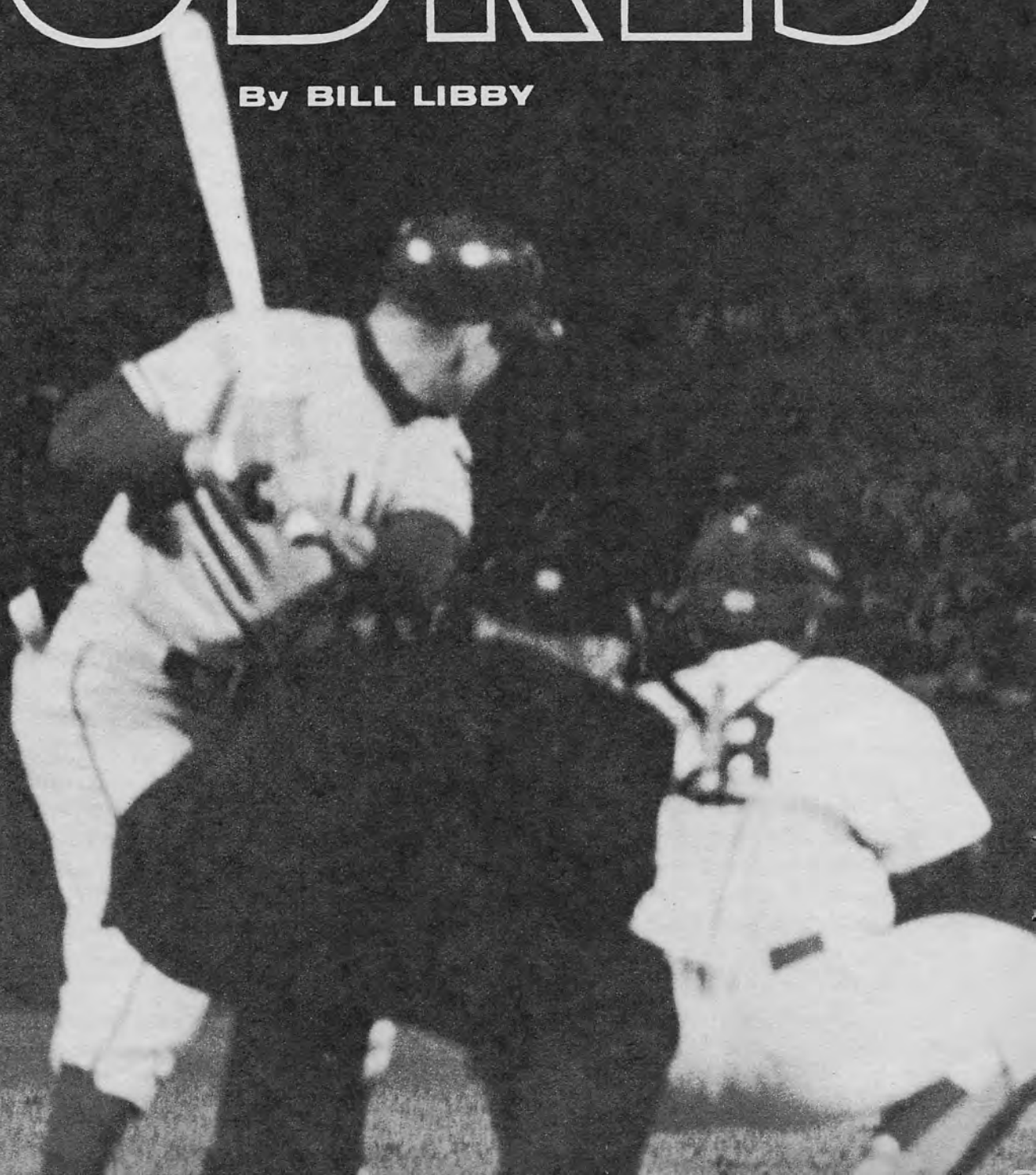
Gilchrist was booked on seven charges, ranging from assaulting an officer to driving without a license. He says he didn't lay a hand on any of the cops, and that he did have a license.

"We're backing him all the way," said Chuck Burr, publicity man for the Buffalo Bills. "He was not drinking, and unless the charges are proved in court, we're with him. Cookie Gilchrist is many things; but a liar he is not."

The roots of Gilchrist's anger lie in his childhood. He was (→ TO PAGE 68)

THE TEN YEARS OF JOHNNY PODRES

By BILL LIBBY



At age 30 the Los Angeles Dodgers' pitcher has a lot to look back on. He has been in the big leagues a decade, much of it mixed with moments of great glory and disappointing misfortune

It is September 30, 1955. The Dodgers have been in seven World Series, the last five with the Yankees, and they have yet to win. In this one the underdogs have lost the first two games in Yankee Stadium and have moved back to Brooklyn's Ebbets Field.

Johnny Podres, a kid in his third big-league season, 23 years old today, injured and idle most of the last part of the season, is to pitch. Before the game, he is told: "Mickey Mantle likes the changeup. He hits it for distance."

"Does he?" Podres says. The changeup is his money pitch.

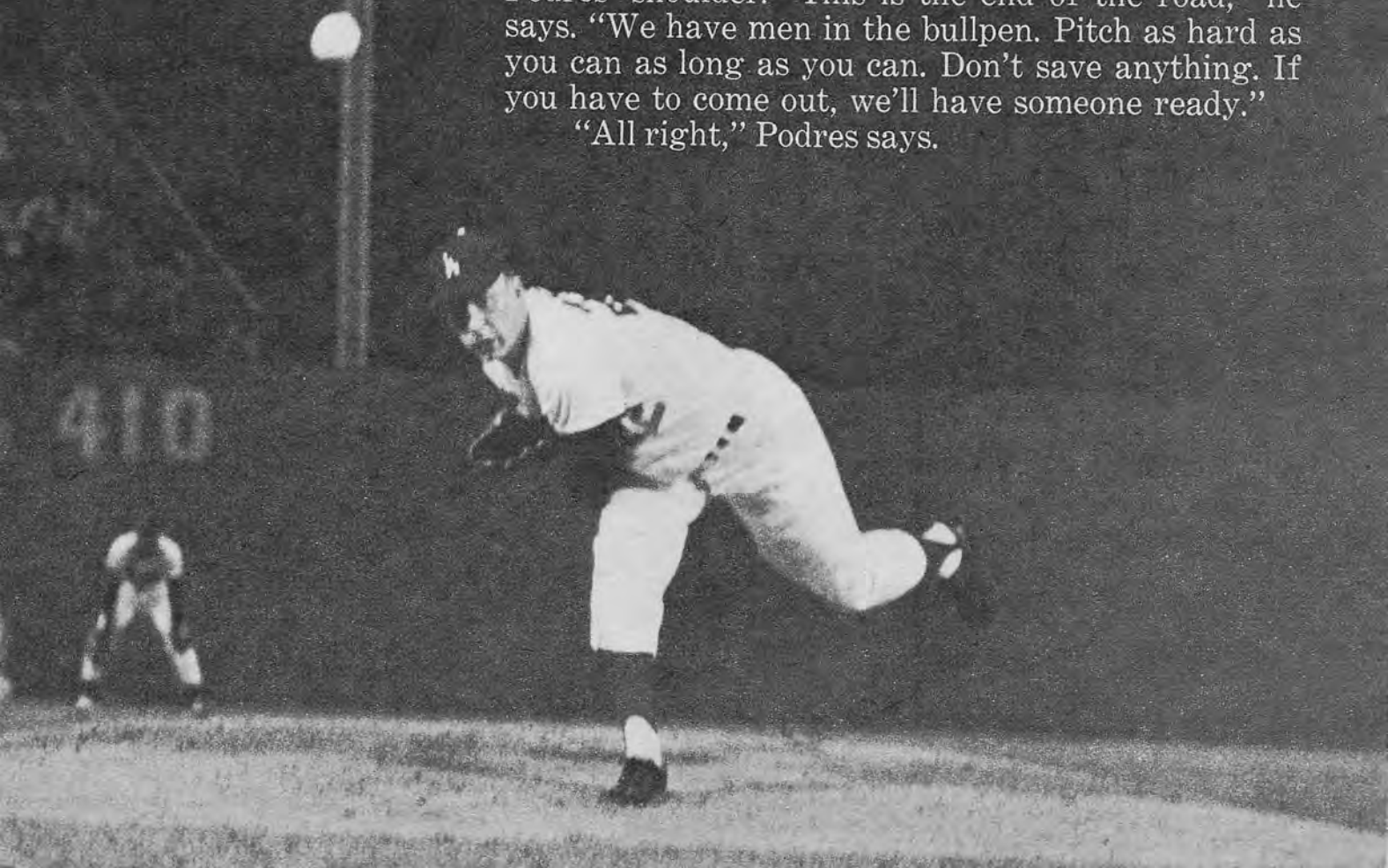
John takes a 6-2 lead into the late innings. The Yankees put two men on with none out. Mantle comes up. Podres fastballs him. Then he changes up. Off balance, Mantle hits into a double play. The Dodgers win, 8-3.

Now it is the seventh game, back at Yankee Stadium. The teams are even and the Yankees expect to win. The Dodgers do not. The Yankees are relaxed, the Dodgers are tense. Johnny Podres is tense. Dixie Howell finishes warming him up. "Your fastball is alive today," he says. "It's hopping. Make good use of it."

"I'll try," Podres says.

Manager Walter Alston puts an arm around Podres' shoulder. "This is the end of the road," he says. "We have men in the bullpen. Pitch as hard as you can as long as you can. Don't save anything. If you have to come out, we'll have someone ready."

"All right," Podres says.



Early in the game, the Yankees have men on first and second with two out. Gil McDougald bounces the ball toward third. Phil Rizzuto tries to block Don Hoak's vision, slides late and is struck by the ball, retiring the side. Hoak stands laughing at Rizzuto for a second, then he chases Podres into the dugout, yelling, "Shut 'em out, you little stinker, you can do it."

In the sixth, Hodges brings Reese home with a fly ball and it is 2-0. In their half, the Yankees try to come back. Billy Martin walks and Alston worries.

Alston comes out to Podres. "Are you all right?" "Yes."

"You're jumping off the mound. You have to watch it."

"Yes, sir, I'll watch it."

"Have you still got your good stuff?"

"Yes, I have good stuff, yes sir."

"He's got his good stuff, skip, good stuff," catcher Roy Campanella says.

He has good stuff through nine innings and the Dodgers win, 2-0. Brooklyn, which is baseball, until baseball forgets it and lets Walter O'Malley forget it, goes small-town wild.

In the dressing room, the champagne is flowing, over heads and down throats. The noise is tremendous.

Podres walks over to Sandy Amoros, who had made a great catch of a Berra fly that resulted in a double play. "Nice catch," he says.

Sandy, a Cuban who speaks no English, only smiles.

"Nice catch," Podres repeats anyway, patting Sandy on the shoulder.

Sandy just grins. Somebody spills champagne all over his grin. Then they pull Podres away and pour champagne on him.

SPORT picks Podres as the most valuable player in the series, takes him to dinner and announces he has won a sports car.

"What color is it?" John asks.

"Cream."

"How fast does it go?"

"Go outside, get in and see for yourself."

Johnny does. He goes fast all winter in many ways. He wins the Babe Ruth Trophy. He goes home and 3000 people, half the population of Witherbee, Mineville, Moriah and Port Hendry in upstate New York, turn out to greet him. They give him an ice-fishing shanty, a television set and take him on a two-mile motorcade. He is named Winter King of Lake Placid. He makes \$6000 on the banquet circuit. All winter he is the hero of snowbound Witherbee. One lady drives up to the house in a big car, calls John's

David Sutton



John's manager, at the moment of greatest glory for both of them, was Walter Alston, with him below. In the aftermath of that moment, with Brooklyn the winner of the 1955 World Series due to Podres' shutout victory over the Yankees, the Dodger pitcher danced from the mound and leaped into the arms of catcher Roy Campanella, at right. In three World Series—1953, 1955 and 1959—John has won three games, lost one, compiled a 2.40 ERA.



David Sutton



brother Walter out of the front yard and gives him a \$50 bill. John makes him give it back later.

He's never moved away from Witherbee.

But the Dodgers moved out of Brooklyn in 1958 and Podres went with them.

The residential hotel is in a shabby section near downtown Los Angeles. Some of the Dodgers live here and they sit in the lobby staring idly at the potted palms and the old ladies and the bellboys moving back and forth to the command of the desk clerk's bell. The players have been talking about baseball in the big leagues, hunting back home and girls everywhere. Now, they've run out of small talk and are just sitting.

Johnny Podres, 30 years old, is dressed in a sport shirt and slacks. He is bigger than he was in '55, but not big. His face and skin are soft and pale. His hair is blond and receding. His eyes are light, set in dark circles. He has been a big-league pitcher for ten years now, without becoming a great star, and he has never married, so he has sat around a lot of hotel lobbies. He used to live with his Aunt Mary out in Staten Island when the Dodgers were in Brooklyn.

"I live alone," he says. "I have one room. It's a nice big room. I've had a couple of apartments, but in apartments you're always off by yourself. In hotels there's always some of the other boys around. Here we got Don Zimmer, Daryl Spencer and a couple others. There's not much to do, so we sit around the lobby talking. I'm no movie fan. I don't read much. We get back late from the night games, sleep late, eat, sit around, eat again, pretty soon it's time to go out to the ballpark. What the hell, there's not much to do, but it's not so bad."

Baseball bachelors are rare. "I guess I just haven't found the right girl," he says. He doesn't smile much. He talks matter-of-factly. "I go out. I take a girl out to dinner. I take girls out when I go home. Not many. It's a small town. There's not many girls. There's plenty around here," he says, pretending to smile. Every winter John goes back to Witherbee to live with his mother and two younger brothers. He hunts and ice-fishes and walks around the woods and waits for another baseball season. "A small town is the only place to live," he says. "I know everyone and everyone knows me, but nobody bothers me. I can find more friends there in one day than in the rest of the world over."

But small-town deadpan bachelor John Podres, who sits around hotel lobbies, will fool you. He's not exactly what he seems.

"Podres is the only pitcher in the world to develop a chronic back ailment every January," Dodger general manager Buzzie Bavasi says. "Lots of players who live back East say they like the winter, snow and ice, but right after the holidays I start hearing from them. Every January, Podres calls me long distance, collect, from Witherbee. 'My backs hurting me, Buz, send me transportation money so I can get some treatment from Doc Kerlan,' he says. Kerlan must treat him at Santa Anita. That's where they spend the afternoons."

"Huh, that's what Buz says," Podres grunts, making a face. "Well there's nothing wrong with going to the track. A lot of the boys do. You have some time off, you're not playing ball, why not go to the track? It's one way of killing an afternoon."

"John's pretty good with the ponies. He goes at them pretty hard," one of the Dodgers says admiringly.

"John's pretty good with the girls, too," another says, with no less admiration. "Don't let that small-town bachelor stuff fool you. He's been around, he knows about the good life, and he doesn't miss much.

He's real, real normal. He does everything Belinsky claims he does, only John really does it, but quiet. If he draws any attention, he gets the hell out. He plays it cool. He's one of these guys who figures why should he get married? Nobody gets the gals like a baseball player, you know."

"John holds a couple of records," another Dodger says.

Podres was fined once, \$250, for missing curfew in Chicago. "They caught me," John says, shrugging. "I don't look for trouble, but I like a good time, sure. Why not? I don't let it touch my baseball. The hours we keep, playing every night, making long trips, there's not a lot of time for going out. When I get to the ballpark, I don't think or talk anything but baseball. That way I might learn something. Baseball isn't something you can do halfway. I've been in it a long time now. I hope to stay in it a while yet."

Podres is the senior Dodger pitcher. He's never quite lived up to his extraordinary early promise. Despite that '55 World Series, he's never had the big year. He's never won 20 games or pitched a no-hitter. All his career he has been overshadowed—by Don Newcombe, Preacher Roe, Carl Erskine, even Sal Maglie with the Brooklyn club; Don Drysdale and Sandy Koufax with the Los Angeles club. But he goes on year after year, starting in turn, working the tough games, picking up his 12 to 18 wins. Although he has had a chronic bad back, he has been an accomplished professional.

"It doesn't bother me if there have been others who have gotten more credit," he shrugs. "I'm sure they've had bigger years and have deserved it. It doesn't bother me that I've got this bad back. It used to, sure. But once I found I could go on pitching, well, I had to learn to live with it and I did. I never know when I wake up in the morning if it's going to be bad. It's easier to just not think about it. I've managed to do my job and I've gotten a lot in return. I have no kicks."

Manager Walt Alston and pitching coach Joe Becker agree that Podres broke in far more advanced than most youngsters. He could throw hard and bend a sharp curve and changeup and he had poise. Over the years, he has learned to use his equipment better. They also agree on Johnny's main fault. "Sometimes when he gets in trouble," says Becker, "he tries to reach back and get something extra on the ball. Most pitchers do. And it hurts them. It takes away their finesse."

But John, says Alston, is a big man for the big games. "He's been there before," Walter says. "Johnny is a knowledgeable pitcher. He has very good ideas. He doesn't shake. His problems have been mainly strength and health. He's had the bad back. He's been hurt a lot. He's probably not been one of the luckiest guys in the game."

Podres is an impressive workman. At 5-11 and 190 pounds he is strong. He doesn't waste too much time on the rubber. He'll scrape it clean with his spikes, touch the resin bag, lean forward to take the sign and he's ready to go. He goes into a quick motion, pumping straight overarm, giving it the long kick across his body, and throwing with his left hand. He's one of baseball's fastest workers.

"When I find the rhythm, I like to keep going," he says. He has always had exceptional control and he has always worked with just the fastball, curveball and changeups off both. "I throw mostly fastballs," he explains, "setting up my curves and changes. I'm throwing as hard as ever. I've seen fellows fooling around with the slider. It takes the hop off their fast one. When I start losing some speed, then I'll have to learn another pitch, maybe (→ TO PAGE 65)

FEW PEOPLE REALIZE that Ted Williams—who is certain to go into baseball's Hall of Fame and would be in fishing's Stream of Fame if there was one—is also an expert hunter. In fact, Ted's marksmanship is as sharp as his skill with rod and bat, as pigeons who hang out in Boston's Fenway Park can attest. Whenever Williams shows up at Fenway, the pigeons reportedly take off, remembering the time years ago when Ted riddled the flocks there with .22 rifle and shotgun.

Williams enjoys talking hunting and fishing as much as he enjoys discussing batting techniques. He did a little of each last winter at the New England Sportsmen's Show, where large crowds watched him give casting exhibitions with his pal, former heavyweight champion Jack Sharkey. Between performances, Williams wandered from booth to booth in Boston's Commonwealth Armory, examining rods, rifles and shotguns with obvious delight.

Sharkey, one of the few persons who can needle Ted without repercussions, mentioned their fishing and hunting trips. "Remember that time we caught all those black bass in New Hampshire?" he asked Williams. "Big mouths always did like you. Ha! As for hunting, I remember seeing you knock a lot of feathers off some pheasants one fall. You know, you can shoot and fish almost as well as I can. I'm familiar with your favorite rods, but how about guns? What kind do you prefer?"

A faint smile illuminated Ted's tanned face. His reply had the bark of a shotgun. "Look, stupid! You know very well that I'm a consultant for Sears Roebuck, with rods, reels and guns bearing my name being marketed. So those are the best! Oh, I've owned many guns. Used a 12-gauge magnum standard Model 12 Winchester in past years, as well as a Remington pump, Model 31, in a little fancy grade. Yeah, and I've had good luck with a Model 21 Winchester shotgun with a 28-inch barrel. Had several rifles of various calibers, too."

A small boy cautiously approached Ted for an autograph, then asked, "What kind of a rifle should I get, Mr. Williams?"

"Have your dad buy you one of our single-shot .22 caliber rifles," Ted said. "That's the safest rifle for a starter. You can't get into any trouble, son, but be sure to have an expert teach you how to handle and use your rifle. It's excellent for target practice, squirrels, rabbits and other small game."

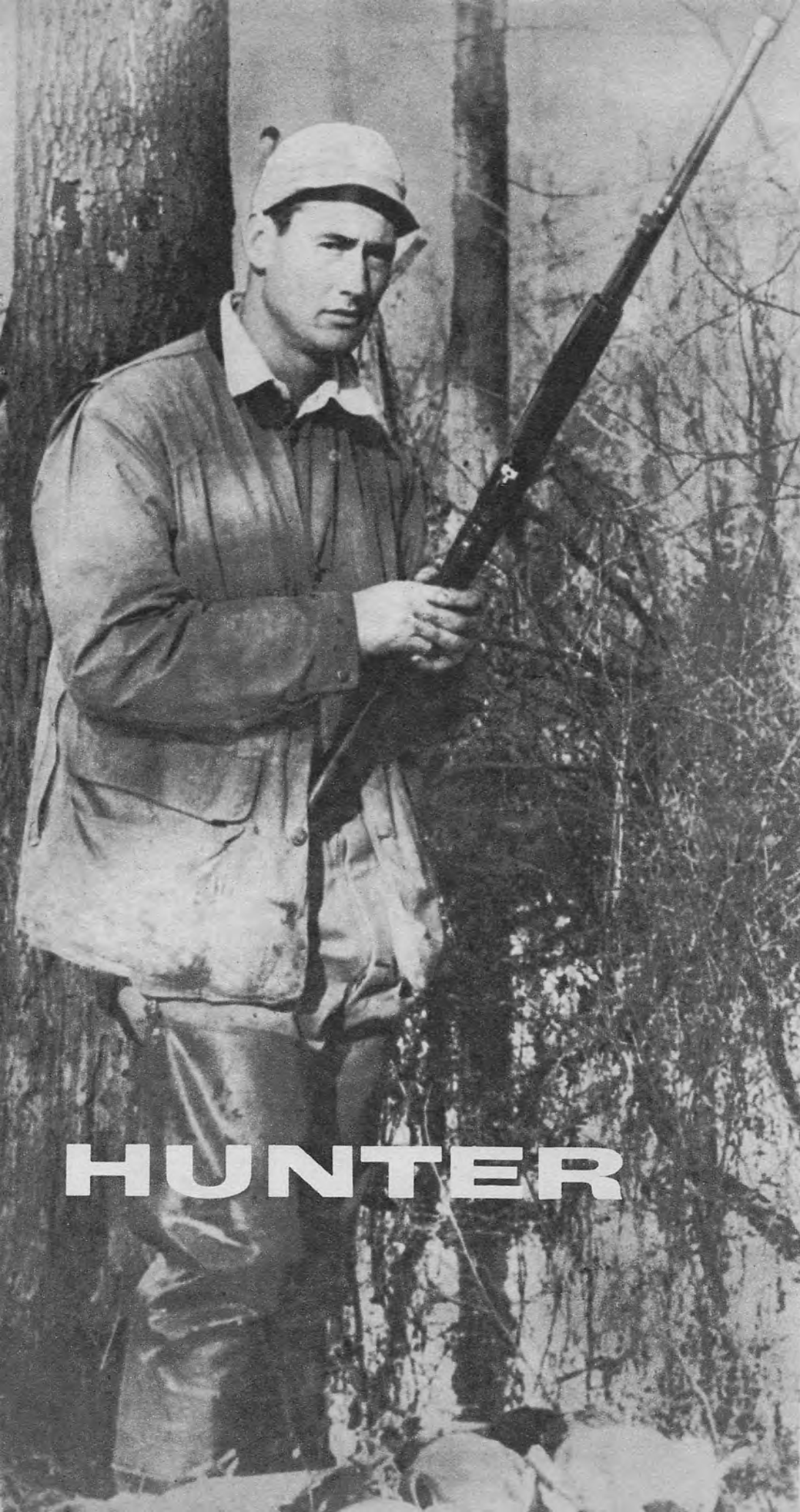
"Thanks," said the boy. "When did you get your first gun, Mr. Williams?"

"When I was 14 in San Diego, California," Williams said. "I worked hard after school every afternoon to earn it, too, just as I did for my first rod and reel. I chose a double-barreled Winchester .410 shotgun because a veteran hunter had shown me how to shoot (→ TO PAGE 74)

TED WILLIAMS,

As everyone knows, the last man to bat over .400 in the major leagues is also at least a .400 fisherman. Additionally, Ted is a skilled hunter, having gunned everything from ducks and deer and doves—to the pigeons in Fenway Park

By TAP GOODENOUGH



HUNTER



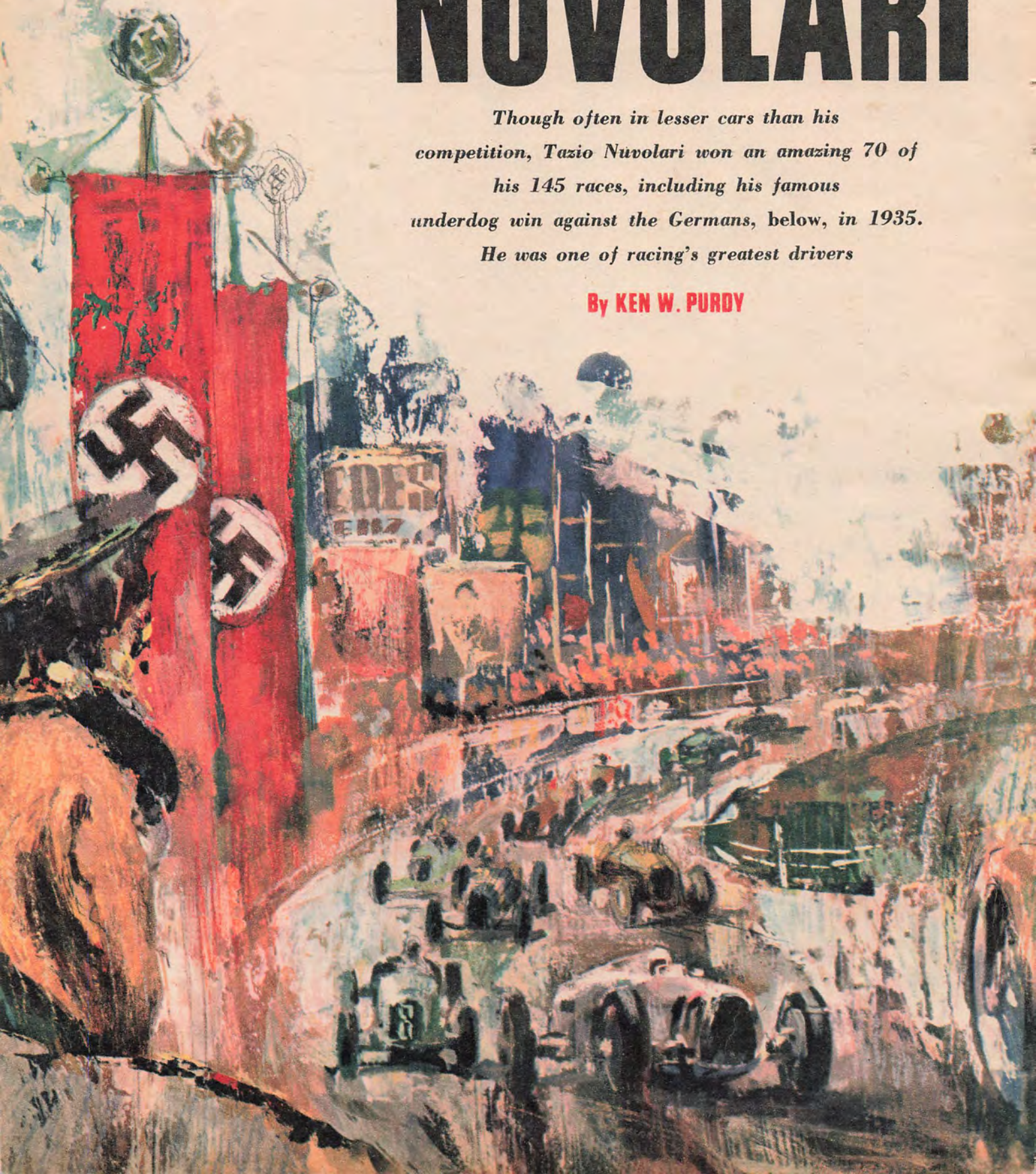
Discussing stupid hunters who cause accidents, Ted told about the wounded gunner he once found. The man had been shot while bending over a brook. The shooter, Ted said, "thought the man was a bear, but I've never seen a bald-headed bear!"

SPORT'S HALL OF FAME

NUVOLARI

Though often in lesser cars than his competition, Tazio Nuvolari won an amazing 70 of his 145 races, including his famous underdog win against the Germans, below, in 1935. He was one of racing's greatest drivers

By KEN W. PURDY



GRAND PRIX RACE DRIVING relates to driving a 1963 convertible at say, 90 miles an hour along the Pennsylvania Turnpike, about as walking a chalk-line relates to crossing Niagara Falls on a tight wire. It is the most demanding, most dangerous of all the games men play. It is so dangerous that a 1955 sports-car race crash killed 82 spectators and injured over 100; and in the decade 1951-61, counting drivers of the first rank only, 56 were killed. Merely to survive a *grand prix* career is almost a mark of greatness.

Tazio Nuvolari not only survived his career, but had an extraordinarily long career, from 1921 to 1950. During this time he ran in 145 races and won 70 of them. Nuvolari usually either won or broke up his automobile. He was second only 16 times and third only nine times, but he placed 88 times in 145 starts for an almost unbelievable percentage—over 60. His dedication was absolute: he drove until he was an old man, and so ill and weak that he had to be lifted

out of his car after a race. Toward the end, exhaust fumes made him hemorrhage, and other drivers would be startled to see him come by, flat out, with blood running down his chin. He won his class in the last race he entered, at Mount Pellegrino in Italy in 1950, but he collapsed as he was given the trophy.

Nuvolari had everything of greatness: talent amounting almost to genius, utter dedication, soaring originality (automobile racing was never the same after Nuvolari) and a ferocious competitive instinct. No sporting hall of fame is complete without him. He was of the era that produced Jack Dempsey, Babe Ruth, Juan Belmonte, Bobby Jones, Earle Sande, and he ranks on equal terms with them.

Tazio Nuvolari was a small man—he stood five feet, five inches tall and weighed, in his prime, 130 pounds—which may have accounted in part for his bitter-end will to win. Even as a child, growing up in Italy, he refused no dares. By the time he died in 1953 it was

Illustrated by Joseph Cellini



said he had broken every major bone in his body at least once, had been hospitalized with serious injuries 17 times and had been given up as hopeless six times. Tazio's first injury of record was a shin broken before he was ten in his first effort to travel faster than he could run: he used to grab one of his father's horses by the tail and goad it into a gallop. The horse tired of the game one day and kicked him.

One day in his early teens, Tazio watched his father try to put a bridle on a prized stallion. Tazio laughed when the horse almost bit off his father's hand. Enraged, Nuvolari *pere* threw a silver coin to the stall floor under the stallion's belly, yelling, "Get the coin if you think it's so funny!" Tazio ducked in, grabbed the silver piece and ran off to spend it, laughing harder.

When Nuvolari was 16, a Bleriot monoplane crashed near his home, killing the pilot. The wreck was abandoned. Nuvolari took it home and attempted to repair it, but couldn't make it run fast enough to take off, so he took it apart, carried the pieces to the roof of the house and put them together again. He tied the Bleriot to a chimney, ran up the engine, climbed into the pilot's seat and cut the rope. The plane took off and promptly crashed, fortunately into a haystack, so that Nuvolari got away with a broken shoulder. He did learn to fly, 40 years later, when he was 56.

Tazio became an ambulance driver in World War I, but his superiors considered he had no talent for the

job. When he was discharged his commanding officer kindly suggested that he concentrate on some other line of work. "You'll never learn to drive an automobile properly," he said.

Nuvolari's father and uncle had been bicycle racers of some consequence in Italy, and the boy started on pedal-bikes, since the idea that there was anything worth doing beside racing apparently never occurred to him. He moved on to motorcycles in 1920. After three years of learning, he won a major race, the Circuit of Parma. He drove in about 300 races and won 30 of the first importance. In 1924 he was motorcycle champion of Italy and he began to put more and more of his time into racing automobiles. The cars he learned to race in the Twenties hardly resembled the ones being raced today.

Today's *grand prix* cars weigh barely 1000 pounds and are frighteningly frail in appearance. One, the British Lotus, has no chassis of any kind, is basically a stressed skin stretched over two long gas tanks and an oil tank! It's so low that the driver has almost to lie on the back of his neck, but it produces a comfortable, amazingly controllable ride. The cars of Nuvolari's early days were the reverse. They were heavy-massive, over-powered and under-braked, so brutally suspended that the drivers absorbed a physical beating in the course of a 300-mile run over anything but asphalt or concrete smooth as a table-top. Additionally, some had very hard steering. Nuvolari simply wasn't



Nuvolari, *left*, was a fierce little driver who raced with uninhibited pleasure for 30 years. He would come out of a tricky bend like a plane off a catapult—and sometimes scream, or shake his fist, or pound the side of his car, or jump up and down like a jack-in-the-box. He usually either won his race—or broke up his car, and even himself, trying to be the winner.

strong enough to wheel-fight them around the bends. So he came to rely on steering with the throttle, "drifting," letting the car run into a bend so fast that all four wheels broke adhesion with the road at once, and it went around the bend with the tail pointing out and the nose pointing toward the inside of the corner. By feeding more gas and thus increasing the spin of the rear wheels he decreased their grip on the road and the rear of the car came out farther, useful, for example, in setting it up to point the right way coming out of the bend; less gas increased the rear wheel adhesion and reduced the angle of drift.

Nuvolari became incredibly adept at setting a car up for a bend. Through a given corner he would nearly always be faster than anyone else, and he improvised constantly. As his virtuosity increased he began to feel the sensuous fascination of speed, that terrible delight in rhythmic motion on the edge of disaster that is the primary reason men drive race-cars. Nuvolari was Latin to the bone, emotional, uninhibited, and he made no secret of the fact he was having a ball. Coming out of a tricky bend like a plane off a carrier's catapult, he would sometimes throw back his head and scream, or he'd shake his fist, or he'd pound on the side of the car, or he'd jump up and down in the car like a jack-in-the-box. He loved it.

Nuvolari believed he had an abnormal sense of balance. He believed he knew to within a pound or so the amount of weight bearing on any one of a car's four wheels at any time, at any speed, in any attitude. He probably did. Motorcycle racers develop extraordinary balance-sense, and Nuvolari's was probably acute to begin with. This, combined with fast motor-reactions, let him pull off many *tours de force*. There are people still living who saw him do things they still hardly believe.

In one race a car dumped all its oil on a corner and crashed. The car behind it hit the oil and spun out; so did the next, and one after that. Then Nuvolari came around the bend, flat-out as usual. He spun the steering wheel so fast, first one way, then the other, then back again, that his brown arms blurred, but he got through without touching another car.

Running in a field of good drivers in cars equal to his own, Nuvolari would usually win, but seldom spectacularly if he got out in front early. Front-running didn't bring out his fury. He was at his best when people were standing on his face and calling him a has-been; or just after three doctors had issued a bulletin saying he wouldn't last another 24 hours; or when he was driving a car that was demonstrably incapable of winning.

In 1935, at the Nurburgring course in Germany, Nuvolari almost precipitated the mass suicide of 200,000 Germans. The middle Thirties saw the cresting of one of the biggest tidal-waves in automobile-racing history: the onslaught of the German Mercedes-Benz and Auto-Union cars, great designs, handled by the best drivers available, and financially backed by the Nazi government to an extent that factory competitors from other countries withdrew en masse. The engines in these cars were the most powerful piston engines ever put into automobiles, before or since: they ran 500 and 600 horsepower. One of them actually put out 646 horsepower and the car itself weighed less than an MG two-seater. Their acceleration was fantastic and they could touch 200 miles an hour. A fleet of these monsters—four Auto-Unions and five Mercedes-Benz—appeared for the German Grand Prix of 1935, and the only question was, which of the two German factories would get the ritual telegram of congratulations from Adolph Hitler, *Der Fuehrer*, that night.

Of course it was necessary to fill out the field with a few spear-carriers, a few burnt offerings for the

Herrenvolk to walk over. One that was cast in this unlikely role was Tazio Nuvolari, *Il Maestro*. He was in the full flower of his greatness, but, alas, mounted in an out-of-date Alfa-Romeo that was 20 miles an hour slower than the German cars. A few people said it was a pity that such a great driver would have to finish tenth or worse, but that was show biz.

The Nurburgring was then and is now one of the toughest race-courses in existence. Its 14.2-mile length, in mountain terrain, has steep up-and-down hill grades and almost too many bends and curves to remember. It's a strange circuit in more ways than one: sometimes cars will run down the finishing straight in sunshine, and run through a rain-squall before they've come around again.

When the flag fell for the 1935 start, Nuvolari drove into the first bend in the middle of the screaming silver-painted German cars, a place he had no right to be. At the end of the first lap he came around in second place, a mere 12 seconds behind the leading Mercedes-Benz, Rudolph Caracciola up, and ahead of the other eight German cars, as well as the gaggle of other Alfas, Maseratis, ERAs, and so on that made up the field.

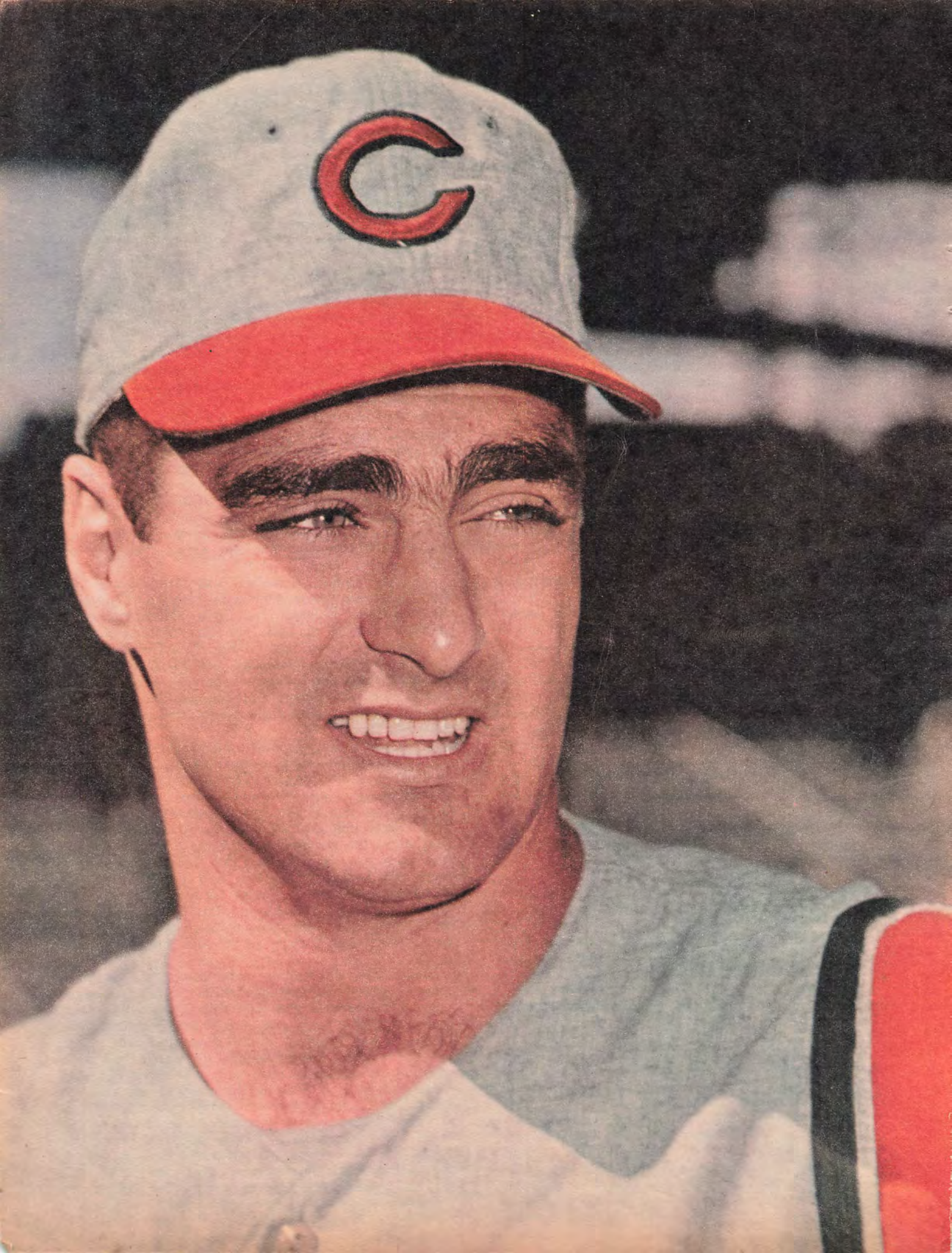
By lap two he had dropped back to sixth. He stayed there for three more laps, letting the Germans pound on each other (the rivalry between Auto-Union and Mercedes-Benz was furious) and then began to move in on them. At the end of the sixth lap he lay fifth; next time around he was third, then fourth, then second, and when the cars came around for the tenth time, the red Alfa-Romeo with the thin little man at the wheel showed up first. The crowd roared in dismay—and disbelief.

Another circuit, Nuvolari was still leading. The knowledgeable knew what was going on: Nuvolari, *Il Mantovano Volante*, The Flying Mantuan, as the journalists liked to call him, had decided that the Germans were standing on his face. He was giving them their 20 mph advantage over his Alfa, and taking it all back, and much more, in the scores of bends and corners where sheer skill counted, and in his willingness to run along the edge of the precipice and spit into it.

However, there was still a chance for Teutonic efficiency to save the day: on the 12th lap Nuvolari came in for fuel, as did the pack. The Germans used to make a great thing of pit-drill, and indeed I can remember being astonished at the speed with which a German crew would change four tires, pump in 25 gallons of fuel, clean the windscreen, give the driver fresh goggles and a slug of mineral water. The Mercedes crews were hot, that day in 1935, and got Manfred von Brauchitsch in and out in 47 seconds, Fagioli in 51, Geier in 52, Lang in 55 and Caracciola in 67. The Auto-Union crews were slower, doing Stuck in 49 seconds, Varzi and Pietsch in 72 each and Rosemeyer in 75.

Meanwhile, the Italians, who never did see much point in practicing such foolishness as tire-changing, were a bit slower. For one thing, something went wrong with the gas-pump, and Nuvolari had to stand beside his car, jumping up and down and cursing like a berserk Masai medicine-man, for a jolly two minutes, 14 seconds while the tank was filled by hand.

He had come in leading the race; he went out in sixth place. The *cognoscenti* who watched him go, however, knew that if they didn't see history made, there was going to be a call for men with stretchers. Tazio went out of the pits flat-out in second, cutting the buttons off a squadron of track-side police, and was in high gear before he got to the end of the straight. It would have been thought remarkable if he had held his place in the slower (→ TO PAGE 59)



JOEY JAY

IN CONTROL OF HIMSELF

It took time for Joey to
mature as a pitcher and man. He
was in the big leagues at
18, out of them at 20, and it seemed
he didn't want to get back

BY ROY MCHUGH



When Pete Whisenant was a coach with the Cincinnati Reds he considered it one of his duties to bring out the primitive blood lust in a pitcher named John Calvin Klippstein. Whisenant had a theory that all Klippstein lacked to be the pitching marvel of the National League was the killer instinct, the ability to be mean on the mound. "A real nice guy," someone was sure to say at the merest mention of Klippstein. Invariably, this made Whisenant sad.

By Whisenant's definition, a pitcher who is mean is "a guy who will fight you all the way, a guy who will never give in." On an April night in 1962, Whisenant was expressing himself on this subject at Crosley Field, the Reds' home park, when somebody wondered if he thought Jim O'Toole was mean. O'Toole had been the Reds' hottest pitcher during the second half of the 1961

season. "He's mean," Whisenant said with conviction. Well, how about Joey Jay, then? Was Joey mean? Jay the year before had won 21 games for Cincinnati.

Whisenant, seldom at a loss for an opinion, paused to reflect. What he finally said was: "No, Jay isn't mean. There's no way you can make Joey mad. But with all that ability, he doesn't have to be mean."

Two hours later, Joey Jay, an impressively large man with an impressively serious demeanor, was pitching against Milwaukee, the team that on December 15, 1960, had publicly written him off as a \$40,000 white elephant by trading him to the Reds. In the fourth or fifth inning, one of Jay's pitches hit Joe Adcock squarely on the head, knocking him down. Thanks to his protective helmet, Adcock eventually got up, his head still attached to his neck. Quite plainly, it had not been Jay's intention to chase Adcock away from the plate. Rather, it appeared,

Color by Lee Balterman

a curveball had failed to break. Yet when Jay took his next turn at bat, pitcher Bob Shaw of Milwaukee fired one high and inside, directly at the spot where Jay's skull would have been except for its owner's good judgment. Jay had decided, just in time, to sprawl on the ground. A mean pitcher, Bob Shaw.

Resuming his stance in the batter's box, Jay looked determined. Was it possible, after all, to make him mad? Joey's chin, which is generous and square, was set at a belligerent angle. He hit the next pitch for a single—a broken-bat single that floated over the infield like a knuckleball, but a single, nevertheless. And his single was the start of a two-run inning, the inning that won the game for the Reds, 2-1.

In the clubhouse afterward, Jay seemed oblivious to the horseplay going on around him. Ponderous and silent, he kept to himself. His heavy black brows were like thunderclouds. A reporter approached, full of questions. No, Jay said, he had not been mad at anyone just because Shaw tried to behead him. No, he did not bear down any harder than normal on the days when he pitched against Milwaukee. "I pitch to win games," he said. "I pitch to win games whether I'm pitching against Milwaukee or anyone else." Pete Whisenant had the right dope. Jay isn't mean. But at this precise moment he sounded irritable.

The simple fact is that Jay has grown tired of setting people straight about the value he places on beating Milwaukee. It is not his greatest pleasure in life, he protests. Beating Milwaukee is something he does with regularity (seven times in eight attempts in 1961 and 1962), but Jay has a bland explanation: He pitches with extra care, and therefore with extra success, against all hard-hitting clubs, Milwaukee among them. "If anything," Jay says, "I think the Braves are more anxious to beat me than I am to beat them. So they probably defeat their own purpose. Beating Milwaukee is my job, like beating Chicago or St. Louis. I refuse to take the attitude, 'See, I told you so.'"

The temptation, no doubt, has been hard to resist. Ten years ago this summer, when Jay was 17 and one week out of high school, Milwaukee's general manager, John Quinn, gave him \$40,000 to sign a contract. Under the bonus rule then in operation, Jay had to stay with Milwaukee for two full seasons. "The bonus rule," Jay says today, "was a lousy rule. It was bad for me and bad for the ballclub." Its immediate effect on Jay was to make him an outcast. Charley Grimm, the Braves' manager, ignored him. The ballplayers openly avoided him. They resented his presence because (1) he was unproven; (2) he was too young and too rich; (3) he was taking up space on the roster, space that could have been used for a player equipped to help win the pennant.

At the end of that first summer, Joey was ready to quit. His father and John Quinn talked some sense back into his head. At the end of the second summer his spirits rose briefly. He and his high-school sweetheart, Lois Bruggen, married. On their honeymoon, they went to Puerto Rico and Jay pitched good ball in the winter league there, winning eight and losing five for the town of Caguas. It was major-league-style competition. Now, Joey felt, he was ready to pitch for Milwaukee. But in June, when his two years of confinement were up, Milwaukee farmed him out to Toledo in the American Association. On the assurance of John Quinn that he would stay in Milwaukee, Joey and his wife had just leased an apartment. They were leasing apartments for the next three years in Toledo and Atlanta and Wichita. And when at last Joey made it to Milwaukee again, this time strictly on merit, the law of supply and demand was his adversary. Milwaukee had Warren Spahn. And Lou Burdette. And Bob Buhl. Who needed Joey Jay?

Cincinnati did, more or less. In the fall of 1960 Milwaukee offered a selection of pitchers for Cincinnati's shortstop, Roy McMillan. Cincinnati, in return for Roy, could have two of three pitchers, who were Jay, Juan Pizarro and Carlton Willey.

Cincinnati's first choice was Pizarro, who was then sent to the Chicago White Sox as part of the payment

for third-baseman Gene Freese. Cincinnati's second choice was Jay. He was 25. Willey, a righthander like Jay, was 29. Said general manager Bill DeWitt: "We picked Jay over Willey because of his greater potential and also because of his age."

In the next two seasons Jay won 42 games for the Reds. He was 21-and-10 in 1961 and 21-and-14 in 1962. Not by any coincidence, the Reds finished first and then third. Again, not by any coincidence, when Jay was 0-5 early this season, the Reds were deep in the second division. His success on the mound is reflected in his team's success.

On the mound Jay, at a distance of 60 feet, 6 inches, a baseball held loosely in one paw, is a disquieting sight. His dark, somber face reflects antipathy. Looking down at the batter from the slight elevation of the pitcher's rubber, he blots out the landscape behind him. Actually, Jay is 6-4 and he will weigh, during the baseball season, between 220 and 230 pounds. He pitches with an economy of effort, but still creates the impression that he could shatter a leaded bat with his fastball. The impression is somewhat misleading. In *Pennant Race*, an account of how the Reds won the National League championship two years ago, Jim Brosnan wrote, "Ordinarily, Jay is a breaking-ball pitcher with a good fastball that batters look for. It's not quite good enough to sustain him by itself, however." And National League batters, when they talk about Jay, stress the variety, not the speed, of his pitches. Jay's slow curve, in fact, is one of the best. His fastball is just fast enough to keep everybody respectful.

"I thought I was faster than Feller, but someone forgot to tell the hitters," Jay once said. His humor, low-keyed, is for friends, not acquaintances. Once when the Reds accused Don Drysdale of throwing at them, Jay calmly challenged Drysdale to a fight, astonishing Pete Whisenant, but in most situations he maintains his dignity.

With Brosnan, when Brosnan was with the Reds, Jay would argue about ideas and abstractions. At Forbes Field in Pittsburgh one night, the topic was alcoholism. "You can't be an alcoholic without a neurotic desire," Brosnan was saying.

"Oh, yes you can," corrected Jay.

The dialogue was attracting an audience, to which Brosnan, self-conscious in the role of an egghead, explained, "We're going over the hitters."

"Broz thinks the whole world is sick; he's on a psychoanalysis kick," said Jay when he was asked about their pitchers' duel. Jay was sitting in front of his locker, a paperback pocket book resting on one knee. Quickly, he stuffed it among the odds and ends that reposed on the locker's top shelf. Brosnan, the psychoanalyst, might have seen in that impulse a neurotic desire to conceal something spicy. And so what was Jay reading? "*The Keys of the Kingdom*," he said with reluctance. A novel about a missionary in China.

If Jay had gone to college, the chances are he would now be a lawyer. "The law," Jay said, "is something that's not cut and dried. It's how you define it. I was interested in law, but what the hell. Let's face it. I went into baseball for the money. I was 17. At 16 I had nothing. At 17 I had money in the bank." He settled for one year of business college.

With part of his bonus money, Jay bought a chicken farm in Florida. Chicken farming was a family tradition. Back home in Connecticut, Joey's grandfather had been in the chicken business. "It was something I could do without schooling," Joey said. But family tradition notwithstanding, Joey counted his chickens before they were hatched. "It turned out to be a bad experience, monetary-wise and every-wise," he conceded.

A believer in the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, Joey has a bone to pick—a drumstick-sized bone—with egg commissions. "We worked on a low margin of profit," he said. "Sometimes the price of eggs was only a nickel above the cost of producing them. And there were losses. The death factor, and so on." (The "death factor" is due largely to the fact that chickens are so dumb they kill

themselves by doing clever little things like looking up, open beaked, at rainwater pouring off a roof. The chicken stops looking up when he's so full of water he drowns.) Today, Joey Jay is an oilman, a rugged (and profit-making) individualist. "We like to think we have a free-enterprise economy, but it's becoming less and less so," he will tell you. "That's what I like about sports—everyone's an individual. If you don't produce, you don't stay. You go as far as your talent and ambition will take you."

It was patience, a gambler's patience, that took Jay where he is in the oil business. In 1958 an oilman named Allen Beard, a hometown friend of Joe Adcock from Coushatta, Louisiana, gave some Milwaukee players a chance to invest in a drilling operation. Four of them liked the idea—Jay, Carlton Willey, Don McMahon and Charley Lau. Beard started drilling in southern Illinois and hit a dry hole. He then hit another dry hole. The partners' net loss at this point was \$104,000. Willey, McMahon and Lau retired from the oil business. Jay stuck it out with Allen Beard. They decided to drill elsewhere—in West Virginia. In the last three years they have not had a single dry hole.

Says Beard: "When we hit the dry holes, Jay was as calm as could be. It amazed me. It was very unusual. I don't care who you are, when you start dropping dough you get nervous. The oil business is like a crap game. No one can really tell you what's under the ground. That's why oil is four dollars a barrel. But what I liked about Joey, he never was one bit worried."

And so the J. & B. Oil Co. of Spencer, West Virginia, is very much a going concern, with a suite of three rooms in an office building and four full-time employees. Beard leases the oil fields and supervises the drilling. Jay keeps the books and in the winter time runs the office. The Jays and their five children, a boy and four girls, have long since flown the coop at the chicken farm and are residents of Spencer during the off-season.

They went to high school, Joey and Lois, in Middletown, Connecticut. Joey, however, lived in Rock Falls, a suburb for commuters. As a sophomore at Woodrow Wilson High School, young Joey was full-grown—as big as he is today and as big as his father, who had pitched in the minor leagues. Joey played Little League ball and Babe Ruth League ball and American Legion ball and Intermediate League ball, arousing scant interest on the part of Jay senior. Even Joey seems bored at the recollection of himself as a child prodigy. Once in the Intermediate League he pitched two no-hit games in a row. "But they weren't the spectacular kind," he says modestly, meaning, perhaps, that he allowed a couple of hard-hit foul balls.

Joey scoffs at reports that he pitched as many as 50 no-hit games. "I just pitched a few—maybe ten," he demurs. In those days he fancied himself as an outfielder. "I could hit pretty well," he says. On occasion he still can. In the 1961 pennant race, Joey's hitting won two important games. Late in June, his bases-loaded single beat Milwaukee and Warren Spahn. Two weeks later, his bases-loaded double beat the Dodgers and Don Drysdale. But when Joey was 15, a knuckleball pitcher exposed him for what he was—a free-swinging power hitter with a fatal, and obvious, flaw. A summer resort had hired him to wait on tables (and to play for its baseball team) at \$75 a week. On a Sunday afternoon, in front of a big crowd, he struck out four times against the knuckleball pitcher. On Monday morning Joey did not have a job. "And that knuckleball pitcher was an acquaintance of mine, too," he remembers with lingering reproachfulness.

Briefly, he considered a football career. Quarterback seemed like a glamorous position. The Woodrow Wilson junior-varsity coach thought of him as more of an end type. Joey played end—for one year. His father then indicated to him that one year of football was enough. "My father looked down on football," says Joey. "He never played football himself and the injury factor bothered him." Joey suspects that father knew best, but he can never be absolutely sure. "I'm glad in a way

I quit and I'm sorry in another way," he says. "I never miss a football game on TV. In that sense, I prefer it to baseball. I'm not a baseball fan in the sense I can sit on the sidelines and watch it." Joey liked basketball, too, but basketball interfered with the enjoyment of his 1948 Plymouth, his first car. "I was riding around Middletown in glory," he says.

Baseball and cars were compatible, apparently. Joey played baseball every year. "Still," Joey says, "I don't think I was what you'd call a schoolboy wonder, by any means. One year I hit .350 in high school. The other two years I was under .300. Pitching-wise, I had two no-hitters, in all." In any case, the scouts were becoming aware of him as a prospect. So was his father, who was not the type of parent to strive for fulfillment at second hand. "He encouraged me, but he didn't over-encourage me," Joey says. "He encouraged me to just the right degree. We played catch. He caught me a lot and he coached me a little. If I wanted to know something, he'd tell me."

In the semi-pro Shoreline League, Joey and his father pitched for the same team, Middlefield, Connecticut. "Dad was a better pitcher than I was," Joey maintains. This unique scouting report came years too late to interest the Braves. Joe Pulladoro, their Middletown agent, recommended the son, not the father. Pulladoro had coached Joey in sandlot ball. The Braves sent Tommy Holmes to watch Joey play and Holmes quickly advised them that Joey could hit. There were pitchers around Middletown who never did learn to throw a knuckleball.

Accompanied by his father, Joey flew to Milwaukee. He worked with the Braves for a week. On the seventh day, John Quinn called the Jays into his office. Says Joey: "My dad and I had set a figure—\$60,000. Mr. Quinn made a counter-offer—\$40,000. We thought it was very fair."

The changes in Joey Jay since 1953 are mainly exterior changes—improvements and refinements on basic characteristics. Ten years ago Joey was timid. Today, because he chooses to be, he's reserved. Ten years ago Joey could be stubborn and petulant. Today Joey knows his own mind. Where his managers in Milwaukee described him as lazy, his present manager, Fred Hutchinson, leans toward the view that laziness and stateliness are two different things. Indolent slob, Hutchinson reasons, don't go around winning 21 games a year. But Joey Jay in one respect has altered fundamentally since 1953. When he has given a lot of thought to how much he is worth, and somebody then proposes a markdown, he rebels.

In negotiating his contract for the 1962 season, he was a rebel with a cause and an idea. Conscious of the part he had played in the winning of the pennant the year before, Joey anticipated gratitude, monetary-wise. But Cincinnati's offer, he said, was "ridiculous to start with" and no less ridiculous after Bill DeWitt had listened at some length to Joey's description of it as such. "We came to an impasse," Joey said.

When you come to an impasse in the oil business, you get in touch with your lawyer, and that was what Joey now did. Joey's lawyer was Guy McGaughey of Mt. Carmel, Illinois. "I am ready to quit baseball rather than play for what Cincinnati has offered me," Joey said. McGaughey said, "Well, we'll look into it."

After looking into it, McGaughey told Jay: "You have three ways out, three ways of breaking your contract. The first way is to die. The second way is to stay out of baseball three years. The third way is to buy your contract from the ballclub. We can't do either of the first two, so let's try the third."

The bid Joey made for his contract was \$250,000. "In McGaughey's opinion," he said, "any one of several other clubs would have paid that much to repurchase it and then pay me more than the Reds would." Thundered Bill DeWitt: "You're out of your mind. I'm not in the business of selling contracts."

But he increased Joey's salary to the point where Joey became a reasonably satisfied workman.

This year, says Joey, DeWitt gave him a "token raise." It was less than Joey expected, but he was too busy bringing in oil wells to outflank DeWitt by way of Mt. Carmel, Illinois.

Once before, says DeWitt, a ballplayer offered to buy a contract from him. "I won't embarrass the fella by telling you his name," DeWitt recently said, implying quite clearly that ballplayers who offer to buy their contracts should be ashamed of themselves. "Anyway, he was not an important player (DeWitt was with the St. Louis Browns at the time and unimportant players were virtually the only kind they had). He informed us that several other clubs were interested in him and offered to give us the waiver price for his contract. I wrote back and told him to send us a check. He never did. A couple of weeks later, he signed at our terms."

Jay, nonetheless, deserves high marks for originality in an occupation that seems bent on stamping it out. He is known as the inventor of two offbeat pitches—the change-up screwball and the flip pitch, or slop slider. Practically every other pitcher in the National League has resisted the temptation to copy them. When Jay was in the minors, and could get no one out with his best stuff, he would start pitching sidearm or underhand. "My philosophy of pitching," he says, "is this: If a team beats you one way, try another." Sportswriters, however, put their own interpretation on Jay's philosophy. They accused him of taking an oh-what-the-hell attitude. And last year when Jay introduced a completely revolutionary pitching technique the major-league rules committee huffily declared it illegal.

The idea, Jay said this summer, came to him one night in Los Angeles. While the base-stealing Dodgers stole a ballgame from under the Reds' noses, Jay, who was not pitching, watched from the dugout unhappily. "They beat us 3 to 1 or 3 to 2 or something like that," he said, "and all three of their runs were the result of stolen bases, advancing an extra base on a hit, or tagging up on a fly ball. I decided it wouldn't happen to me."

Jay pitched against the Dodgers the following night and with men on base he varied his pitching motion. At times he went into a fast, abbreviated windup instead of the customary stretch. The position he took on the rubber—facing the batter with the ball in both hands at the belt buckle—was such that the runner never knew which move he intended to use. It had the desired effect. Nobody stole any bases. Late in the game an umpire detected a balk, but in the few remaining weeks of the season Jay continued to pitch from both a stretch and a windup with men on base and there were no more balk calls and nothing even close to a steal.

"The only thing they could do about it," said Jay, "was to change the rules." Which they did just as soon as they could. The definition of a windup position now includes the stance Jay took when he was trying to mask his intentions—facing the batter with the ball in both hands at the belt buckle. Therefore it is necessary to pitch from that position, with no option of going into a stretch (and of throwing to a base). The threat of a pickoff is eliminated and Jay now belongs to the vast army of men and mice who have found that deep thinking seldom pays.

Jay was also responsible, he suspects, for the trigger-happy enforcement of the balk rule this year. While the rules-committee members were talking about windups and stretches, they arranged to put teeth in the one-second rule (which says the pitcher must come to a one-second stop before he delivers the ball from a stretch). "Only instead of making it one second," said Jay at the height of all the nonsense, "the umpires are making it ten seconds." From a baserunner's viewpoint, it was almost as good as a license to steal. And then a month after the season began, the two league presidents got together with commissioner Ford Frick and executed a 360-degree turn. They recommended, in effect, a fast count instead of a slow count. "Just so the pitcher comes to a stop," they instructed the umpires. "It doesn't have to be a one-second stop."

If there are moments when Jay feels that the establishment is against him, his early experiences as a Milwaukee bonus baby prepared him to be Spartan about it. Charley Grimm was a free-and-easy extrovert with no inclination to bother his head over unripe boy wonders, especially bashful, unripe boy wonders. "Grimm's theory," says Johnny Logan, who played shortstop for Milwaukee the year of Jay's arrival, "was catch the ball, hit the ball, and have fun." To Grimm, Joey Jay was as welcome as a necklace of millstones and Joey knew it—not from anything Grimm said, because Grimm barely spoke to him at all, but just from the way he didn't say it. The ballplayers were cruel to Jay as any in-group can be cruel to an outsider. Sometimes thoughtlessly and sometimes deliberately, they excluded him from their off-the-field conversations and activities. They referred to him, privately, as "Fort Knox" and "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Joey, a bonus babe in the woods, was unaware of it. "I was shy," he says. "It never even occurred to me to try to associate with the veterans. I regarded them in much the same way as I did when I was 13 or 14. They were people I'd read about, and whose pictures I'd seen in the papers."

Even Logan, still not a veteran himself but seven or eight years older than Joey, belonged to a different world. "I had my own problems," says Logan. "I never paid much attention to Joey, actually. He was young, just a kid. And independent, ya know. He had ability, but the coaches were all interested in up-and-coming Ed Mathews, and Johnny Antonelli. See, this was still the team that won the 1948 pennant. They were rough-and-ready guys who'd been around. Earl Torgeson played first base and he was breaking in a new glove. I never could throw hard from shortstop, I never had a real strong arm, but I did have a quick arm. I'd pop the ball over to first and just get it there. So Torgeson would holler at me and I'd stand there and take it. Today, ya know, I'd tell him what he could do."

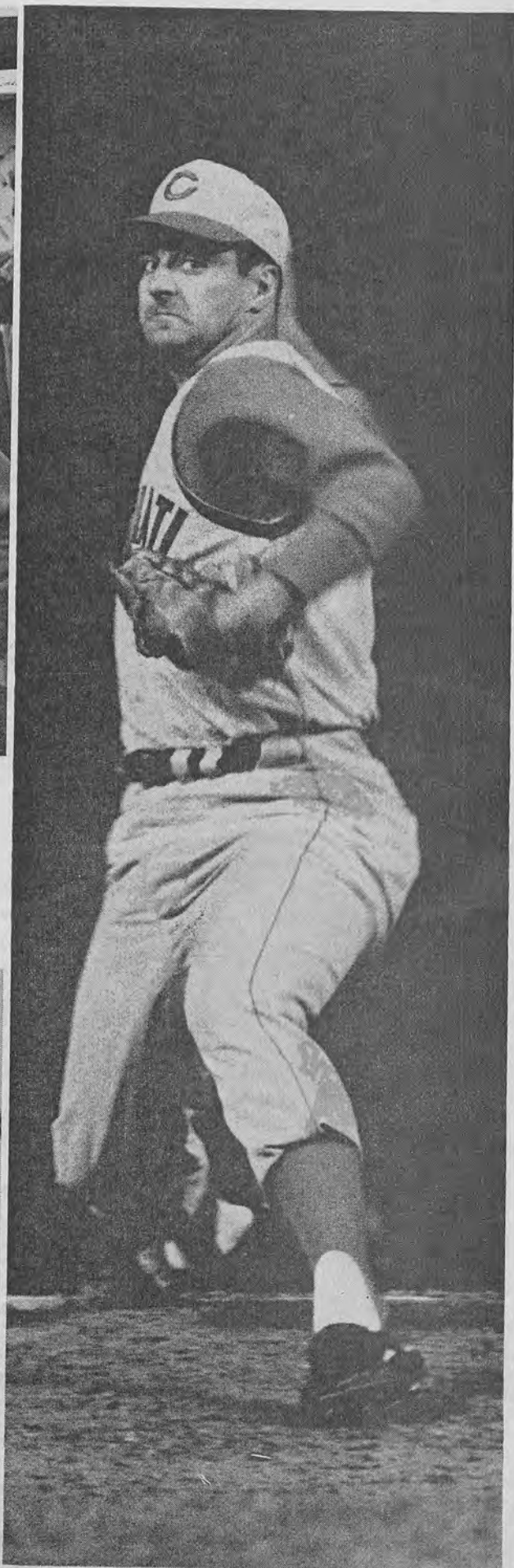
Taking what satisfaction there was in his bank account, Joey Jay spent two and a half years in a shell. In Brooklyn once, returning to the hotel from a night game, he fell asleep on the bus. When the bus reached the garage he slept on. Tip-toeing, his teammates filed off in silence. And then they told the driver to blow the horn. "It scared hell out of me," says Jay. But for once the other players had noticed him. On an afternoon in New York, after wondering what to do with himself, Joey went to a movie. Emerging, he heard the newspaper boys calling out the score of the game. "I'd just assumed we were playing at night," Joey remembers. "It shook me up. I felt I'd committed a major felony. But Grimm was real good about it. He consoled me." The chances are that Grimm hadn't missed him.

Joey signed with the Braves as a pitcher-outfielder, preferring the latter designation. "But Grimm never let me take batting practice," he says. "Bucky Walters, I think, was the one who decided I'd be a pitcher. Bucky was the pitching coach and he'd take me out to the bullpen. He taught me a slider. As time went on, I started to pitch batting practice. Then I'd sit next to Bucky on the bench and he'd talk baseball. He gave me my indoctrination. Bucky, I'd say, had the most influence on me during my first two and a half years. In fact, he was probably the only one in the whole organization who influenced me at all." Someone else may have influenced Walters to influence Jay, of course.

In the last week of the season, when the pennant race was over and Milwaukee was sure of second place, Grimm could afford to remember that the Braves had a pitcher named Joey Jay. He started him against the Reds. "I was pitching in a daze," Joey says today. "Inning after inning, I expected to get knocked out of the box. But I didn't. I was so scared I was constantly making good pitches. I was afraid to throw the ball where they could hit it, and I turned out to be actually pitching. I was pitching, I guess you'd say, out of fear. I was a pitcher because I was scared." He pitched all the way and shut out the Reds on three hits.



Mostly, Jay is a serious fellow—on the mound, *right*, in the clubhouse, *below*. When he tells a joke or he shares one, as he's doing with Vada Pinson, *top*, it's an unusual moment. He is an introspective, thinking man, who has put his thought to good work in baseball and out of it. Unafraid after losing a lot of money in the oil business, for example, Joey analyzed his investment, stayed with it, and made a large profit.





With the Braves, *below*, Joey never fulfilled his potential. The reason, Jay says, was a simple one: They didn't give him a chance to pitch. Manager Fred Hutchinson, *above right*, gave Joey a chance at Cincinnati.



Joey and his wife Lois, with *four of their five children above*, met when they attended high school in Middletown, Connecticut. They were married after Joey completed his second year at Milwaukee, and then they lived in assorted minor-league cities.



The smell of success may be sweet, but for Joey it was only a whiff. "Being young and ignorant, I had a happy winter," he confesses. "I ate up a storm and reported overweight for spring training." Overweight was 240 pounds. That season Jay pitched 18 innings for the Braves and to this day he is sensitive about allusions to weight and condition. "I was overweight one year and I've been overweight as far as the press is concerned ever since," he complains.

Jay's public image as a compulsive eater of candy bars, a compulsive drinker of pop, is something else he ascribes to the press. "I ate and drank like an 18-year-old," he says. "I didn't then, and don't now, eat more candy bars or drink more pop than any other ballplayer I know."

On the other hand, Jay does not expose himself to the dangers of malnutrition. When Cincinnati travels, he searches out the extra-special restaurants. At home, as he once told Jim Brosnan, he buys cream puffs and jelly rolls for the kids and then eats them himself. And bum rap or not, he is doomed to be suspected of overly-gracious living, so it seems, as long as he follows a pattern of losing more games than he wins through the first few weeks of each season.

Jay is a painfully slow starter. In 1960, his last year with the Braves, he opened the season with four straight defeats. In 1961 he lost the first three games he pitched for Cincinnati—2-0, 1-0 and 4-3, with two unearned runs in the 4-3 game. Again in 1962 he lost his first three. And this year the turning point receded still farther. Even the Braves took advantage. They beat him early in May, when Joey had yet to win a game. The defeat was his fifth of the season. At last on May 11, after losing six in a row, he managed to beat the Mets, 4-2.

Pitchers with a history of bad luck in April are sometimes unconcerned about April's pitfalls until suddenly they discover it's March. Not so in his case, says Jay. The fact that he doesn't pitch well in the spring has nothing to do with condition, he maintains. "There has never been a year when I wasn't ready to pitch at the start of the season," he says.

This year Jay was ready to pitch, but the Reds were not ready to hit. Allowing two runs, Jay lost the opener. Next he allowed one run and lost. In the third game he pitched, a 4-2 defeat, leftfielder Frank Robinson lost a fly in the sun with two on. Jay was undisturbed. "The guys who make the errors," he said the next day, "are the same guys who make the good plays."

A couple of weeks later, after three more defeats, Joey was feeling less amiable. Pitching in relief, he had just lost a game to the Houston Colts. He showered and dressed and left the clubhouse before the baseball writers could ask him to bare his soul. He did not completely trust his hard-earned self-restraint.

Self-restraint is a virtue he has cultivated for several years, but not before 1956, when he pitched for Wichita. With Toledo in the second half of the 1955 season, Jay had been so-so, winning three, losing three. The next year when the franchise was in Wichita, he immediately began demonstrating that for some reason or other he usually gives the season a head start. At one distressing point his record was 0-and-5 and manager George Selkirk had him typed as a relief pitcher. "I think I should be a starter," grumbled Joey. "It takes experience to pitch in relief and I don't have experience." One day Joey made three consecutive pitches on which he and the plate umpire disagreed. In Joey's opinion, they were strikes. The umpire thought they were balls. Joey threw his glove in the air and walked off the mound. Someone else had to finish the game. The amount of Joey's fine was \$250.

Soon he was pitching for a Milwaukee farm team of a lower classification, Atlanta in the Southern Association. His reputation arrived there before him. It was not very flattering. As others saw Joey at age 20, he was lazy, indifferent, obstinate and surly—in short, a spoiled brat. He proceeded to win his first three

games, two of them one-hitters. The fans in Atlanta began to wonder what was wrong with being lazy, indifferent, obstinate and surly. And then on a blazing hot Sunday afternoon, Joey's popularity melted away in the sun.

Scheduled to pitch that day, Joey complained about the weather. By accident or otherwise, he succeeded in getting the idea across that he would just as soon be doing something else, something that involved little or no effort. In no time at all, he was doing something else—taking a nice, cool shower. There were five runs on the scoreboard for the other team.

As Jay left the field, the customers near the Atlanta dugout impulsively let him know that they were less than delighted with his work. Jay's answer was brusque. It was also, earwitnesses claim, unrepeatable. This Jay refuses to admit, and his conversational style today, on and off baseball fields, is remarkably free of the Anglo-Saxon monosyllables in which the average ballplayer expresses himself. "Looking back on all this," Jay says, "my only excuse was the age factor and feeling sorry for myself. The burden I had on my shoulders in those early years I guess I put there. With Milwaukee, I felt I didn't belong. I felt left out. I didn't deserve to be there, and the older players knew it, and held it against me, and know that I'm in their position I wouldn't be any different. But it's hard at 18 to sit around and not do a thing. And when they sent me to the minors I did have a bad attitude. I had an attitude of superiority to the other players. I'd been in the big leagues. And then at Wichita when I wasn't starting I wanted to pitch so badly I took it out in tantrums, I suppose you might say. But it just isn't true that I was lackadaisical, that I only wanted to pitch when I felt like it. I've heard the writers say that, of course, and they'd say it now, but they know they can't. I've won 21 games in each of the last two years."

At Atlanta, he won only three. For on the Sunday that Joey took the heat, though he didn't know it, Wichita had decided to recall him. That night Jay got the word, and he was not overjoyed. For one, Atlanta was in first place and headed for the playoffs. For another, the prospect of returning to George Selkirk's bullpen, and possibly to George Selkirk's doghouse, left him cold. Joey called the Braves' farm director, John Mullen, and asked him to reconsider. Mullen ordered Joey to pack his bags. And so to the deep regret of no one except himself and Clyde King, Joey returned to Wichita. Said King, the Atlanta manager: "If Joey Jay ever grows up, Milwaukee will have one heckuva pitcher."

Joey grew up, he believes, the next year. Again the Braves farmed him to Wichita, but this time to play for a new manager, Ben Geraghty. "He was the same type of manager as Fred Hutchinson," Jay said with respect a while ago. "He saw my ability and that spring he told me I'd be a starter." True to form, Jay lost his first two games. Geraghty advised him not to worry about it. Of his first seven starts, he lost five. Still Geraghty's patience did not give out. "Those early defeats that year were the best thing that happened to me," said Jay. "I was trying to throw the ball past the hitters and getting nowhere. So I thought to myself, 'I'm not winning this way; I'll try something else.' I pitched sidearm for a while, I did various other things, and finally I learned how to pitch. He finished the season with a 17-and-10 record (roommate Carlton Willey's record was better yet, 21-and-6). "Ben knew enough to leave me alone," Joey said. "Nobody can tell you what to do out there. Regardless of how bad I looked, Ben let me do my own pitching and I matured. For all practical purposes, I became the same pitcher I am today. After 1957, I knew that anywhere I pitched I could do the job."

Struggling for the pennant, Milwaukee called him up at the end of the season. He saved a game against the Cubs in the ninth inning, protecting a two-run lead with two men on base and one out. Milwaukee wound



Jay's 1961 World Series victory triggered his locker-room celebration, above, with Elio Chacon, left, and Gordy Coleman, right.

up in the World Series, but Jay, as a latecomer, was ineligible.

In 1958, Joey says, he reported for spring training feeling well-accredited. He was sure he had earned the right to live happily ever after with the Braves. But Fred Haney, the Braves' manager then, appeared not to share Joey's sentiments. The month of June was well along before Joey commanded Haney's full trust. Starting his first game for the Braves in three years, Jay pitched a shutout—a six-inning shutout abbreviated by rain, but official—against St. Louis. After that, he pitched in rotation, more or less. His record for the season was 7-and-5, with three shutouts. Actually, Joey feels, there were four shutouts, though Warren Spahn had to finish one for him. Jay, who had pitched a one-hitter, walked two men in the ninth inning and Spahn got the last two outs. Jay's defeats were by scores of 2-1, 2-1, 1-0, 3-2 and 4-3. His earned-run average, 2.13, was the best in the league. Wrote Jesse Outlar, sports editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*: "The first Little Leaguer to sign a professional contract (a distinction of Joey's which no one ever seemed to forget) is now a *bona fide* big leaguer." Said Haney, a lefthanded bouquet thrower: "Jay was a spoiled kid with all that bonus money, traveling around the country and having a vacation. It took a couple of bus rides in the minors to make him grow up."

It was one of Haney's last compliments for Jay, lefthanded or righthanded. Milwaukee won the 1958 pennant, but Jay, in the closing days of the season, became as useless to the Braves as the unripe boy wonder of 1953. Imprudently, Joey stuck out his glove for a hard-hit drive through the box and wound up with a broken finger. This left Jay with a decision to

make: He could have an immediate operation on the finger or he could postpone the operation to pitch in the World Series and thereby run the risk of calcification. "Don't wait," the club doctor advised him. Jay didn't. He watched the World Series on the television set in his hospital room. It was no way to convince Haney that here was a throwback to the old Baltimore Orioles.

For the first month of the season in 1959, Haney seemed unaware that Jay existed. To make matters worse from Jay's point of view, every fourth day there were April showers. "Haney's pitching rotation is Spahn, Burdette, Buhl and rain," Joey said. On the last day of June, Haney used Jay in relief. Jay got bombed. "He's too lazy to get in shape," Haney told Red Thisted, a Milwaukee baseball writer. "He won't do a thing in the pre-game drills—he won't run." Haney pointed out to Jay, he told Thisted, that Lou Burdette ran every day. "And do you know what Jay answered? 'Let him run.'"

So that Jay could profit from Burdette's wisdom and virtue, Haney did some switching in room assignments. Burdette had been rooming with Spahn; Jay, as at Wichita, roomed with Willey, a taciturn small-town boy from Maine. Jay once described Willey as "my only close friend in baseball." Haney now broke them up, rooming Jay with Burdette for a while. "But what could I have learned?" Joey said later in an interview with Stan Hochman of the *Philadelphia Daily News*. "I couldn't copy any of his pitches. Burdette's best pitch is a screwball and I don't throw it. His theories of pitching were altogether different from mine."

Jay did learn something indirectly. "I learned it from Burdette and Spahn and Buhl," Joey said. "I never saw

three greater competitors. Burdette used to pitch with his arm so sore that he'd drive home lefthanded after the game." The lesson sank in. Early this year Jay pitched with a sore back, unwilling to pass up a turn.

In 1959 the Braves finished second and Jay finished 6-and-11. His record on analysis was better than it looked. In the 11 games he lost, Milwaukee scored 22 runs. "One Milwaukee writer was fair enough to call attention to that," Joey says. The Milwaukee writers as a group are not favorites of Joey's. "Every year they would ask why Willey and Jay didn't win more," Joey recalls. "But how could we win more unless we pitched more? We'd tell that to the writers and they'd say we didn't *deserve* to pitch more."

In a way, Johnny Logan agreed. "How could you go with a kid like Jay when Spahn and Burdette and Buhl were around?" Logan says. "It certainly didn't help Jay's confidence, though. Every time Joey would get in a jam, he was picking up the rosin bag and looking at the bullpen."

Then in 1960 Fred Haney was gone and the Braves had a big-talking manager with big plans for Jay—Chuck Dressen. Jay, predicted Dressen, would win at least 15 games. "In Florida that spring," Joey said, "he devoted a lot of time and attention to me. But after the season started I didn't pitch for a month."

Jay did not win 15 games. He won nine. The Braves finished third. "Dressen then accused me of losing the pennant," said Jay. "I didn't win 15 games. Do you know how many starts Dressen gave me? Eleven. Of the 11 games I started, I won seven. But you can't win 15 starting 11."

The trade that sent Jay to Cincinnati should have brightened his winter. Instead it merely set him to brooding. "It was kind of a shock," Joey says. "I was let down. After seven years I'd got to thinking I'd live and die with the Braves. I felt I belonged to them. It made me realize what an insecure business this is. I'd only had one losing season and my record didn't show the games I had saved. In the seasons I was with them, we never finished lower than third. I didn't understand their reasons for giving up on me because I never really had an opportunity with them."

Opportunity was what the Reds had to offer. Says Hutchinson: "I don't fault Jay's other managers. Our club was a second-division club; we had to gamble. We could give Jay an opportunity to pitch, where Milwaukee couldn't afford to. When Jay didn't look good in the spring, they didn't use him. You can look bad in the spring if you're Spahn or Burdette or Buhl, but not if you're Joey Jay."

Unless it so happens that you're pitching for Cincinnati. The first time Jay pitched in that spring of '61, he looked bad. The second time he pitched he looked horrible. So did Bill DeWitt and Fred Hutchinson. Jay was pitching against the Braves and they assassinated him: Nine hits and nine runs in three innings. Four of the hits were home runs. And two of the home runs were by Roy McMillan, the shortstop the Reds traded for Jay.

Joey restricts his sports-page reading to the box scores, he says, but he did buy a *Sporting News* the next time it came out to savor the critiques of the Milwaukee writers. He read them with an odd sort of amusement. "It takes a lot to upset me," Jay says. It takes a lot to upset Hutchinson, too. Jay would be one of his starters, he announced when the season began.

Three defeats and no wins later, Hutchinson still felt the same way. They should be in the oil business together, Hutchinson and Jay. The run of dry holes finally ended when Jay pitched a one-hit shutout. He won his next five games after that, including one with Milwaukee. In the first inning, the Braves scored three runs. Hutchinson made no move to relieve Jay and he overpowered the Braves from then on. The final score was 5-3.

Ewell Blackwell, in 1947, had been the last Cincinnati pitcher to win 20 games. Jay won his 20th on

September 13. The team Joey beat was Milwaukee—1-0. The losing pitcher was his old friend and roommate, Carlton Willey. And Joey himself scored the winning run in the fifth inning. He had reached second base, after forcing a man, when Vada Pinson singled to right field. It was not a particularly deep hit and no one expected Joey to try to score, least of all Hank Aaron, who fielded the ball. But as Joey rounded third, he kept running, with never a glance at the third-base coach, Reggie Otero. Aaron, startled, made a poor throw to the plate.

In the ninth inning, Jay pitched to Mathews, Aaron and Adcock, who combined that year to hit 101 home runs. All three were swinging to tie the score. All three hit line drives to the outfield. As Frank Robinson moved toward the wall for Adcock's drive, Jay was crouched on the mound in petrified suspense. As Robinson grabbed the ball for the final out, Jay threw his hands above his head. His teammates, a few moments later, were pounding him excitedly on the back.

Possibly no one had told them that beating Milwaukee is Joey Jay's job, like beating Chicago or St. Louis. Or like beating the New York Yankees. Jay beat the Yankees in the second game of the 1961 World Series, 6-2 (it was the only game Cincinnati won), and when somebody handed him the third-out-in-the-ninth ball, he casually flipped it into his locker. "I'll give it to my wife; I don't save souvenirs," Joey said. He can't remember what team he was pitching against when he won his 20th game in 1962. What he does remember is that Hutchinson put in a relief pitcher. "I was dejected that day," Joey says. "I wanted to win it more honorably."

Joey can now read the sports pages and find he is not indicted for laziness or sullenness, or for stuffing himself with candy bars. Without any urging from Hutchinson, he runs with the other pitchers when the Reds take their pre-game workout each day. Only once has he had words with the burly Hutchinson. In a clubhouse meeting last season, Hutchinson lectured the pitchers on control. "Stay ahead of the hitters," he told them. Jay pitched that night and got behind on hitter after hitter. Inevitably, Hutchinson took him out. As Jay clumped into the dugout, Hutchinson, red with rage, repeated his lecture about staying ahead of the hitters, only this time more briefly and pungently. "Well, listen," said Jay, "do you think I got behind them on purpose?"

As a rule, he is far more circumspect. The tongue-tied adolescent of 1953, the glove-throwing hothead of 1956, the manager's pet peeve of 1959 have evolved into a different Joey Jay, a polished and studious businessman-athlete. Jay and his current roommate, pitcher Bob Purkey (37 wins between them in 1961, 44 wins between them in 1962), are prototypes, in fact, of the New Breed. Through Pro-Log, Inc., their advertising firm, they arrange for public appearances by baseball and football players and other professional athletes ("neatly-dressed guys with good manners," stresses Purkey). Joey himself thought up the corporation's name ("We're a cataloging agency for pro athletes—hence, Pro-Log," he says).

Neatly dressed, mannerly, perhaps with the latest issue of *Business Week* under his arm, Joey Jay goes to the ballpark each day fairly radiating quiet civility. There he does his job, trying to be not overly zestful about it if it happens to involve beating Milwaukee. After the game he is still quietly civil, even in the act of evading questions. "When he wins he doesn't blow his own horn," says Purkey. "When he loses, he doesn't cry in a corner." He does become a little aggrieved—in some cases downright unfriendly—when people throw baseballs at his head. Stolen bases and innuendoes about his weight and unattractive salary offers provoke him. When he thinks it's a good idea to score from second base on a single, get out of the way.

Not that there's anything mean about Joey, but, as Pete Whisenant said, that's beside the point.



THE SPORT QUIZ

For Answers Turn to Page 76



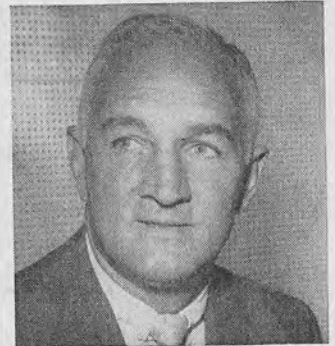
Bob Elson, the dean of active major-league baseball announcers (he's been at it for 29 years), covers the White Sox over WCFL radio in Chicago



Dan Daniels is the voice of the Washington Senators on WTOP's radio and television stations in the nation's capital and does a Sunday evening telecast



Jimmy Dudley airs Cleveland Indian games on radio station WERE. He's been at that mike for 15 seasons, and done play-by-play of three World Series



Tom Harmon, the former Michigan football All-America, has a daily program, covering all sports, for the nationwide network of ABC radio

1 With the Philadelphia Eagles, he completed 33 passes in one game during the 1940 season. Who was this quarterback from the state of Texas?

2 The National League set an all-time attendance record in '62. Its paid admissions were approximately (a) 9,000,000 or (b) 11,000,000.

3 The National League team which allowed the least number of runs in 1962 was the (a) Braves, (b) Giants, or (c) Pirates.

4 A major-college football coach once had teams win major bowl games five consecutive years. Name this successful coach.

**5 What big-league baseball teams had these home stadiums?
a Shibe Park
b Briggs Stadium
c Griffith Stadium**

6 In the last 15 years only one world championship heavyweight fight has been held out of the United States. Who fought and where was it held?

7 The 1959 Professional Golfer-of-the-Year had ten tournament wins—five of them after playoffs prior to June of 1963. Who is he?

8 What major-league ballplayer (past or present) has played on the most winning teams in the World Series? How many winners was he with?

9 These brothers both won tournaments on the Professional Golfers Association tour during the 1962 tour. Can you name the pair?

**10 What countries did these Olympic champs represent?
a Livio Berruti
b Emil Zatopek
c Abebe Bikila**

**11 The winning pitcher in baseball's first All-Star game was:
a Dizzy Dean
b Lefty Gomez
c Schoolboy Rowe**

12 In All-Star baseball competition, what two pitchers are tied for having made the most appearances? How many games did they play?

13 The only player in the opening-day lineup all three years for the Los Angeles Angels was (a) Albie Pearson, (b) Leon Wagner, or (c) Lee Thomas.

14 Bob Aspromonte of the Houston Colts set a National League record for consecutive errorless games by a third baseman. How many games?

15 Only two National Basketball Association players have led the league in the assists department in the past ten years. Who are they?

16 The record for most double plays in a season by a second baseman is 150, held by (a) Gerry Coleman, (b) Gerry Priddy, or (c) Bobby Doerr.

(Continued from page 47)

Alfa, but in the 14.2 mile of the 13th lap he passed four of his nine competitors, including Caracciola, the top Mercedes driver, and Rosemeyer, the Auto-Union leader. He was shortly lying second to von Brauchitsch.

Hysteria was uniform throughout the stands, and even among the German pit-crews—all except Alfred Neubauer, Mercedes-Benz team manager, held to be the world's most knowledgeable expert in the field. Neubauer knew too much to get excited; he knew that Nuvolari could not do what he was doing, that his car wouldn't take it, and that since he was driving on the absolute limit, in the far-out area where concrete feels like glass-smooth ice, one infinitesimal mistake would put him so far into the boondocks they'd have to send Boy Scouts to find him. However, Neubauer became less and less calm as lap after lap the small ferocious Italian came by, drawing closer and closer to von Brauchitsch, who broke the lap record without pulling away from Nuvolari.

Actually, Tazio was forcing von Brauchitsch to drive over his head, chew up his tires. Three laps from the end, the Mercedes-Benz showed a strip of white fabric on the right front tire. By this time Nuvolari was only 32 seconds behind him. Von Brauchitsch's crew could change one wheel in ten seconds, but time lost braking and accelerating would kill his lead. The tire might last if he could slow up a bit, but he couldn't. Every time he came around more fabric showed, and on the last lap it blew. Von Brauchitsch had been expecting it, and he held the car, but

that was all he could do. Nuvolari blasted by to win.

Though the crowd was stunned silent as he crossed the line, when the applause did begin, it was formidable. There was one notable embarrassment: the public address system did not produce, as was the universal custom, the national anthem of the winner's country. The idea of anyone except a German winning had seemed so absurd, no one had bothered to get out the Italian recording! Unlike many impetuous, temperamental people, Nuvolari was meticulous and foresighted. When he heard of this *impasse*, he took a carefully packaged recording of the *Marcia Reale* and sent a friend running with it to the announcers' booth. He always carried one with him.

Hero of a David-and-Goliath story, winner of one of the greatest races ever, Nuvolari was nevertheless slightly disappointed. He was sorry von Brauchitsch had lost the tire, since he was positive he was going to take him anyway, in the bend just before the finishing straight.

It was this ability to rise above the limitations of his equipment that set Nuvolari apart from all his contemporaries—that, and the ferocity of his competitive instinct. (He once told another driver, "I can beat you on anything you want to name—including bicycles" and took him to a track and proved it.)

Nuvolari could drive anything. He won the 1933 Tourist Trophy in an MG Midget that had a pre-selector gearbox, a type he had never seen, much less used. He had an undeserved reputation as a car-breaker, when in fact his attitude was a simple

one: he felt that a race-car, having been designed to go fast for 400 or 500 miles, should do it, and not blow up in the process.

In the 1933 Monaco *grand prix*, Nuvolari and his rival of many years, Achille Varzi, had a great battle through the 100-lap race, Varzi leading in a Bugatti for 34 laps, Nuvolari in an Alfa-Romeo for 66. Varzi won when Nuvolari's car broke an oil-pipe and went on fire. Nuvolari drove it for as long as he could see through the smoke and as long as it would run; then he got out and pushed the car as far as he could.

Nuvolari liked to come from behind to win convincingly; particularly against Varzi. Running in the 1930 *Mille Miglia*, the 1000-mile race up and down the length of the Italian peninsula that was then run over open roads, Nuvolari came up on Varzi in the dark. Varzi had started one minute before Nuvolari, and was leading the race. To beat him, Nuvolari had only to follow him across the finishing line by 59 seconds. It wasn't good enough. As soon as he could see Varzi, a long way ahead, Nuvolari turned off all his lights and stood on the accelerator. His riding mechanic, who lacked Nuvolari's cat-like vision and couldn't see where they were going, thought of bailing out, but the car was running too fast. Going faster without lights than Varzi was with them, Nuvolari came up behind him, pulled over, still unseen, switched on everything, and ran past to win in style.

He won the *Mille Miglia* in 1930 and in 1933 (in '33 he entered 15 races and won ten of them) and he very nearly won it in 1947 and 1948, when he was long past his peak, tired and ill. In 1947, driving an open Cisitalia coupe with a very small engine, he led most of the way through heavy rain and thick fog, until a pond-like puddle soaked the car's distributor. Changing it under a highway bridge in darkness cost Nuvolari 15 minutes and the race. At that, he finished second. The next year, 1948, he came to the line in a 12-cylinder Ferrari and led beyond the halfway point, but the car steadily broke up. The engine ran splendidly, but the hood blew off, the seats came adrift, a spring broke, the brakes failed and finally Nuvolari had to concede that even he couldn't make it go any farther. He had to be helped out of it.

He was always frail, and Nuvolari's last years were devilled by illness and personal tragedy: the loss through illness of his two sons. He had a strong family sense and he was never able to reconcile himself to his sons' deaths. In his last years it was sometimes said in Italy that Nuvolari hoped to die racing, and perhaps he did. He certainly kept on for as long as he could, winning his last event at 58. Three years later he died of thrombosis on August 11, 1953.

Comparisons are difficult, particularly comparisons between eras. I would not care to say, for example, that Tazio Nuvolari was a greater driver than Juan Manuel Fangio. Fangio was five times champion of the world and won 25 championship races, more than anyone else in this generation has done. On the other hand, of the 200 most important races run between 1906 and 1939 Nuvolari won 30—and he didn't start until 1921. So it goes. But Tazio Nuvolari was unique as an individual, and he was a consummate craftsman. I remember



"Who do I see about a franchise?"

watching him in practice for the 1936 Vanderbilt Cup race on Long Island. I was just beginning to be interested in automobile racing then and his name didn't mean anything to me, but he stood out among all the cars on the circuit because of the uncanny precision with which he shifted gears, within inches of the same spots on the course, every time around, and because of the flair, the brio with

which he drove, and the aura of flaming intensity that hung over him like a halo. Seeing him go by for the second time, you *had* to ask who he was.

In the race itself he ran away from drivers like Wilbur Shaw and Mauri Rose, both three-time Indianapolis "500" winners. The race took four hours and 30 minutes and Nuvolari weighed nine pounds less when he got out of the car than he had when he

got into it. The prize was a check for 6,000,000 lire and a silver cup that must have been the biggest ever put up for a sports event—Nuvolari could hardly lift it.

When he was dying, Nuvolari called for a priest, who recited the Gospel, then said, "You will travel faster still through the heavens."

But you have to wonder.

— ■ —

DAVEY MOORE'S LAST DAYS

(Continued from page 29)

"He's not. That's what made Griffith mad," I said. "Paret said it at the weigh-in. When Griffith got him hurt, he went after him angry."

"Man, you don't go after a man angry, you got no business in there," Moore said. "You not angry, you got to make yourself angry. It's part of fighting. You not gonna do it right, you shouldn't do it at all."

"You ever been really angry in a ring?"

"I fought this Spanish kid in Texas," Moore said. "He had a pin in the laces of his glove. Every time he hit me, he cut me up. I fought him back dirty and I beat him. I'd like to fight him again, I'd kill him."

"You ever felt sorry for someone you were fighting?"

"When I knocked out Cisco Andrade. He was my friend. That was the only time I can remember. I felt bad about having to hurt him. But I didn't think about it while I was in the ring. I had to do it, so I did it."

"You're a pretty good finisher," I said.

"Most fighters today, even the good ones, they get a man on the hook, they lose him. That's a waste. I don't believe in it. I take my time and I pick my spots and I land my best punches. I try to think real calm and clear. I don't show no mercy. There's no room for mercy in boxing."

"Griffith showed Paret no mercy."

"He shouldn't of. He was in a fight with him. He didn't have no gun. He had two fists. Paret had two fists. There was a referee in there. There was doctors at ringside. It just happened. It was an accident." He paused, his dark face solemn. "How do you think Griffith will take it?"

"He'll take it all right. He's a good boy, not a hard boy, though he's hard in the ring. He's intelligent enough to know it wasn't his fault. He'll feel bad. He'll get sick of being asked about it. But he'll accept it."

"I hope I never have a man die on me in the ring," Davey said. "It must be tough."

"It's tougher to die," I said.

He smiled. "Yes."

"Back in New York, I knew Roger Donoghue," I said. "He killed Georgie Flores in a Garden semi."

"Did he keep fighting?"

"Once or twice. He wasn't any good at it after that."

"Was he any good before?"

"I guess not. He was really just starting out. Maybe he had something, I don't know. I know he didn't have anything after."

Willie Ketchum, Moore's manager, had walked over. "Donoghue had fought Flores before, hadn't he?" Ketchum asked.

"Yes, a few weeks before. He beat him bad and knocked him out."

"Flores had no business going right

back in against a man beat him bad," Ketchum said. "Paret took a bad beating from Gene Fullmer before he fought Griffith again. What really killed Paret was that beating from Fullmer, a bigger, stronger man, he never should of fought. Fighters like Paret get hurt because no one takes care of them."

"That's right," Moore said.

"There are managers don't care if their boxers never learned how to fight or to protect themselves, and who put them in with anyone and let them take one bad beating after another. You got managers never said no to nobody. No fighter fights everyone. Jack Dempsey didn't. No one did. All along I've made sure Davey learned how to fight and was always in shape and was never overmatched. Let them take care of fighters like they used to and there'd be no one wanting to stop the sport, which is a great sport."

Ketchum had had a couple of champions who drank too much, drove motorcycles too fast, chased women and battled in bars. Ketchum always said Moore was his first straight fighter, who never gave him any concern.

"There are a lot of things you can get crippled up or dead doin'," Moore said. "Football. Hockey. You can get hit by a baseball, you can get yourself killed. You get killed driving race cars. Remember Vukovich? He was a champ. He got killed. No one wants to stop them sports."

"They want to stop auto-racing," I said.

"They shouldn't. Race drivers know what they're doin', jus' like boxers know. There's risks, but we know it. I go to the Indianapolis '500' every chance I get. I can't go there, I go some other race. Those cats take real chances, man. Bad as a fighter. We all take chances."

"Sure you do," Ketchum said. "What about guys wash windows in those big buildings? Or work on construction? There's lots of dangerous jobs some people do for a living."

"Some people like to jump out of airplanes," Moore said. "Fact, some even like to ride in them." He grinned. "You can get killed crossing the street. You can get killed slipping in the bathtub."

"Accidents," Ketchum said. "Accidents. They happen in boxing, too. But you take the right care, they're not gonna happen very often."

"You taking care?" I asked Davey.

"I'm taking care," he said.

"Doesn't this business scare you?"

"No. I don't think about it. I ain't scared of dying. I ain't scared of being hurt. I don't wanna be dead. I'm the most live man you ever saw. And I don't get hurt. I haven't had any real, real tough fights. If I had, maybe I'd be scared. I haven't had, so I can't be scared."

"What about the two fights with Kid Bassey, when you won the title, then kept it. Those were rough fights. Didn't he hurt you?" I asked.

"Them was rough fights," Moore admitted. "Sure he hurt me. This is a hurtin' business and he was good at it. But he didn't hurt me bad. I was never in no real bad trouble. I was in command of the situation. I came on and beat him both times. And that was four years ago."

"What about Hernandez?" I asked him.

"That was three years ago. That was an accident, him breakin' my jaw."

"But you took punishment."

"Sure I did. I went on as long as I could, but before the seventh round, I quit. There was no sense going no further."

"Whattaya mean, you quit?" Ketchum said. "You never quit. I stopped it. You kept saying maybe you could catch him with a lucky punch and knock him out. But you were hurt so bad, you couldn't do any good, so I finally stopped it."

"Don't tell me that, Ketchum," Davey said. "If I say I quit, I quit. That's the way it was. Davey don't lie. Can you stop any fight I don't want you to stop? No, Ketchum, you can't, and you know it."

Ketchum frowned and shrugged. "Well, I'm not gonna let you get hurt," he said.

"I ain't gonna let me get hurt," Davey said. "And when I got no chance, I'm gonna quit. Fans sittin' comfortable at ringside may think it's wrong for a fighter to quit when he got no chance, but not ol' Davey."

"Do you always know in time to quit?" I asked.

"I start acting funny, I'll get out of boxing," Davey said. "I tell my manager, I tell my wife, I tell my friends: 'You see me acting funny, you tell me. You see me doin' anything different, anything ain't like me, you tell me, I'll quit.' Ain't that what I say, Ketchum?"

"That's right," Ketchum said. "That's what you say and that's the way it'll be."

Later, Moore fried a steak and ate it plain. Then he rinsed off the plate, and washed out his underwear in the sink. It was growing dark. Ketchum was gone now. Davey was deep in thought, thinking about Alejandro Lavorante, who lay in a coma in Los Angeles many months after being knocked out in a prize fight.

"You think Lavorante'll pull out of it?" he asked.

"I don't know. I'm no doctor," I said. "But I doubt it."

"If he does pull out of it, will he be all right?"

"I don't know."

"I worry more about hurtin' someone than getting hurt," he said, sitting down and looking at his hard hands. "But I wouldn't want to be punchy. I'd rather be dead than punchy."

There was silence for a moment.

Then I said, "You say you don't think about it, but you do," I said.

"Aw, man, you got to think about it some. You don't think about it real hard, that's all. One thing always worried me was getting a cauliflower ear. I always hated the look of one of them. I always said to myself, if I get one of them, I'll get out. It ain't happened yet. It's rough in there, man. I got to do it, but I don't want to get hurt. I be chit-chatting sometimes and forget what I was goin' to say and I get scared. But I ask people and they tell me that happens to everyone, so I guess it ain't anything. It ever happen to you?"

"Yes."

"See! You get scared?"

"No, but I'm not a boxer. I'm not taking head punches."

"That's right," Moore said. "I only worry about it because I'm a boxer, maybe. I just try not to think about such things."

"I guess you can't if you're gonna be a boxer."

"That's right. And that's what I is. I ain't anything else."

"You proud to be a boxer?"

"I sure is," Moore said. "What I've done, not everyone could do."

"If you knew there was a chance what happened to Paret might happen to you, would you go on with it?"

"Yes. It could happen. I know that. But I can't worry about it. I wouldn't do nothin' no different. What else I gonna do? Dig ditches? Push a wheelbarrow? That's what I done before. I got no education. I never had no chance. This is the only thing I ever had a chance in. Lots of boxers just like me. Boxing gives us our only chance."

"What if you know it was bound to happen. Would you go on then?"

"I don't know."

"But if you *did* know?"

"No, not then. I guess I'd rather dig ditches or push a wheelbarrow. No one wants to die. I got too much to live for. Only thing is, I *don't* know."

Davey Moore was born in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1933 and raised in Springfield, Ohio. He was one of seven children. The father was a minister, who also worked in a construction gang. The father and mother were both strict with their children, who went to church daily. "That's a heap of goin'," Davey once said, grinning.

One of Davey's brothers grew up to be a minister and one of his sisters married a minister. There was no smoking, drinking or cursing in the Moore house. Davey never smoked or drank, even later, though he kept cigarettes and whisky in his own house for visitors. He might curse to outsiders, but he would never curse in front of his wife or family.

As a boy, perhaps, in rebellion to strict religious upbringing, Davey was hard to handle away from home. He was small so others tried to push him around. He fought back and fought well and soon became what he proudly called "the head leader" of his gang. The gang got into various troubles, breaking windows, stealing small. "I mean we wasn't real criminals, but we was just lucky we wasn't caught more," Davey often explained.

Once, when challenged to a fight with gloves, Davey went to the gym and got hooked on boxing. Some of his friends got hooked on narcotics and crime, and some wound up in jail. Later, when Davey would go home, he

would see them all, good and bad. "But they couldn't make me go bad," he said.

As a fighter, Davey lost only five of 125 amateur bouts. At 19 he made the 1952 Olympic team. He had never gone hungry as a child, but he did later on. He quit school in the ninth grade to get married and, after fighting in the Olympics, began raising his family. He turned pro in 1953, but couldn't get a good manager or regular fights. When he did fight, he wasn't ready. He didn't lose often, but he wasn't getting anywhere. He worked on construction gangs, in yards, parked cars, was a trash man and a janitor. He admitted he was a poor worker, disinterested. He lived off his wife, who worked, or on relief checks.

Moore felt the turning point in his life came when he met Ketchum, who believed in him as a boxer and would work for him. At the time Davey was living with his parents. His wife and their first two children lived with her parents. Ketchum bought his contract for \$500, staked him, put him in a gym, trained him, and got him regular bouts. Moore began to rise.

He won the title from Bassey in 1959. Going into the Ramos fight, he had won 57 of 65 pro fights and had successfully defended his title five times. Unfortunately, American promoters and television matchmakers had become disinterested in low-weight fighters. Davey had to become a boxing gypsy. He fought in Mexico, Spain, France, Italy, England, Finland and Japan, where little fighters are appreciated.

It was a hard life. Foreign fans

This is the 22 that's made like a big-game cartridge

This is a Remington "Hi-Speed" 22. When you want a long-range 22 caliber varmint buster, this is the one to go with. We put it together as carefully as we do our big-game ammo. First, we start off with a strong, hard-brass case, loaded with special powder. We put in famous "Kleanbore" priming, the original non-corrosive mixture that helps protect barrel accuracy and life. Finally, we add exclusive "Golden" bullets, made to micrometer tolerances for fine accuracy. Result—Remington "Hi-Speed", the 22 with more speed and wallop at 50 yards than standard 22's have at the muzzle!

■ Get Remington "Hi-Speed" 22's in short, long and long rifle cartridges, solid or hollow point. **Other top Remington 22's:** Standard Velocity for shorter range shooting; Rifle and Pistol Match for very finest accuracy in target shooting. Get 'em at your nearest Remington dealer.



Remington
DU PONT

"Kleanbore" is Reg. U.S. Pat. Off., "Hi-Speed" is trademark of Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport 2, Conn. In Canada: Remington Arms of Canada Limited, 36 Queen Elizabeth Blvd., Toronto, Ont.

threw chairs, cushions, rocks, broken glass, bottles, blazing newspapers, firecrackers, even live snakes at him. But he was stoic and he won and his popularity overseas grew. He was unhappy because his own people didn't know him. He hated the long, lonely tours, away from home and family. "But I got to do it, to make that bread," he would say.

He and his wife, Geraldine, had five children. He wanted to be with them, raising them, watching them grow. "You only get the one time," he said. He wanted his children to get good educations, enter good professions. He saved money for them.

Moore averaged \$25,000 a year, but he was as close with a buck as a man can be. He admitted it openly and even enjoyed being kidded about it. Last year, he made \$5 one snowy day in Columbus helping a man unload a truck. Later in the year, while staying at a Santa Monica hotel, he made friends with the fellow who worked in the parking lot. When the fellow wanted some time off, Davey offered to fill in for him. The world featherweight champion parked cars for 50-cent tips, and by the time the hotel manager found out, Davey had made \$60. He showed it around proudly. "Nothing wrong with honest work," he said, grinning.

He owned a five-bedroom home and two cars and invested his money in three small apartment houses, real-estate lots and a physical fitness clinic. He paid his taxes and hired an accountant to help him watch over his affairs. He didn't really need help. No one hit him up for money. If someone



Great Moments in Sport by Howard Cosell

ABC-Radio Sports Commentator

MATHIAS COMES FROM BEHIND

WHEN THE BIG OCEAN LINER finally docked at London, England, in mid-summer of 1948, no one was more delighted than a 17-year-old kid named Bob Mathias. Not that he was particularly eager to meet the grueling challenge of the Olympic decathlon that would begin in a few days. He knew that the test against the world's greatest all-round athletes would be the sternest one he had ever faced. But he believed too that it wouldn't be any worse than the nauseating sea-sickness he had just experienced on his first trans-atlantic crossing.

Not having gotten in much training on the ship, the youngster from Tulare, California, utilized nearly every waking moment in the Olympic village to hone his superbly muscled body to a competitive edge. In fact, he seemed to overdo it. He injured his elbow while practicing throwing the javelin, and after endless jumps into the high-jump and pole-vault pits, his knee began to swell. Despite the injuries, Bob began to improve in nearly all his events, which encouraged the United States' decathlon coach to predict that Mathias was capable of winning the international title just as he had won the American title a few weeks earlier. But other, less biased, observers were skeptical. They agreed that perhaps no other track-and-field athlete had ever shown such potential at so youthful an age, but, they pointed out, it took more than sheer ability to win the decathlon. The ability to pace yourself and to gain the proper mental attitude often were more vital factors for success and, they said, this came with maturity.

On August 5, the first day of the two-day competition, 70,000 spectators packed cold and rainy Wembley Stadium to see what was possibly the greatest decathlon field in history. After the first three events, none of which was considered Mathias' strong point, Bob was third behind Enrique Kistenmacher of Argentina and Ignace Heinrich of France. The California schoolboy had run the 100 meters in 11.2 seconds, broad-jumped 21-3 and, after having a 45-foot shot put mark erased by a foul, settled for 42-9.

In the high jump, on his first two tries at 5-9, Mathias failed. But on the third attempt he sailed over the bar cleanly. Buoyed by renewed confidence, he cleared 6-13/4, a personal high and he streaked to a 51.7 clocking in the 400-meters, the day's last event. At the end of his ten-hour day, Mathias was still in third place but trailed Kistenmacher, the leader, by only 49 points.

The next morning Bob was up at seven, bolted down some orange juice and a steak, and prepared for event No. 6—the 110-meter hurdles. The rain was falling even harder than the day before but in the decathlon there is no such thing as a postponement. He anchored himself into the starting blocks on the soggy track and wished he didn't have to run the hurdles. The ache in his legs reached a crescendo and as he scraped the first hurdle he looked as if he would fall face down in the mud. But he managed to run the distance in 15.7 and he didn't lose any ground against the leaders.

In the next event, Mathias threw the discus so far out into the grass that officials couldn't find the marker. They searched for more than an hour and finally gave him credit for a toss of 144-4, much less than he had thrown it. Still, his point total zoomed to 5500 and for the first time he took the overall lead—43 points better than Heinrich.

In the eighth event, the pole vault, Bob won easily at 11-5 1/2, yet by the time the vault was over the pressure was squarely on Mathias and not Heinrich, still his closest rival. Since the athletes had been divided into groups, Heinrich had finished his entire decathlon while Bob still had to complete the javelin throw and the 1500-meter run. Heinrich's final point total stood at 6974. Mathias needed 948 in the last two events to win.

Mathias' fate hinged entirely on his javelin performance. If he failed there, he knew he had no chance of making up the points in the distance run, his weakest event. It was now ten o'clock and the only light came from the flickering Olympic torch and a string of pale bulbs. Mathias picked up the spear. On his first try, he fouled. But his second shot was legal. The javelin soared silently into the gloom and officials turned on their flashlights to discover where it had landed. The measure: 165-1.

All that remained for Mathias was to run the 1500 meters in six minutes—in short, as long as he stayed on his feet he would win. Yet even that seemed rough. The youngster was exhausted from the two-day pressure.

Through the puddles Mathias pounded, step after agonizing step. In the backstretch he seemed to stagger. But he sprinted the last 100 yards and crossed the finish line. His time: five minutes, 11 seconds. More than enough. Mathias' final point total jumped to 7139. He was officially the world's greatest track and field performer at age 17. And he couldn't have cared less how rocky the trip home would be. He wouldn't feel a thing.

had a story for him, Davey had a better one to tell. If a friend needed clothes or a bum needed a drink, Davey might provide them, but never money.

Davey didn't spend much on clothes. He often washed his own laundry. He read his newspapers second hand. One day this year he had dinner with Ketchum and paid the check for both. "He never did that before," Ketchum said later. "It scared me so, I couldn't sleep all night. I just knew something was wrong."

Moore's economies were for himself and his family. "Me and my family live good, but we don't throw nothin' away," he used to say.

Not long before the Ramos fight, Moore sat in a small restaurant in midtown Los Angeles. "You should see my home in Columbus," he said proudly. "It is not a home, it is a palace, a livin' palace. And it is paid for, every cent. My wife wants to buy a new dress, she needs it, fine, but she asks me first, even if she has to call me up. No one, not even her, spends a dime of Davey's money without Davey knowin' about it."

"Sure it'd be easy to have a lot of friends spendin' my money. The girls would spend it faster than anyone. If I was to let 'em, that is. I'll never forget what my father used to say. He said that all that counts in life is to have a roof over your head and plenty of food in the house. Don't worry about no bill collectors. Let them fend for themselves. Don't worry about no fancy clothes. You can go naked if you has to. And that's the way I feel."

"Now it happens I can live good. But I take care of what I got. I got it the hard way, the only way I could. It hurts when someone don't know who I is, and that maybe I got to go all over the world to make a livin'. But I'll tell you somethin': I'll always have a good home and plenty to eat as long as I live. I'll have me something when I leave this game."

"And when will that be?" I asked. "Another year or two, that's all the longer it'll be."

"You're not ready to retire yet?" "No, not yet. After Ramos, I'd like to fight Carlos Ortiz for the lightweight title. I got to make me some real bread yet. Another year or two, that's all. It's getting near time I got out so I could enjoy life a little. I got a lot of enjoyin' to do."

The Ramos fight was part of an outdoor tripleheader at Dodger Stadium. Emile Griffith was matched against Luis Rodriguez for the welterweight title, and Roberto Cruz against Battling Torres for the junior welterweight. Torres, a Mexican, and Rodriguez and Ramos, refugee Cubans who now live in Mexico City, drew many Latinos to the Stadium. Crowds of Mexicans came across the border for the tripleheader.

Fight night, a Saturday night, it was raining hard. The promoters, Cal and Aileen Eaton and George Parnasus, who had a television commitment for the Griffith-Rodriguez fight, put a canvas roof over the ring and announced the show would go on. A few minutes before the first fight, however, the program was postponed to "Monday or Tuesday."

Monday was clear, but to permit a fresh ticket sale, the fight was put off to Thursday, March 21. All the fighters but Davey went back into training. He did not put on gloves until

the night of the rescheduled fight. A crowd of 26,142 turned out Thursday night. Griffith fought first, and lost to Rodriguez. It was a dull fight. Moore fought Ramos next and this was a great fight, savage and hard. Moore was a great all-round fighter and a very hard puncher. Ramos, the underdog, was good, too—not as versatile or as experienced, but younger and faster, not as hard a puncher, perhaps, but a hard one.

Moore went ahead early, but without his usual conviction. My notes show I was puzzled by the way Moore seemed to flounder on unsteady legs, the way he was pushed off balance so easily. I am still puzzled by this. Later, others, including referee George Latka, said they noticed it.

IN the fifth round, Ramos began to come. He pumped hard left jabs, he threw hard right crosses. He knocked out Moore's mouthpiece, and later there was talk that the mouthpiece was split and defective. The crowd set up an eerie chant: Rah-MOS, Rah-MOS, Rah-MOS. Moore began to bleed from the mouth, but he rallied in the seventh round. He hit Ramos with seven straight right-hand smashes. Ramos didn't fall.

Ramos resumed command in the eighth. He hurt Moore badly. In the tenth, he draped Davey over the ropes twice and knocked him down twice. Moore returned each time, but he was in trouble. After the bell, he slumped in his corner, bleeding and gasping for breath. Ketchum looked at him, then threw in the towel. Moore said, "Maybe I can still fight."

"No, no more tonight," said Ketchum. "There'll be other nights."

Davey shrugged. He seemed very tired. They squeezed water on his dark, sore face and he lay back in his pain.

The bout was stopped. I turned to my companion. "Moore can be better than he was tonight," I said. "If they fight again, I'll pick him again."

Moore got up to lean over the ring ropes. "Everything will be all right, don't worry about it," he said to a friend. "It just wasn't my night."

An announcer shoved a microphone in his broken face. "It just wasn't my night," he said.

Later, in the dressing room, he spoke to reporters for almost 30 minutes through puffed lips. "It just wasn't my night. No, I don't know what was wrong. But you fellows know I can fight better than I did tonight. No, the delay, the weight-making, the not going back into training, none of that stuff made any difference. It was Ramos' night and not mine. It's that simple. Sure, I want to fight him again. I wasn't as good as I can be. I'll get the title back. This just wasn't my night."

Outside, Cruz had already knocked out Torres in one round. The crowd began to drive home. Sportscaster Hank Weaver drove into a telephone pole and suffered a brain injury identical to that suffered by boxers. He lapsed into a coma, in which, despite three operations, he lay for months.

Back in the dressing room, Moore suddenly put his hands to his head, closed his eyes, moaned, and said, "Oh, my head hurts." Then he lay on his side and slid into unconsciousness. Trainer Teddy Bentham and handler Eddie Foy rushed to him. They pressed ice bags to his temples. Ketchum, frightened, called the hospital. A doctor came to Davey. An

ambulance pulled up to third base of the now dark and deserted ballpark and Moore, an oxygen mask over his mouth, was rolled on a stretcher out of the dugout.

The unconscious ex-champ was taken to White Memorial Hospital, where doctors examined him. Dr. Phillip Vogel diagnosed the injury as a small, severe bruise at the base of Moore's brain. It was estimated there was swelling, but not the usual bleeding, so there would not be the usual operation. However, a tracheotomy was performed and a tube inserted in Moore's throat to assist his breathing. His pretty young wife Geraldine looked at her husband and leaned back against a nurse for support. "Oh my God," she whispered.

The vigil at the hospital began. Reporters rushed in. "No, I didn't see the fight," Geraldine told them. "I only saw two of his fights, on television, ever. Davey didn't want me to see him fight and I didn't want to, either. No, I don't blame Ramos. This was God's will to make Davey stop fighting. I pray he'll be all right. It's all I can do."

All night Davey lay in his coma. In the morning, fight fans rubbed sleep from their eyes to stare in disbelief at the headlines. "Moore?" one asked, shocked. "Are you sure? Don't you mean Torres? He was the one knocked out in one round. How could it be Moore? I saw him walk from the ring. I heard him talk."

California Governor Pat Brown called a press conference and resumed an old cry for "complete abolition of this barbaric sport."

RAMOS, who had not fallen asleep until 6 a.m. and then had slept only four hours, had breakfast, then spoke with reporters. "I met Davey Moore once . . . at the weigh-in," he said. "He didn't act like a vain champion. He greeted me well. A very decent hombre. I liked him. . . . Fighters go into the ring to win. But, we're all comrades. We're not out to hurt each other. Maybe people who don't know boxing don't understand this. *Fue cosa del destino*. It was destiny."

They got to the other fighters. Rodriguez said, "The fight should have been stopped in the eighth round, but would the public have liked that? They're very demanding, you know."

Griffith sent Ramos a telegram, then said, "I'm sorry for Ramos. I know how he feels." He clasped his hands. "Moore's in the hands of God and everything will be all right," he said.

Willie Ketchum sat in a sort of shock in the hospital waiting room. "This was just an act of God," he said. "Would you outlaw other sports in which there are injuries? I feel that boxing is as clean a sport as you will find." He slumped in his chair. "Davey Moore was one of the finest boxers and sportsmen. He led a clean life and a healthy life. I only hope God sees fit to send this boy safely home. If he does, Davey'll never enter another ring, I swear to God."

Geraldine Moore touched a hand to his shoulder. "He'll make it, Willie, he'll make it," she said. "He'll make it. I know he will."

Her mother and Davey's sister flew in to be by her side.

Unlike previously injured fighters, Davey Moore seemed in top shape and at the peak of his ability, without having had hard fights, much less taken bad beatings, prior to the critical bout. Dr. Cyril Courville said, "I

have never seen an injury like this happen from a boxing glove. It's highly unusual. It might have happened through the back of the head striking the floor or the ropes."

On Sunday, Dr. Courville saw films of the fight. These showed clearly that as Moore fell backward, the base of his head hit the bottom ring-rope with the full weight of his body's fall. "That was it, I'm sure of it," Dr. Courville said. "A freak accident."

Sunday, Ramos visited Mrs. Moore. "I've been so anxious. I wanted to see him or you. I am very sorry," he said, and began to weep. Geraldine Moore was composed and compassionate. "I want you to understand I'm not blaming you for anything," she said softly, facing him. "I realize it is hard for you to know you aren't to blame, but I'm closest to Davey and I'm asking you not to take it that way. It was God's act. Just please pray for Davey."

"I'm praying every night," he said, and began to cry again.

"Please don't cry," Davey's wife said. "I know Davey will be all right. I have faith in God that soon Davey'll be well again."

Ramos got up to go, hiding his face. As he left, she said, "Good luck."

At 2:20 a.m., Monday, Davey died. Mrs. Moore, her red eyes hidden behind dark glasses, consented to a press conference. Still with great dignity and composure, she was patient and kind to her questioners. "I can't say anything about boxing," she said. "Davey loved the sport right to the end. I never wanted him to fight. He knew this. But boxing was the most important thing Davey had on his mind. He promised me this was his last year, that he would retire. He never thought it would end like this. It was an act of God, God's will. Someone had to win. Ramos just happened to be the lucky one."

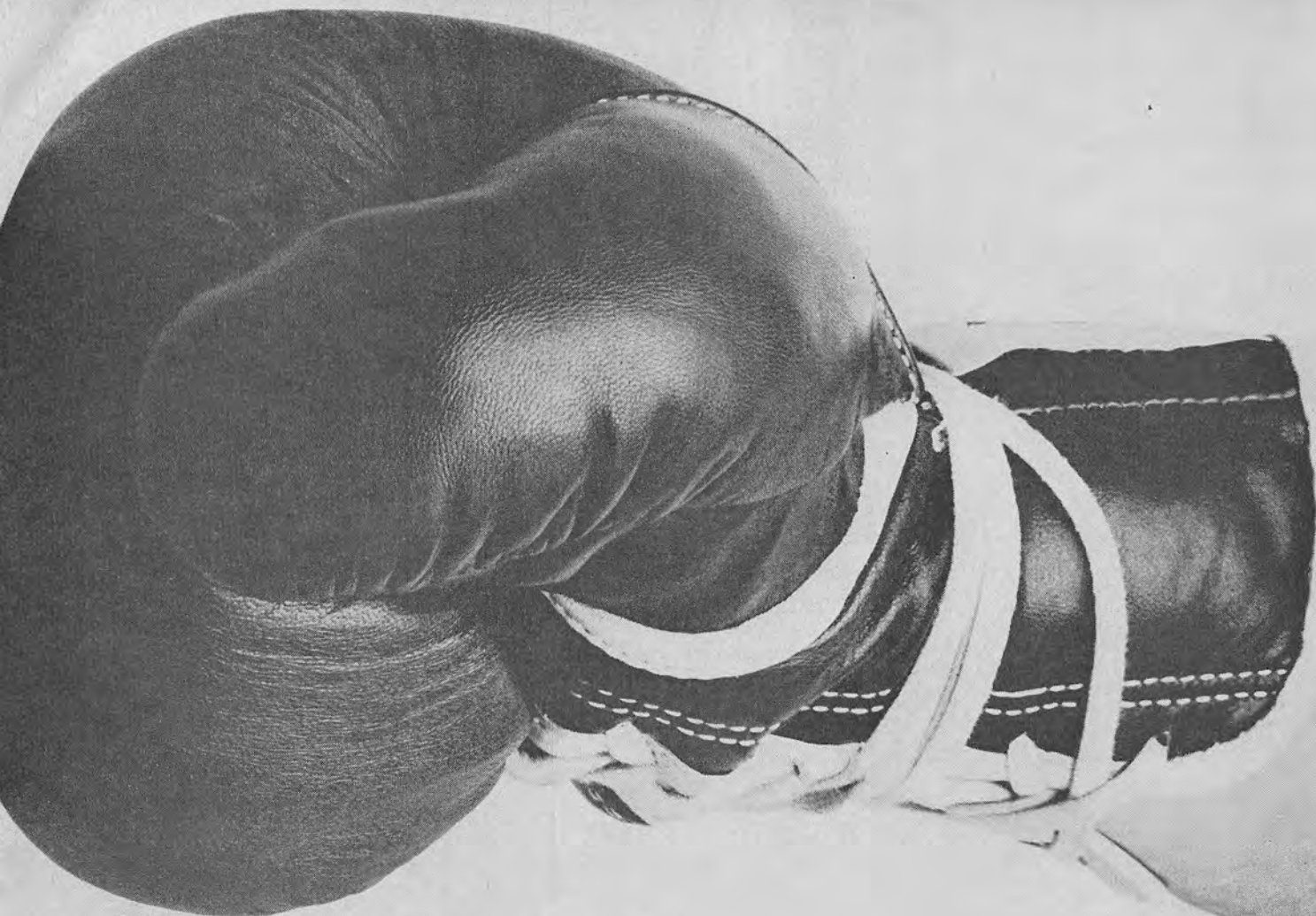
She touched her hand to her head. "Would I let my sons fight? No. Davey wanted the boys to be anything but fighters. He wanted them to be doctors or lawyers. No, they won't fight, not never."

Davey had made \$350,000 in his career. His last check, \$26,000, went intact to his wife. Their home and apartment houses were estimated to be worth nearly \$100,000. His paid-up life-insurance policy and social security would pay her approximately \$300 a month. Other income would come from other properties. "I'd rather have Davey," his widow said.

KETCHUM, a month later, said, "I'm going on in boxing. I wasn't going to. At first I sort of gave up. I felt terrible about Davey. I still do. I won't ever feel any different. But then I realized boxing is my life and I have to go on in it. I realized what else can a guy like me do?"

"What Davey got out of boxing, and he got a great deal, he could not have gotten any other way. If it hadn't been for boxing, he wouldn't have had much of a life. Did he have much of a life this way? I don't know. But, what he had was good, pretty good, anyway. He was someone."

Other people had reacted the same way. When Davey Moore's gold coffin had been flown back to Columbus, his brother Phillip had met it at the airport. "If Davey could speak today," Phillip had said, "he would say: Don't let my death be the end of boxing."



Right to the ear!

**From the European
Boxing Championships in Moscow
to the Grand Prix of France in Rheims,
the Derby at Epsom Downs,
or the latest inside story in baseball—
hear all the news first**

7:15-7:30 PM* week nights on

Worldwide Sports

For the real sports fan, there's just nothing like Worldwide Sports on CBS Radio. Chris Schenkel and his staff give you the last word in up-to-the-minute coverage of all the important sports news.

You hear the top stories of the day, with exclusive interviews and reports direct

from the scene *anywhere in the world.*

You get baseball, from the latest scores and trades to the newest Stengelism. It's the only program in broadcasting that may, in one night, cover the 24-Hour Race at Le Mans, interview an umpire on the balk rule,

expose a weakness in Liston's defense.

With programs like Worldwide Sports, Sports Time with Phil Rizzuto and Jack Drees On Sports, your local CBS Radio station (check the opposite page) brings all the sports news right to your ear.



The CBS Radio Network

For Worldwide Sports, On-The-Hour News and entertainment around the clock tune to your local CBS Radio station

Alabama Birmingham WATV, Gadsden WAAX, Mobile WKRG, Montgomery WCOV, Selma WGWC, Tusculuma WYNA Arizona Flagstaff KFGT, Phoenix KOOL, Tucson KOLD Arkansas El Dorado KELD, Fort Smith KFPW California Bakersfield KERN, Chico KHSI, Eureka KINS, Fresno KFRE, Los Angeles KNX, Modesto KBEE, Palm Springs KCMJ, Redding KVCV, Sacramento KFBK, San Diego KFMB, San Francisco KCBS Colorado Colorado Springs KVOR, Denver KLZ, Grand Junction KREX Connecticut Hartford-Manchester WINF, Waterbury WBRY District of Columbia Washington WTOP Florida Fort Myers WINK, Gainesville WGGG, Jacksonville WMBR, Key West WKWF, Miami WKAT, Orlando WDBO, Pensacola WMEL, St. Augustine WFOY, Sarasota WSPB, Tallahassee WTNT, Tampa WDAE, West Palm Beach WJNO Georgia Albany WGPC, Athens WGAU, Atlanta WYZE, Augusta WRDW, Columbus WRBL, Gainesville WGGG, Macon WMAZ, Rome WLAO, Savannah WTOG, Thomasville WPAX Idaho Boise KBOI, Idaho Falls KID Illinois Champaign WDWB, Chicago WBBM, Danville WDN, Decatur WSOY, Peoria WMBD, Quincy WTAD, Rock Island WHBF, Springfield WTAX Indiana Anderson WHBU, Fort Wayne WANE, Indianapolis WISH, Kokomo WIOU, Marion WMRI, Muncie WLBC, South Bend WBSB, Terre Haute WTHI Iowa Cedar Rapids WMT, Des Moines KRN, Mason City KGLO, Ottumwa KBIZ Kansas Topeka WIBW, Wichita KFH Kentucky Ashland WCM, Hopkinsville WHOP, Lexington WVLK, Louisville WKYV, Owensboro WOMI, Paducah WPAD, Paintsville WSP Louisiana Alexandria KALB, New Orleans WWL, Shreveport KCIJ Maine Portland WLOB Maryland Baltimore WCBM, Cumberland WCUM, Frederick WFMD, Hagerstown WARK Massachusetts Boston WEEI, Fitchburg WFGM, Greenfield WHAI, Pittsfield WBBK, Springfield WMAZ, Worcester WNEB Michigan Detroit WJR, Grand Rapids WJEF, Kalamazoo WKZO, Saginaw WSGW Minnesota Duluth KDAL, Minneapolis WCCO Mississippi Meridian WCOB Missouri Joplin KODE, Kansas City KCMO, St. Louis KMOX, Springfield KTTS Montana Butte KBOW, Missoula KGOV Nebraska Omaha WOW, Scottsbluff KOLT Nevada Las Vegas KLUC New Hampshire Concord WKXL, Keene WKNE, Lancaster WEMJ New Jersey Atlantic City WFFG New Mexico Albuquerque KGGM, Santa Fe KVSF New York Albany WROW, Binghamton WBNF, Buffalo WBBN, Elmira WELM, Gloversville WENT, Ithaca WHCU, Kingston WKNY, New York WGBS, Plattsburgh WEAU, Rochester WHEC, Syracuse WHEN, Utica WIBX, Watertown WYNY North Carolina Asheville WUNC, Charlotte WBT, Durham WDNC, Fayetteville WFAI, Greensboro WBIG, Greenville WGTG, Rocky Mount WFMY North Dakota Grand Forks KILQ, Jamestown KEYJ, Valley City KOYC Ohio Akron WADC, Cincinnati WCPO, Columbus WBNS, Dayton WHIO, Portsmouth WPAY, Youngstown WKBK Oklahoma Oklahoma City-Norman WNAD, Tulsa KRMG Oregon Eugene KERG, Klamath Falls KFLW, Medford KYZJ, Portland KOIN, Roseburg KRNR Pennsylvania Altoona WVAM, DuBois WCED, Erie WLEU, Harrisburg WHP, Indiana WDAY, Johnstown WARD, Philadelphia WCAU, Pittsburgh-McKeesport WEDD, Reading WHUM, Scranton WGBI, State College WRSC, Sunbury WKOK, Uniontown WMBB, Williamsport WWPA Rhode Island Providence WEAN South Carolina Anderson WAIM, Charleston WISC, Columbia-Cayce WCAV, Greenville WMRB, Spartanburg WSPA South Dakota Rapid City KOTA, Yankton WNAX Tennessee Chattanooga WDDO, Cookeville WHUB, Johnson City WJCW, Knoxville WNOX, Memphis WREC, Nashville WLAC Texas Austin KTBC, Corpus Christi KSIX, Dallas KRLL, El Paso KIZZ, Harlingen KGBT, Houston KTRH, Lubbock KFYO, San Antonio KMAC, Texarkana KOSY, Wichita Falls KWFT Utah Cedar City KSUB, Salt Lake City KSL Vermont Barre WSNB, Brattleboro WKVT Virginia Norfolk WTAR, Richmond WRNL, Roanoke WDBJ, Staunton WAFB Washington Seattle KIRO, Spokane KGA, Sunnyside KREW, Walla Walla KUJ West Virginia Beckley WJLS, Charleston WCHS, Fairmont WMMN, Parkersburg WPAR, Wheeling WOMP Wisconsin Green Bay WBAY, Madison WKOW, Milwaukee WMIL,

THE TEN YEARS OF JOHNNY PODRES

(Continued from page 41)
the slider. The batters will let me know."

Podres says it's taken him years to learn how to pitch to certain batters, how to set them up, how to use his stuff most effectively. "It's harder than it seems," says John. "A pitch that works on a certain batter for Koufax may not work for me. A good pitch for me may also be a good pitch for the batter. Very often you have to match strength to strength."

Bill Skowron, victimized by Podres in that 1955 Series and now a teammate, says, "He's a real good pitcher. He reminds me of Whitey Ford. He won't knock you down. You can dig in on him. But he saves himself with his real good control. He throws hard and he fools you with that real good change. He's tough on free-swingers like me."

"He's tough on all hitters," says Wally Moon. "He uses his body good. He's got good rhythm. He won't knock you down, but he will pitch you tight. He can throw all his stuff for strikes, even when he's behind. He's easy to play behind, but not so easy to hit against. He's what we call 'a comfortable collar.' He gets you out, but not so's you feel bad about it."

Podres got off to a bad start this year. He didn't like it, but it didn't upset him. "It comes, it goes," he said. "You need breaks. You don't always get 'em. I'll get going. I'll win my share. This is a different ball-club than that old Brooklyn club. They're younger and they make more mistakes. You gotta be patient."

Jim Gilliam, who goes back to the old Brooklyn days, sat on the dugout steps this spring and said, "The young player thinks it should be all good days and no bad ones. No errors, a hit every time. I know because I was a young player and that's what I thought. Now I'm an old player and I know better. You're gonna make some errors. You're gonna make some outs. You can't afford many bad days, but you're gonna have some. The old player knows that. We had players who knew on that old Brooklyn club. We had fans who knew. They'd had baseball a zillion years. Here, the club is young and the fans are just starting out. John and me, we're like old-timers with a bunch of kids, we sometimes feel out of place."

John admitted he misses the Brooklyn days. "It was really something," he said. "That was a great ballclub. They were a great bunch of guys. Guys like Gil and Duke and Campy and Pee Wee and Furillo, they'd been through it all, they'd sacrifice themselves for the club. Pee Wee was a great leader. The fans played every pitch of every game with you. They were close to you. They were really something. Now, don't get me wrong. Ebbets Field was a lousy park to pitch in. This park here is a pitcher's paradise. This is a great sports town and it's a great team. They're playing in a lot tougher league. They have more speed and better pitching. It's just the old club was better. They had more power. They were more experienced. They didn't make the mistakes. They played the game different. They had a whole different attitude."

John went out to warm up. In the

dugout sat big Don Newcombe, a visitor in civvies and sunglasses looking at the Dodgers taking infield practice. "What Johnny means," Don said, "is what we call 'big-league finesse.' Not many kids come up with it. It takes a time to get it. The old club had it. This club hasn't yet. Maybe it's what hurts 'em."

"What's different about Johnny from the old days? He's older, that's what's different." Newk smiled and looked around for laughs. "Seriously, he's got some years behind him he can't get back. He misses the old Brooklyn club. We all do. But he shouldn't look back. He's still going. He's pitched ten years, he can maybe pitch ten more. He's got the good arm. Lots do it. I couldn't. I messed myself up. John learned better. He's a helluva pitcher. He was a helluva pitcher right from the start."

It started, literally, for John in an unheated eight-by-ten room in With-erbee, a little iron-mining town. He was born there September 30, 1932, and his mother had double pneumonia when she gave birth to him. His dad was earning \$18 a week working 500 feet down in a mine across the street.

John Joseph was the first of five children. On Sundays he tagged after his father, who was a good pitcher for the Mineville semipro for 20 years until retiring at the age of 42 in 1953. John's father taught him pitching and taught him well. When John was in high school Dodger scout Alex Isabel came to see him pitch. Johnny knew he was there and no-hit Ticonderoga High, striking out 17. But John's dad took him to an Ebbets Field workout and John pitched 20 minutes for head scout George Sisler. "He'll be in the majors in four years," said Sisler. John made it in two. "We'll give \$6000," said Sisler. It was the bonus limit for players who could be farmed out. Then Podres shook hands on it. John went to Coney Island and blew the \$5 in his pocket.

John was sent to Virginia. He pitched 17 ineffective innings at Newport News in Class B ball before being dropped to Hazard in Class D. John joined the club on the road, checking into a hotel. The hotel seemed spooky to the 18-year-old. He locked the door and sat up in bed all night. In the first inning of his first game he gave up seven runs, and although he won, 14-7, he was upset.

"I'll never go anywhere in baseball," he wrote his father. "Is it all right if I come home?"

Stick it out a while, his father wrote back. John did and he soon owned the league. He started 22 games, finished 18, struck out 228 men, finished 21-3 with a 1.67 ERA. The excited Dodgers took him to Vero Beach in the spring of '52.

Dodger manager Charley Dressen said Podres was the best young pitcher he'd ever seen. He fought to retain him. John thought he had it made. But, after a wild exhibition in Mobile, the front office overruled Dressen and secretary Lee Scott came to the boy. "You'll be going to Montreal," he said.

Podres broke down and cried. "Just produce and you'll be back soon enough," Dressen promised him.

Walter Alston was the Montreal manager. A month after the season opened, Johnny was working out in

batting practice. He bent over and felt something seem to tear in his back. It began to ache badly. He was sent to several doctors. One said it was a slipped disc. One said it was only a muscle spasm. One suggested curvature of the spine. One wanted to operate, but offered no guarantees. Podres, who did not want to lose time, declined. He wore a cast for ten days, then an elastic-and-steel brace.

Although he did not know it then, he was to wear a brace on his back on and off for years to come. At the time, he was frightened. He couldn't bend over to tie his shoelaces. The pain was awful. When he pitched, he was uncomfortable. He finished the season with a split in ten decisions, and a bleak future.

During the off-season, John was treated by a chiropractor and exercised, walking three miles a day. He felt better by spring training and surprised everyone at Vero, revealing his original form. Dressen handed John a \$5000 big-league contract.

Podres started against the Giants April 17 and lost a seven-hitter, 3-1. He was knocked out in his next two starts and demoted to the bullpen. May 11, one year to the day after he hurt his back, he won his first big-league game. But at the end of June he was in danger of being farmed out. He started against the Yankees in the Mayor's Trophy Game, shut them out seven innings and won a reprieve. He returned to the starting rotation, won five straight, and was settled, a settlement that's existed through ten years.

John's ten-year tenure includes one season out for Navy duty (his bad back got him released early). In nine full seasons going into 1963, he won 115 games and lost 84. He has been inconsistently consistent. What with his various ailments, he has usually had to put a good half-season (usually the first), with a bad half. However, he usually winds up with astonish-

ingly similar statistical totals. He's had a couple of years when he fell under .500 in winning percentage or his ERA went over 4.00, but he usually starts about 35 games, works about 200 innings, wins 14 or 15, loses three or four less, strikes out around 150, walks around half as many, has an ERA around 3.70.

Steady John was the only established National League pitcher over .500 against every club for his career until he lost three of four to the Giants last year and dipped to 15-17 against them. Although he has a 10-1 lifetime record in relief, he has been used almost exclusively as a starter. His back requires rest between appearances. The back usually begins to trouble him in June, after 15 starts or so. Other injuries have plagued him all along, too.

In 1953 he was off to a fast start when he had to be rushed to the hospital for an appendectomy. In June, 1955, he was working in St. Louis four days after a shutout when something snapped in his shoulder. It was still sore in September. He had not completed a game for three months and did not even expect to pitch in that historic World Series, but he came through.

He had scant opportunity to enjoy the fruits of his triumph. In 1956 Johnny was called into the Navy and served through the season, seven months, before getting a medical discharge.

Returning in 1957, his last season in Brooklyn, he had 21 straight scoreless innings early in the season, and although he didn't get the support for a big winning year, he wound up leading the league with six shutouts and a 2.66 ERA. Moving to the Coliseum, he had to abandon his change-up: "Nuts to it," he said. "They just pop it against the screen. This is no baseball park." Yet in four years there he was 29-18.

In his last year there, he won his

first five games, three by shutouts, before he popped a shoulder muscle batting. He recovered to close with his top win total, 18, and only five losses. He missed his chance at 20 wins by not pitching much the last month of the season. His father was dying of lung-cancer. John was flying home when his father died.

Still shaken, John got off to a slow start last year, debuting in Chavez Ravine, but he finished strong. He had a modest 15-13 won-lost record, but he worked more games, 40; more innings, 255, and struck out more batters, 178, than ever before. He showed no signs of slowing down.

His lifetime record is better against first-division foes than second-division teams. In 1959 he won eight out of ten against first-division clubs and pitched the 8-2 win in San Francisco that swept a series and sewed up the pennant. He started two World Series games against Chicago and though he needed help from Larry Sherry, the Dodgers won both, 4-3 and 9-3. He is the only Dodger to have won three Series games.

Last year he dueled Curt Simmons of St. Louis on the crucial last day of the season and was beaten 1-0 by Gene Oliver's eighth-inning home run, spoiling a two-hit shutout. "I pitched better against the Cards than I did in that seventh Series game back in '55," John mourned later. His 30th birthday cake went uneaten at the hotel room.

In the last playoff game against the Giants, working without his usual rest, Podres stopped them on two runs, one earned, for five innings before Ed Roebuck got him out of a sixth-inning jam. The Dodgers carried a 4-2 lead into the ninth, only to lose 5-4. "If it hadn't been for that last loss, it wouldn't have been a bad season at all," John says. "We would have won the pennant and I would have won 16 games and gotten a shot at another World Series."

"In the years I've been with the club we seem to have lost a lot of photos (finishes)," he says sourly. "Oh, I've been lucky, I've always been with a winner, a top club, I mean, a contender, except for one bad year ('58) when we dropped to seventh. But losing the close ones, they're not easy to take. You get so far ahead, it seems like you don't even have to play to win. Then you wake up one morning and find yourself in a playoff. And you get beat. It's quite a letdown. I don't know how we lost, some of the guys having the years they had. It's hard to take."

He didn't go home for a month, brooding, after the playoff. At home, he passed a restless, hungry winter. When he read in the newspaper that the Dodgers were sending out contracts, John didn't wait to receive his. He wired, "I accept." Bavasi at the time thought it might be a fine joke to cut his salary, but he decided John wasn't the kind to laugh real hard, and gave him a small raise to about \$37,500.

So, well-fixed financially, John began his tenth big-league season. He has pitched more than 300 games over the ten years with only one brief moment of real glory, but he is undiscouraged. "I think back on '55, sometimes, sure," he admits, closing his eyes for a moment and touching his hand to his face. "It was a great time. I'm glad to have had it. Some never have it like that."

— ■ —



LETTERS

(Continued from page 5)

some of the other "Sound Offs" he would have discovered that Chamberlain had very few compared to most of the others interviewed.

Joe Foss had 40 "I's," "me's" and "my's." Pete Retzlaff had 73, Pancho Gonzales 102, Jon Arnett 115, Bobby Layne 168, Roger Maris 173, Jimmy Piersall 221, Dick Stuart 237 and Bill Hartack had 422.

Champlain, N. Y. Calvin Castine

NAACP, THE KENNEDYS AND SPORT

In regards to your editorial entitled "Encouraging News from the South" we would like to say that the South is pretty fed up with the NAACP, the Kennedy brothers, and now even the sport magazines telling how much better Southern teams would be if integrated.

Segregated teams such as Mississippi, LSU, Arkansas, Alabama, Georgia Tech, and the unscored upon, untied and unbeaten Iron Dukes are among the nation's Top Ten almost every year. The South is very satisfied with the job our segregated teams are doing.

If you can find time, you might enjoy writing an article on these fine segregated Southern teams.

Durham, N. C. David L. Cope

SPORT will continue to write about outstanding players and teams regardless of the circumstances under which they play. But we must admit that our future enjoyment will be heightened by the fact that it will be possible for us to write not only about fine segregated Southern teams but also about fine integrated Southern teams.

COMBINATION BALLPLAYER

In reading your magazine for the past six years I came to the conclusion that there were only three types of ballplayers: the take-charge guy, the loner, and the unconcerned. Myron Cope brilliantly portrayed Frank Robinson as a combination of all three.

Robinson comes to play ball and not to fraternize, so he says. Robby takes charge, but not in the pepper-pot way of Hoak or Temple. Frank keeps his mouth shut.

I'd feel a lot safer placing a bet on a team with players like Robinson, rather than on one with social schizophrenics who smile, talk and drink together with the enemy before and after the game and mask a semi-false attitude of hustle and disdain during the game.

Ty Cobb no doubt smiles from heaven upon real ballplayers like Frank Robinson.

Chicago, Ill. Lee Schuster

30-SECOND TRADE

Ask Hutchinson if he'd trade Robinson for Mays or Mantle. He would in half a minute.

Staten Island, N. Y. Ed Seery

REMARKABLY STRANGE

After reading the article on high-jumper Joe Faust, I was convinced that he is one of the most remarkable and strangest athletes of all time. I also think he is a good bet for the '64 Olympics.

Utica, N. Y. Dave Pirvinski

WHO'S SCOUTING WHOM?

CHARLES DEXTER'S REFERENCE TO "UNPRODUCTIVE SCOUTS" IN ANGELS' STORY. IN 10 YEARS SCOUTING, 5 SPENT IN AN UNPRODUCTIVE AREA, I AM DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR 10 PLAYERS PAST AND PRESENTLY PLAYING ON MAJOR LEAGUE CLUBS—WOULD CONSIDER DEXTER'S REMARKS "POOR SCOUTING JUDGMENT" WHICH WE ARE ALL PRONE TO MAKE.

La Mirada, Cal.

T. Hashem

THE SPORT LINEUP



You have hit upon many important personalities in the years of your existence. It is our feeling, however, that you have overlooked some very important, hard-hitting stories. Here, then are: ARTICLES WE'D LIKE TO SEE:

"My Friend, Jose Azcue," by Diego Segui

"The Two Faces of Claude Crabb"

"Will Pressure Destroy Sammy Taylor?"

"SPORT's Hall of Fame #50—Foster Castleman"

"Ted Kazanski's Fight To Keep Playing"

"Val Fonteyne's Inner Struggle"

"What His Teammates Think of Arnold Portecarrero"

"Crisis Year for Choo-Choo Coleman"

"Farewell to Ossie Virgil"

Great Neck, N. Y. Peter Brock

Ken Rudnick

REFRESHINGLY ACCURATE

Congratulations to SPORT and to Leonard Shecter! The articles on Vic Power and Luis Aparicio in your May and June issues respectively were the most accurate baseball stories I have had the pleasure of reading and I have read thousands.

Vic and I have been close friends for several years and the story Shecter wrote is the Vic Power I know. All other articles I have read about him seemed to have been written by writers who did not go to the trouble to find out the facts.

The Aparicio article was of great interest to me also, not so much because of Luis (who really does not need to be defended), but because for the first time to my knowledge a writer has found out and dared to print the beginning of the truth about the not-so-good señor, Al Lopez!

At least 25 other players can corroborate and add to the facts which someday will expose the myth surrounding Al. Most writers have always judged him on how he treats them and the former fine record he has as manager and not on what he has failed to get out of his players

during the past three seasons. Your article was like a breath of fresh air, Comstock Park, Mich. Richard J. Shew

THE NICE FIRST BASEMAN

In "Vic Power's New, Wonderful World," Leonard Shecter says: "Vic Power, the best Puerto Rican first-baseman the world has ever known ..."

Although I have nothing against Power, I have a feeling that this article must have been written when Orlando Cepeda was making the all-star team as a leftfielder and not as a first-baseman.

Power may be the nicest Puerto Rican first-baseman, but I don't believe he is the best Puerto Rican first-baseman.

Richmond, Cal.

Larry Sheppard

AN EXPLANATION OF YOGI

Mickey Mantle's tribute to Yogi Berra was the best story I've read in SPORT. It tells all about and why Yogi is like he is.

You must be starting a tribute section. In the March issue it was Bob Cousy, in April it was Stan Musial, and now Yogi Berra. Keep it up because these stories really show what an athlete can do for his sport and country.

Plainview, L. I.

Steven Marks

THE BRUISING BOSTONIANS

You are guilty of a slight misnomer when you refer to Jim Loscutt as a "fighting Bostonian"—a "dirty Bostonian" would be a bit more accurate. The best thing that could happen in the NBA would be the immediate expulsion of "fats Jim."

Dolph Schayes was very generous in saying that "Loscutt seems to be involved in most of them (fights)." More accurately, Loscutt seems to start most of them! He, along with his partner in crime, Sam Jones, have the reputation of "fight if your team is losing and sit on the bench if your team is winning."

Of course, the players should get only their share of the blame: "baldy" Auerbach is the "brains" (?) behind this questionable operation. It's too bad the Russells and the Cousys have to suffer because of a couple of bad apples.

Winona Lake, Ind.

Don Garlock

HIS FILL OF PHIL

The Sport Talk item on Phil Linz prompts me to clarify some points he made in the article.

First of all, betting is prohibited in the ballparks and no bookies are operating and never have in Puerto Rico. The owners of the San Juan Baseball Club, where Mr. Linz performed, are well-to-do people who try to get the best possible players to please the fans. Thus they sometimes incur great expenses in trying to please the players in every extreme.

The performance of Mr. Linz was very poor and since we only have a 70-game schedule, the fans expect to see a performer giving it his all in every game. Mr. Linz does not mention his fielding and in more than one game he committed three errors.

Caguas, P. R.

Miguel Batista

(Continued from page 37)

born in the Negro section of Breckennridge, Pennsylvania, near Pittsburgh, on May 24, 1935, and growing up in the war years was no simple matter.

"My mother didn't think I'd live to be 20," he remembers. "It wasn't that I was a bad kid. It was just that it was too easy to get in trouble in those days. And I was a big kid. Always bigger than most of the other guys in my classes. So I always ran with older guys than me. I suppose I could have gotten into a hell of a lot of trouble if it hadn't been for football."

Cookie began playing football on the sandlots, "with cardboard under our jerseys for shoulder pads," and when he got to high school became an outstanding player. At 14 he weighed 184 pounds, and he was pretty good with his hands. Once, Tom Tannas and Jake Mintz, managers of former heavyweight champion Ezzard Charles, came around to take a look at this high-school phenomenon.

"They wanted to sign me up as a fighter," says Cookie. "They offered me everything, a bonus and everything, and promised me I'd be the heavyweight champion of the world. But even then I knew what they

wanted and what I wanted, so I told them I'd do it if they gave me \$20 a round to spar. That made them very disinterested. Ha ha. I'm not a fighter anyway, despite what you read in the papers."

Cookie's high-school team in Breckennridge was recognized as the outstanding team in the country in 1953, and scouts from all the colleges came to see him. It was nothing new.

"When I was a sophomore, Notre Dame sent a man down," he says. "Apparently he checked my grades because he told me I would need two foreign languages. But I decided on Michigan State. I was a junior in '53 but I couldn't play my senior year because I would have been too old (19) so I decided to go to Cheshire Academy for a year then to Michigan State."

But Cookie never made it to college. It is a fact that still disturbs him, although he is a man of quick intelligence, easy laughter, and great personal charm. Instead of college, he accepted an offer from the Cleveland Browns. "It was \$5500—more than my father made in a year."

The Browns sent Cookie to a club in Canada "for seasoning" but the seasoning became a career. For the following nine years, Cookie Gilchrist

became one of the stars of the Canadian Football League. He also became a man.

"I had never realized what it was like to be treated like a man before," Gilchrist says. "I mean a man who happens to be colored and not a Negro who might 'possibly' be a man. For years, people would come to me and ask why I was living in Canada, why I didn't come down and try to make it with a National Football League team. I had had offers, of course."

"But in Canada, I was able to live the way I wanted to live. Sure, there's prejudice everywhere, but in Canada it was at an absolute minimum. I met the best people, talked to the best people, and was recognized by the best people. I had a lot of the things I couldn't have anywhere in the States, and for a long time I just figured, 'Why look for trouble?'"

In Canada, Gilchrist picked up a reputation as a "trouble" guy, but he claims that most of that was because the club owners soon found that they did not possess a chattel mortgage on his soul.

"I played 25 games in 1956 and got paid \$4800 for it," says Gilchrist, his voice somewhere between bitterness and cynical laughter. "It was a lesson I never forgot. Most guys who run ballclubs purchase your body for a fee. They make the big money, but you're the guy who does the work. It's like fighters. The bravest guy in the arena is the manager, you know?"

"Well, when I went up to Canada I was just a kid. I didn't know what the value of a dollar was or what my value was to them. I learned fast though. And I developed a philosophy."

"The way I feel is this: I sell my body to the club for X number of dollars. I feel they should pay me for value received and I think I give them value. And I feel I should get paid. So all the moves I made—from Kitchener to Hamilton to Regina to Toronto—were all because of one thing: Money. I'm a professional and my body can last only so long. I have to make the money now. I don't want them to ever throw a benefit for Cookie Gilchrist."

Gilchrist had another reason for staying in Canada: his pretty wife, Gwendolyn, is white. They have two children, Jeffrey, five, and Scott, two, and "it seemed from there that we'd have a hassle." In Canada, Gilchrist had no problems, nobody giving him the double take, no slurred asides from strangers, and none of the humiliating daily reminders of his color that make up so much of life in these United States.

As a football player, Gilchrist was also the personification of the Angry Young Man. In the first game of his professional career, he got into a near-fight, with one of his own teammates.

"It was early in the fall, and about 95 degrees in the shade," Cookie remembers. "I was the fullback and a guy named Buddy Pear was the halfback. Well, it was some day, hot, sweaty, and miserable. Then, about the third or fourth quarter, we come back in the huddle, and Buddy starts leaning on me. 'Hey,' I said, 'what the hell's goin' on here?' 'I'm tired, man,' he tells me. 'Well hell I'm tired too, so lay off!' Well, we almost came to blows and the guys on the other team must have thought we were nuts."

Gilchrist's most famous exploit oc-



curred a few years later when he was playing with Kitchener.

"I was blocking the kick for the extra point, and a guy comes charging over and whacks me one in the mouth with an elbow. I told him gently to take it easy. Well, he called me a name. I didn't want any trouble, so I walked away.

"Well, in Canada I played both ways—offense and defense—and I was walking back down the field to take the kickoff when I hear these guys yelling at me. The guy who hit me must have come back and told them about the big dumb nigger he just hit in the mouth. They started calling me all sorts of names.

"We were all in position, waiting for the kickoff, when I finally decided I couldn't take it any more. I just walked over to the bench and started throwing punches. What a time! Players from both teams, cops, spectators everything. I didn't get the guy that started it at the beginning, but I did have him at the end."

There was another time, about six years ago, when Cookie was playing at Hamilton. The score, as he remembers it, was about 82-14, and Cookie's team was losing.

"I was really beat that day," he says, laughing at the memory. "And since I played both ways, I was out there for every play. The coach kept sending substitutes out—for everyone but me. And I was the tired guy. Each time a guy would go out, I'd tell him 'send in a substitute' or 'put in a guy for me.' But nothing happened. I just kept playing, minute after minute. Finally I just walked off between plays, sat on the bench and watched the game for five minutes, before anybody realized they were playing one man short!"

Gilchrist's decision to return to the United States and play with the Buffalo Bills was based on two things. The first was money (his 1963-64 contract calls for about \$30,000). The second was his decision that if anything was going to be done about improving the lot of the Negro in the United States, it would not be done in exile.

"Remember, a lot of things happened since I left the States. Little Rock, Meredith, Freedom Riders, sit-ins, there was none of that when I left for Canada. There's a big change happening and I'm going to try to do my bit. The trouble with too many Negroes who start making money is that they become afraid, afraid that if they get into the battle they're gonna lose what they have."

In his first season with the Bills, Cookie was a smashing success. He



Does a man really take unfair advantage of women when he uses Mennen Skin Bracer?

All depends on why he uses it.

Most men simply think Menthol-Iced Skin Bracer is the best after-shave lotion around. Because it cools rather than burns. Because it helps heal shaving nicks and scrapes. Because it helps prevent blemishes.

So who can blame them if Bracer's crisp, long-lasting aroma just happens to affect women so remarkably?

Of course, some men may use Mennen Skin Bracer because of this effect.

How intelligent!



broke eight league records, carried the ball 514 times with an average gain of 5.1 yards per carry, scored 15 touchdowns, scored 128 points, and became the first AFL player to break the 1000 mark in rushing when he rushed for 1096 yards.

This was all the more remarkable when it is remembered that he played less than ten minutes in each of the first four games because of a pulled leg muscle. It is a measure of his contribution to the club that the Bills lost the first four games, and had a 7-2-1 record in the last ten of the season.

Lou Saban, the Buffalo coach, was so impressed with Cookie's skills he said at one stage of the season that his man was the equal of the National Football League's superstar fullback, Jim Brown. Gilchrist's talents, said Saban, only began with power running and speed.

"He's one of the most effective blockers for the passer that's ever played," Saban said. "Further, he's great on defense if I need him."

Additionally, Cookie kicked off and kicked the field goals for the Bills. The combination of his talents and his swashbuckling personality made him one of the AFL's top drawing cards last season. In Buffalo he was easily the No. 1 attraction, the player most responsible for the fine financial year the club had.

"Everybody tells me it was a great season," Gilchrist said. "But I don't think it was as good as I am capable of. Next season I should be even better. If I'd come to the States when I was 22, 23, I guess I'd make an even greater impression. I was a killer then.

Nasty and mean. I guess I would have made a lot of money. But that's all gone now. There's no sense having regrets over something you have no control over, or that you thought was right at the time."

Gilchrist said he almost didn't play at all last year, because of his financial problems. "There were just too many things on my mind, and I was afraid I wouldn't be able to concentrate."

Last February, Gilchrist filed a bankruptcy petition in Federal Court in Buffalo, listing liabilities of \$59,397 and assets of \$7400, including a \$5000 home in Ontario.

"I don't think there's any disgrace to it," he explained. "I got into a lot of bad business deals. I didn't really protect myself the way I should have, and at least one restaurant was under-financed. I had my first business when I was 20 years old, and I just didn't realize what I was up against. I had a restaurant, an electrical repair business, and an appliance shop, all in Canada. And with playing football, and being out of town a lot, I wasn't able to keep control. I'm not saying the guys I hired or who ran the business were thieves. It just seems that somebody just found things before other people lost them. I declared bankruptcy so that I could clear everything off the books all at once. I'm older now, and the Bills' lawyers are checking everything I get involved in as far as investments are concerned. So I feel much better. I'm glad to get all that off my mind and concentrate on football."

In the off-season, Gilchrist has become a featured banquet speaker and



has veterans at that occupational handicap of athletes amazed at his abilities. He uses no notes, and off the top of his head can rattle off intelligently about juvenile delinquency, going to college, Motherhood and apple pie.

"That was the worst thing about the trouble I got into," he said. "Here I am, a figure in Buffalo, well-known and respected by the Negro community, and always preaching about

staying out of trouble. And then my picture's all over the front pages, and the cops saying bad things about me. More than anything else, that experience convinces me that I have to do something about the Negro in this country. And I'm no crusader. When I saw what could happen in Buffalo, my first impulse was to say the hell with it, pack up the furniture, ship it and take my family back to Canada.

"But I'm not running any more.

The battle's here. I do my bit on the football field. But I have to do it off the field too. Remember, I'm 27 years old now, but my kids and a lot of other kids are growing up in this country. We're supposed to be adults. So if you ask me why I'm angry, I'll say this: it's been 100 years since the Civil War. We're not asking, not any more. We're taking. Even if it's just on the football field."

— ■ —

JIM BEATTY: "WE'LL BURY THE RUSSIANS"

(Continued from page 19)

Higdon:

Jim, an American team will travel to Moscow again this summer to compete against Russia in track and field. Do you think our men will win?

Beatty:

Yes, I'm certain we will. Our men will bury them. We have an excellent chance of winning every running event on the track up to, and including, the 5000 meters. I don't think we can beat Bolotnikov in the 10,000 meters. (Olympic champion Pyotr Bolotnikov won both the 5000 and 10,000 at the US-USSR meet in Palo Alto, California, last summer.) But we can get at least a second place in that event assuming Max Truex' blistered foot will heal.

Higdon:

When you say you think we can win the 5000 meters, I assume you must be thinking of Jim Beatty in that event, because I can't think of any other Americans right now capable of beating Bolotnikov, Artinyuk, or whoever else the Russians throw at us in this event.

Beatty:

In the 5000 meters I feel I could win and I think we can win the 1500 meters whether I'm in it or not. This might give us better team strength, although at this point I'm not certain what event I'll run in July. I think George Young and Bob Schul also might surprise the Russians in the 3000-meter steeplechase. Americans have always been considered soft in

the distances, but we're improving.

Higdon:

Yet at the same time we seem to be losing some ground in the shorter races. I'm thinking of the Rome Olympics where our sprinters were great by any other standards except American standards.

Beatty:

We were disappointed in the results of the sprints at Rome—not necessarily because we didn't get the gold medal, but because we may have been shy in bronze and silver medals. We got second in the 100 and 200 meters while other countries took firsts and thirds. Now if we had gotten second and third in those events and still lost the gold medal, I don't think there would have been as much concern. But we did lose to world record holders who broke Olympic records, and we didn't do badly time-wise compared to previous Olympics. We certainly don't own these events any more. There are just too many countries getting involved in track and field. We'll beat the Russian sprinters though. They seem capable of fast times, but never against us. I think that Robert Hayes should win for us off his past record. He seems to be a very consistent 9.3 man. But it's hard to predict sprinters. They come and go so fast. Henry Carr has set world records for 200 meters, but we may find him even more valuable at 400 meters.

Higdon:

What about Carr's teammate at Ari-

zona State, Ullis Williams? Does he have the class to be a really great 400-meter man?

Beatty:

It depends upon how much faster quarter milers start getting. I sometimes have the feeling that as long as they stay in the 45.5 to 46.0 range Ullis Williams is best. But as they get closer to 45.5 in average times he becomes more vulnerable. I wonder if he has enough 200 speed. One thing about Ullis, if he has to run three heats I think he can run the same time in every heat. He has good 400-meter stamina. Against the Russians Ullis should be unbeatable.

Higdon:

How much are we going to miss Jerry Tarr? (Tarr ran 13.3 for the high hurdles last season and was ranked first in the world, but he gave up his track career to play professional football.)

Beatty:

It appeared as though no one in the world was going to touch him in Tokyo in 1964. It's too bad he retired. We don't seem to have depth in the hurdles any more. We used to have three or four guys who might be within a tenth or two-tenths of each other at the finish line, and if we had four they would be four of the five top hurdlers in the world. But now we have one hurdler (Hayes Jones) who, at least indoors, has beaten all the other guys—and by large margins. There's rarely an upset.

Higdon:

Willie May should be more effective outdoors against Jones.

Beatty:

And Blaine Lindgren will be a good boy soon. I think he's already run 13.6 or 13.7. We still have a lot of good hurdlers, but we don't reach down as far. This seems to be true somewhat in the 400-meter hurdles too, at least temporarily, although we continue to dominate both events.

Higdon:

In the relays, Jim, the sprint relay in particular, the Russians seem to do pretty well because they've got their passes down so pat. (The Russian 400-meter relay team placed second behind the Germans at Rome after the Americans had been disqualified for passing out of their zone.)

Beatty:

They probably have been working together for a couple of years. We get our boys together and they've never run with each other before. We work them on a few baton exchanges and go out and depend on natural ability rather than coaching techniques. If we could combine our natural ability



with techniques and coaching then the Russians wouldn't be anywhere near us. I'm sure of that. We'll still win both relays in Moscow this summer like we always have in the past.

Higdon:

You've predicted almost a complete sweep in the running events this summer. How do we figure to do in the field events?

Beatty:

I don't know what Hal Connolly is doing in Finland. I don't know whether or not he will come back and compete in our nationals (AAU) to qualify for the team. On the surface you would think that he shouldn't have to. Assuming he is in good shape and they let him throw, I think he can win the hammer for us again.

Higdon:

What about the competition between Ralph Boston and Igor Ter-Ovanesyan in the broad jump, and between John Thomas and Valeri Brumel in the high jump?

Beatty:

I don't know how much Ralph has been working on technique. I know he's been competing in a lot of different events. This Ter-Ovanesyan really has the broad jump down though. He is letter perfect. He takes advantage of every physical asset of his body and any law of physics that might enter into his movements, which means he has made a thorough study of his event. Yet I still favor Ralph to win. I do think Brumel will beat us in the high jump. Oerter should win the discus for us. We'll take the pole vault. The Russians don't seem to be doing too well in the vault right now. They were starting to make an effort in this event, then everyone switched to the fibreglass pole on them.

Higdon:

The Russian coach Gabriel Korobkov criticized the use of the fibreglass pole. He considered its use unfair.

Beatty:

I read Korobkov's comment. That was the kind of comment he would make—until they developed someone who could use the pole.

Higdon:

How are our javelin throwers this year? (Last year we were blanked in the javelin by both the Poles and the Russians.)

Beatty:

I think our javelin throwers are getting better marks. One of the problems in this event is there has been no consistency. Larry Stuart of Southern California looks like he may be really consistent in the 260 to 270 foot area. Gary Stenlund of Oregon State was throwing well early in the season. We'll give the Russians an edge here with a chance of an upset.

Higdon:

One of the problems in developing American javelin throwers today is they don't hold the event often enough. The Big Ten, for example, doesn't throw it.

Beatty:

The Big Ten doesn't throw the javelin? I know most of the states don't have it in high school, but I didn't



Jim Beatty Sounds Off On The NCAA-AAU War

Beatty:

When the AAU-NCAA controversy originally broke, I was one who also expressed dissatisfaction with the way I thought things had been run. I didn't realize at the time that we were going to get down to a power struggle, so to speak, that it was going to be the NCAA vs. the AAU. I wasn't concerned with that. I wasn't concerned with the college coaches and who controlled what policy. I was, however, concerned with the track and field program for non-collegians because I felt this was the area we hadn't fully developed. And we could not leave it undeveloped in the light of better performances throughout the world.

Higdon:

A lot of complaining was done about mismanaging of international trips.

Beatty:

Sure, and I did my share. I didn't think the trips were handled as well as they could have been. When the Olympic team went to Rome we flew by prop plane, 15 hours to Bern, Switzerland. Then we went from Bern to Rome, 13 hours by train, which I know tired a lot of guys out with unnecessary travel. We were going to Rome for victory. I heard that one reason we went to Bern was because the Swiss were footing part of the bill. I don't know how true that was, but if that was the case it should not have been the case. If jet travel is the thing, get us on a jet. As for the lack of development in non-collegiate track, we have the facilities. There are good tracks scattered all over the country—and most of them aren't being properly used. Compare track to education. You build a school house, but don't put teachers in it. Then you tell people, okay, get educated. We're doing that with our track athletes. We say, okay, there's your track, go to it. I felt that coaching was needed, and solid programs were needed.

Higdon:

Many people have been aware that there was room for improvement. But do you think the NCAA provides the answer?

Beatty:

I was sorry to see it erupt into an NCAA-AAU squabble, because in my past few years on the Coast I've felt there were college coaches around who weren't too eager to see club teams develop. Out of jealousy or what-not they were trying to curtail our progress. And if this were the case I didn't see how they could be so eager all of a sudden to assume equal control over track and field.

They may claim to control the athletes, but I'm not certain the athletes would claim them. Also the NCAA doesn't necessarily control the best athletes. In 1960 two-thirds of our men's Olympic track team were non-collegians. This is remarkable when you consider the small percentage of athletes that continue competing after they get out of school. I feel that if you could develop more clubs in this country you would tremendously increase the calibre of track and field. There should be a progression in an athlete's career from high school to college to club. The most productive years of an athlete are in his late 20s. Under our system, which revolves around college, an athlete never really gets a chance to reach his prime. They finish at 22 due to graduation. If we improve our club system it would not only help our international teams, it would open the sport up to additional coaching. The coach would not be restricted to nine months of the year or to four years of an athlete's career as in college.

I know very definitely there were some meets, some invitational races, that club teams were shut out of, such as the Santa Barbara Easter Relays. All of a sudden one year it was closed to club teams. The Fresno Relays all of a sudden was closed to club teams. I know the only reason was because collegiate coaches began to complain. Now if this is the case, and they are jealous of club team development, if they think that if clubs develop too much it's going to hurt their image, then they're going to have to readjust their thinking and look at the whole Olympic idea in this country. That is, compete with victory in mind. Where this squabble between the AAU and NCAA is going to arrive at, I don't know.

I think it will drag on. Let's go back to the collegiate coaches. Their press releases gave you the feeling that all at once they were the saviours of track and field. This perturbed me because I knew how much some coaches had hurt our program. I knew it very definitely and I couldn't see how they could assume these two roles, so I couldn't string along with that. Yet at the same time I knew that not enough solid things were being brought into being by the current administration. What we need is the exploitation of amateur athletics in America. The one thing that would remain constant is, an amateur is an amateur is an amateur. But we need ideas on how we're going to build this thing up and exploit it. An athlete can be an amateur, but let's have some professional administrators. If it requires that we have more paid administrators, then let's do that. Let's turn the money that's being made in track and field back into track and field, and not let 80 per cent of it go to people who aren't really involved in track and field other than they happen to sponsor a meet and make money off it.

know the Big Ten didn't throw it. It seems to me that these people could certainly set up adequate safety devices to incorporate the javelin in their program. I'm sorry that they don't. Actually, the Big Ten has been lagging the past few years in producing Olympic performers in track and field.

Higdon:

The Big Ten used to rank pretty close to the Pacific Coast Conference in track.

Beatty:

It did. I don't know what the reason is, but over the past eight years the conference has lagged. But when I was in Chicago this winter for the *Chicago Daily News* Relays, I was introduced to quite a few high-school coaches. They were really enthused and talked like they wanted to build that area back up.

Higdon:

We have some better high-school track coaches in this country than college coaches.

Beatty:

Oh listen, there's no question in my mind about that. The direct cause of a lot of the great improvement in track and field in this country has been high-school coaches, who were enthusiastic, who were eager to learn new ideas and training techniques, who weren't afraid to try these new ideas. A lot of our older coaches who have been in the school program for years, however, haven't updated their programs. They still train athletes like they were training them in 1930 or 1940. They lagged and they didn't attempt to learn. This is what hurts us. Now we have a lot of good, young coaches—in California, in the Middle West and some in the Southwest. I think you're going to see these coaches

going into the Big Ten, say within four to six years, and I think that conference will start coming back. It should; it's a tremendous sports-minded area that has a lot of great athletes who for the past few years have not been producing the international performances that they should be. We only had three Big Ten representatives on our last Olympic team (Glenn Davis, Deacon Jones, and Willie May). Two of them were hold-overs from 1956, and all three were out of school.

Higdon:

Back to handicapping the Russian track meet. How about the decathlon? Phil Mulkey has turned in good performances, but he never seems to be able to come up with them at the right time.

Beatty:

Mulkey seems to be the weekday performer rather than the weekend performer. He turns in great performances in the local championships, but in the big meets invariably something happens—an injury or whatever the case—to curtail his performance. Russia's Vasily Kuznyetsov won the event at Palo Alto last year. The second Russian decathlon man (Yuriy Kutynenko in 1962) isn't bad either, although I think our boys will beat them. We still won't come through in the walk though. Our guys are improving, but Russia still has a tremendous edge. We'll place third and fourth, but probably produce faster times than last year against them. The same thing is true in the triple jump (the hop, step and jump). Only in the past few years have we really become interested in the triple jump program. Now colleges have put it into their dual meets. Pretty soon we'll develop a whole raft of jumpers over 50 feet. Ralph Boston just dabbles at it and he goes around 50. This

is an event where we're coming up.

Higdon:

Which brings up another point. How did we come up so fast in your event? Why the sudden increase in great American milers? In the world rankings last year we had six of the top ten places.

Beatty:

There are two reasons. First, our group in the Los Angeles Track Club suddenly put distance running as a whole before the American public. It has influenced runners in our country to work much harder than they used to. We've had tremendous TV exposure. The mile is a real glamor event with tremendous popularity. Second, we've discovered how to train for long distances. These training theories had hit Europe in the early Fifties. Zatopek was one of the innovators. In the mid-Fifties the Australians got the word. These theories finally got home to America by the time of the Rome games. We always knew we had boys who could run.

Higdon:

But this same talent hasn't carried over into the 800. We really haven't had a good 800-meter runner since Tom Courtney.

Beatty:

I'll agree with you. I'm concerned myself. I don't know what happened in the 800.

Higdon:

The Russians have a tough man in Valeriy Bulishev.

Beatty:

It will be close. Any time you have three or four runners in a race that can run 1:47, it can't be anything else but close. If Jerry Siebert is training he could be our bomb 800 man.

Higdon:

How about the 1500?

Beatty:

The 1500 is an open affair. Dyrol Burleson may elect to run the 800. He can run fast. Our top men are O'Hara, Grelle, Burleson, Dotson, and Weisiger. Of that group of five, I would say Grelle and Weisiger should be our one-two men. O'Hara is potentially a great miler.

Higdon:

Jim, this summer you'll be running in Russia and Poland, two Iron Curtain countries. What's it like to compete behind the Iron Curtain?

Beatty:

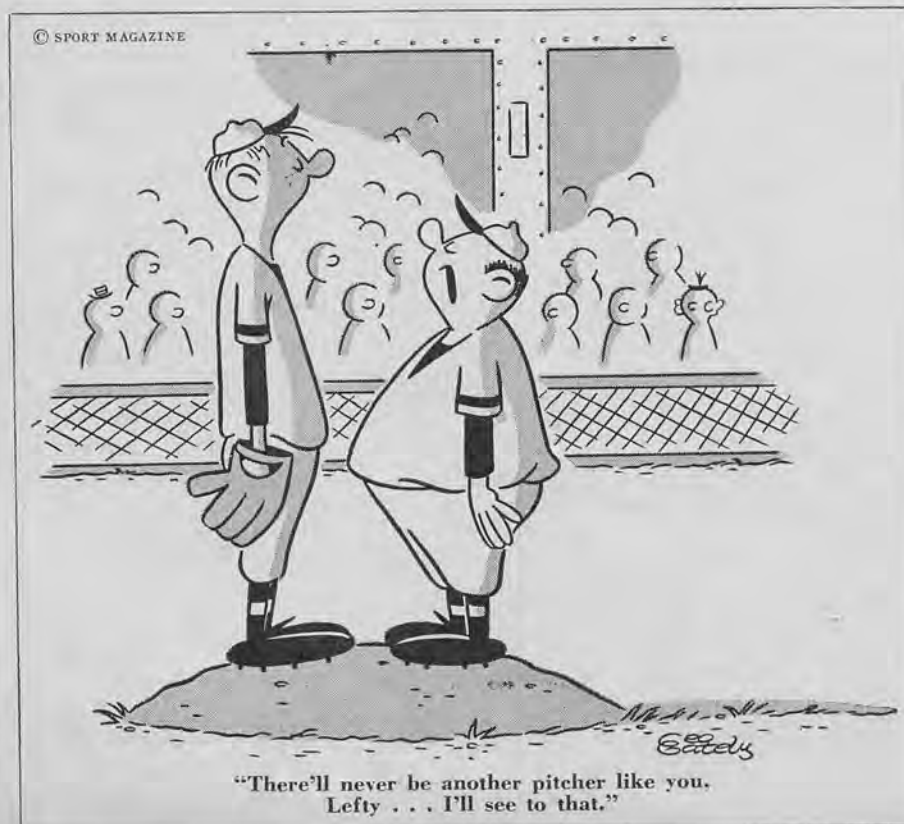
You feel more competitive. Mentally you know that athletics are a part of the cold war—whether the people from a Communist country can beat the people from a democracy. Most of the athletes realize this; most of the officials realize this; and I'm sure most Americans realize this. I know the athletes do. We'd rather beat the Russians than anybody.

Higdon:

How do the Russian people treat you over there? Do you have much contact with them?

Beatty:

The Russian people treated us more or less with curiosity. It was more of a staring effect. I would say there



wasn't a great deal of personal contact, because I don't speak Russian and not many of them speak English well. I don't mean to say we don't associate. We associate with the athletes and especially with ones such as Igor Ter-Ovanesyan who speaks English. But I'm not one for sitting around a table and smiling at each other just for the sake of smiling. If I can speak Russian or they can speak English, okay. More of them speak English than we speak Russian, which I think is fine. Let them learn English.

Higdon:

Among the Russians who do speak English, were you able to make any friends?

Beatty:

We had an interpreter. When we left we told him maybe next year when the Russian team goes to America, you can come. This fellow just changed his expression completely. He was very sincere, you could tell that. He said, "My dream, to go to America." We wanted to give him a gift before we left so about four of us bought him a cigarette lighter at the American commissary. He about cried. We noticed he didn't show the lighter to his friends. We asked him why. He said, this means so much to me I must be alone to enjoy it, and he wrapped it back up in the paper and put it in his pocket. Maybe we'll see him again this summer.

Higdon:

Do the Russians cheer when you win? Do they root particularly hard against you?

Beatty:

They sure don't cheer much for us to win. It was even more so in Poland. I had the feeling it wasn't because the Poles didn't like the Americans. They were fierce competitors and they were just going to root for their boys, and that was it. Anything that their boys could do to get that victory, well they were going to bring the roof down. And they weren't going to give us an inch. I ran the 1500 meters. I was running against (Kazimierz) Zimny and (Witold) Baran. During the race Baran made a move, and I went to go after him, and Zimny cut me off. He took me out to the third lane on almost four occasions. It was enough to be disqualified. Baran built up a big lead, but I managed to catch him on the last straightaway. It was a good performance. It equalled the best time of the year, 3:40.9, and I ran the equivalent of a 3:39 because of all the running to get around Zimny. Then when I went up to get my medal, you would think I would get a great ovation. Zimny got the loudest ovation, and Baran got the next one. They were so quiet, it was like I came in last.

Higdon:

Do you think the home track is much of an advantage? For example, will the Russians run better in Moscow than they did in the meet at Palo Alto?

Beatty:

I'll say this. I think they were at less of a disadvantage at Palo Alto than we will be in Moscow. The individual Russian probably has a higher respect for our food and accommodations than we have for his. He tends

to relax more than we do in his country. We're used to higher standards. We're used to higher quality, and we read in the papers what Khrushchev says about horsemeat. This sits in the back of your mind. The best meal we had in 1961 was the first one we ate after leaving Russia. We were really glad to get out of there. It was so drab and dreary. They say that in 20 years they'll catch America. If they said 200 years you might start to believe them.

Higdon:

They're trying to catch us in track. Think they'll ever do that?

Beatty:

Not if we keep maintaining our progress. But we can't stand still.

Higdon:

What kind of progress are we making in women's track and field? Will we win the women's division of the meet in Russia?

Beatty:

No, we won't win the women's meet. We could be as strong or possibly stronger as in the past. We're improving in women's track, but we have not come up to the point where we will win.

Higdon:

The Russians always add the women's and men's totals together so they can claim an overall victory. Our officials always say this is unfair. Still this is something we probably have to live with. Do you think we can win the combined score?

"WITH MY OWN EYES, I WATCHED THE WORRY GO OUT OF CIGARETTES!"

I saw dark, gluey tars build up inside the TAR GARD holder . . . more and more with every puff! (And it was a filter cigarette!) These are the hot, harsh tars that put the worry into cigarettes. TAR GARD is the holder that takes them out. ★★

NOT A FILTER, NOT A GADGET. TAR GARD adapts a principle used in the jet engine. It increases the speed of cigarette smoke to 200 m.p.h. As the smoke hurtles into the holder, it smashes against a barrier, the tars are literally hurled out of the smoke. Up to 85% of the hot, dangerous tars that cause irritation and do damage are trapped inside the TAR GARD. The cool flavor properties go right through with the smoke.

SMOKING IS PURE PLEASURE. Your mouth tastes clean and fresh. Your teeth stay

white. Smoker's cough virtually disappears. Every puff is cool and delicious, with barely a worry in a lungful. ★★

SEE FOR YOURSELF: every TAR GARD comes with a transparent holder, as well as an opaque black one, so you can actually see the TAR GARD device work . . . before your very eyes! TAR GARD costs \$2.95, plus 5¢ for handling. If you aren't smoking with less worry and more pleasure after 30 days, send it back and we'll refund every penny you paid. If your tobacconist, supermarket or drug store doesn't have TAR GARD, just write us: The TAR GARD Company, Dept. B, 105 Market St., San Francisco, California, enclosing cash, check or money order, and we'll send you one directly. ★★



Beatty:

If we take our best team over, we'll win. Our best men will bury the Russians. But if we go through the same thing as we did in 1961, we may be in trouble. A lot of our good men didn't go. They couldn't get off from their jobs. Or if they could, they weren't paid for it. As a result our team didn't take all our best men with us.

Higdon:

Will a repeat of this happen this year?

Beatty:

I'm hopeful that it won't. It's about time we got rid of this Mickey Mouse approach and committed ourselves one way or the other to the situation of fielding our best track team. Which brings up a very important matter that has to be considered by the selection board picking our team against Russia this summer. The U.S. team has four international competitions, but we believe on the surface that competition will be closest with the Russians. I think we ought to, at least this year before the Olympics, more or less flex our muscles and let them know we're getting ready for 1964 by just completely thrashing them. We should do everything possible to have the best men on the track. If possible, a runner should be allowed to go to the Russian meet and then go back to his job. We should send our very best team. Let's go in there not with the idea of merely winning, but with the idea of beating the Russians as badly as possible!

TED WILLIAMS, HUNTER

(Continued from page 43)

one correctly. I used to gun for ducks with that good old .410. I think it is ideal for kids to start with. Matter of fact, it's swell for ladies, too, or all beginners, since there isn't any kick—or recoil. And it is an accurate weapon, one that is overlooked very much today by most hunters."

As a boy, Williams was scrawny and underweight. He says his physical development was helped by constant recreation with rod and gun. He also says that shooting helped sharpen his vision—an advantage to any batter.

"Hunting and other kinds of gunning have helped me in keeping my eye on the ball, as well as on targets, birds or game," Williams said at the Sportsmen's Show. "In recent years I've tried skeet and trap shooting—terrific sports! I recommend that every ballplayer take up skeet or trap. They'd find that they'd whack that old apple oftener after a while."

Ted chuckled when he recalled that shotgun shells cost only 75 cents a box when he was a boy, saying shotgunning can be an expensive sport today.

Sharkey asked Williams: "Just what is your favorite kind of hunting, big shot?"

"Ducks over decoys!" said Ted. "I've gunned for all species of birds and game in this country and Canada, but that's my choice. Years ago, I had some wonderful shooting in Minnesota and South Dakota. That was when ducks were as plentiful as leaves on the trees. I got a big kick out of watching a vast flight come swooping down toward your blocks. Then you blaze away at 'em."

Many people think duck hunters are crazy to arise far ahead of the

dawn, then go out to shiver and huddle in a blind on a frosty marsh. But Ted said philosophically: "To me, there's much more to duck hunting than bagging birds. There's the pleasure in companionship of other hunters. There's the stillness of the morning—a kind of challenge to your patience. And there's a real test of your skill and marksmanship. Even when I didn't bag any ducks, I usually learned something about them—or about other gunners."

As for decoys, Ted has tried them all, including the old-fashioned wooden blocks, cork-made ones, molded-paper or plastic, rubber and shadows. He prefers the wooden decoys. "I admit they're heavy and unwieldy, but for use at a fixed blind, I find them to be the most productive. Pellets may chip them, yet they won't sink. They give you plenty of mileage because they can be repainted successfully."

Williams said he didn't like the way plastic decoys bob about in the water, but he's been impressed by shadow decoys. "They really draw black ducks in good numbers," Ted said. "Once during a snowstorm, I saw another gunner watch two blacks come within range, then hover over his shadows. Wham! He bagged one with his right barrel, getting another duck in short order. Those birds just wouldn't leave the magnetic shadows."

Though Williams rarely eats the fish he catches, he loves roast duck, saying they taste better if he has shot them himself.

"Grouse offer a different kind of shooting from ducks," Ted continued. "I find them to be much smarter, more cunning. They have amazing speed, which makes them difficult to hit whether in the air or on the ground."

I've noticed that they speed away low and in zig-zag manner when in flight, so you have only a moment or two in which to figure the direction of the flight and its angles of change. If you can bag half of the grouse you put up, that's excellent!"

When hunting pheasants, Ted usually is accompanied by friends with dogs. He has shot over English Setters and Pointers, Springers, Labradors, Golden Retrievers and other breeds.

"Those tricky pheasants may be under your feet—almost," Williams mused, "so dogs are needed to rout them out from brush, tangles and various hiding places. A good dog will chase a running pheasant and put him in the air. Remember, you may wing a bird, who'll land and take off on his legs. Thousands of wounded pheasants are lost each year for lack of dogs."

"A cock pheasant often can outsmart a man. He can camouflage himself in almost any type of cover—thick or thin; he'll dig in, with head and tail high, then run like a racehorse; and he will fly only when cornered. From these birds and others, I often get feathers I can use in tying flies for fishing lures."

For a sporting shot, Williams said a running deer was one of the most difficult of all targets. "Once in Maine," he recalled, "I killed a big buck on the run. But not on my first shot. We had been on a drive in a wilderness area—in deep woods. Well, we stopped to rest at an opening in the trees. Suddenly, that deer came into view, bounding along about 100 yards away, his white tail bobbing up and down as a signal. It was too long a shot, of course, so I waited. When the buck was a little more than 100 feet distant, I fired—and missed. I shot again, taking care to allow for the deer's forward motion, leading the muzzle of my rifle. It was a hit! A clean kill, too. As hunters are aware, a deer tells when it is hit by dropping its tail. I hate to wound any kind of game, then lose it. The quick kill is merciful."

Williams told of the warden who had described the sad death of a deer. A hunter had shot a buck in the leg. It escaped through heavy snow, leaving a bloody trail. After a pursuit of two hours, the party discovered tracks of some wildcats that had taken up the chase. At various places, there were signs that the deer had turned and put up a desperate battle against the wildcats. Near evening, the deer's badly mangled carcass was found.

"That incident is a very good reason why every hunter should learn to shoot with skill," commented Ted. "And those who aren't sure of their marksmanship, should try 'still hunting'—selecting a favorable site and waiting for deer to appear. After all, there are many spots where deer are known to hover constantly. All you need is plenty of patience, warm clothing, sandwiches, beverages and genial companions. I always employ a veteran guide when gunning for deer. It doesn't matter how much experience you may have had—a guide knows the country and where to find deer."

For all his gunning adventures, though, Ted's most famous "hunting expedition" took place in Boston's Fenway Park, home of the Red Sox, about 15 years ago. Domesticated pigeons were his targets.



"It's easy enough for you! You've got something to help take your mind off of it!"

All proper Bostonians realize that pigeons act improperly much of the time. They have taken over historic Boston Common; they strut along sidewalks and beg for food like bums. Of course, they are not street-broken and they were dirtying Fenway Park's grandstand and grounds, much to Ted's annoyance.

One sunny morning, the park was empty except for a few attendants who were cleaning up before the next day's game. Suddenly the stillness was shattered by the crack of a .22 rifle. Over in a far corner sat Williams, blazing away at a flock of pigeons. Later Ted switched to his .410 shotgun, disposing of more birds per shot.

Naturally, the shots echoed outside the park. Naturally, people wondered what was happening. Naturally, police were soon investigating—and the story appeared in late afternoon newspapers.

"Pigeons are protected by law," said the Audubon Society. "This is a disgrace!" Pigeon-lovers staged mild demonstrations on the Common. Some writers pointed out that Williams was shooting out-of-season, without a hunting license.

The batting star was undaunted. He shot more pigeons. He knew there was no need to worry about legalities, since Fenway Park is private property. "I just wanted to help clean up the Park," said Ted. "Those pigeons are damned pests!"

At the Sportsmen's Show, Williams heard the mention of hunting's dangers.

"Each year," Ted said, "the woods are getting more and more crowded with gunners, many of whom are damn fools, knowing nothing about their weapons! If more sportsmen would consider that hunting is dangerous, there might be fewer accidents."

"I've seen some crazy things happen."

We were after deer in Maine one fall, and what did we come across but some joker who had wounded another gunner. Seems the poor fellow was bending down over a brook for a drink, so this guy sees him from across the stream and starts firing at him! He said he thought the man was a bear, but I've never seen a bald-headed bear!

"Another time, a farmer put an old hat of his wife's on the limb of a tree just for a gag. This hat was trimmed with several large and bright-colored feathers. Sure enough, passing hunters shot hell out of it!"

For safe shooting, Ted emphasized the first rule to follow is that every gun should be treated as though it were loaded at all times. "Too many wounds are caused by weapons their users thought weren't loaded." Additionally, he said, "I wish that more parents would see that their boys are taught to shoot properly. Not enough kids realize that a .22 cartridge can be deadly for nearly a mile. A careful boy can have great fun with a .22. If he's lucky to live in the country, he's a king with his rifle. However, every kid must make sure of his background before firing. He must remember that ricochets are dangerous. He must never aim at animals or birds on stone walls or on water."

Ted usually confines his instruction to speeches, but he's taking a more active part in teaching his blonde, lovely wife, Lee, how to hunt. "In shooting, she started with the reliable .410 gauge shotgun," said Ted. "She can fly cast well, too."

They enjoy hunting and fishing the most at their new sporting camp on the banks of the Miramichi River in New Brunswick. It's Ted's favorite rendezvous—far from telephones, people and pigeons.

— ■ —

WILLIE MAYS: HIS LONELINESS AND FULFILLMENT

(Continued from page 15)

stuck up either. I've gone out with the three Willies—McCovey, Kirkland, and Mays—and Mays was the life of the party."

He is more than the life of the party. He is a decent, warm-hearted human being. Recently he threw an ice-cream party for the kids of his neighborhood. Unfortunately, there were grumbles that Mays was simply pulling a public-relations stunt, which is one of those cruel idiotic charges that keep cropping up. The charge overlooks the fact that Mays—all his ballplaying career—has been rounding up kids in whatever neighborhood he lived, and setting up the ice-cream sodas, whether a photographer happens to be present or not. During the World Series, Mays took time to go to a San Francisco hospital and spend some time visiting the sick kids. The fact that a photographer was there will never in any way delete one whit of pleasure from some child's memory of that day. As a matter of fact, the physical relic of the visit only enhances the day.

Another incident of the 1962 Series may bury the grumbles. When the Giants and Yankees moved to New York for the third, fourth, and fifth games, one of the writers covering the Series was a former Bronx boy, Harry Jupiter, of the San Francisco Examiner. Back in New York, Jupi-

ter telephoned his mother—who still lives in the Bronx—and casually told her he had a head cold. After they had hung up, Mrs. Jupiter—as mothers will—worried over her son's cold. She knew if she called Jupiter back the next morning, Jupiter would again treat the cold casually, and she would not know how bad it really was. So Mrs. Jupiter—who had once met Willie Mays through her son—called Mays and begged the ballplayer to telephone her son, find out exactly how bad the cold was, and report back to her. Mays dutifully called Jupiter, invented an excuse for the call, skillfully ascertained the nature of the cold, and passed the information on to Mrs. Jupiter. It is a tiny moment in any man's life, but I find it glitters, somehow, with humanity. I think Mrs. Jupiter shrewdly sensed in Mays a common bond, a wistful yearning to be part of a family, a genuine yen not to live in a hotel room where sleep and breakfast and more sleep are the main ingredients of life.

You see other glimmers of this on the ballfield. Mays will engage in pepper games—perhaps the most graceful legerdemain performed in public is Willie Mays handling a baseball in a brief pepper drill—and the practice will be spiced by Mays' high-pitched voice in a medley of giggles and outraged mock protests that he is

Stop wasting time in a dead-end job! Enjoy the big rewards offered the Law-trained man in business

STUDY

LAW

IN YOUR SPARE TIME

as a way to increased earnings



WHATEVER your present position—whatever your previous schooling—you can multiply your opportunities for rapid promotion, big income and prestige through LaSalle Law Training at home.

A knowledge of Law is regarded today as indispensable equipment in every activity of business. The greatly increased role of government in business, the many new problems of Law involving taxes, insurance, contracts, liability, employment, and much more—all require the legally-trained executive who can make day-to-day decisions effectively. That is why leading corporations seek out such men for key positions and reward them with top salaries.

You can master Law easily and enjoyably at home—at remarkably low cost—under the supervision of LaSalle's distinguished Law faculty. You work with actual legal cases, acquiring real experience. Upon completion of your training, you are awarded a Bachelor of Laws degree if qualified. The famed *Law LaSalle Library of 14 volumes is given to you as part of your course.*

For more than half a century LaSalle has been an acknowledged leader in business training, with more than 1,000,000 students. Mail coupon today for free illustrated booklet "Law Training for Leadership" and see how LaSalle can help you move up rapidly in your career. Address 417 S. Dearborn, Chicago 5, Ill.

Send for this Free Booklet

LAW
TRAINING FOR
LEADERSHIP



LA SALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

A Correspondence Institution

417 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 20-044, Chicago 5, Ill.

Please send me your free illustrated booklet "Law Training for Leadership"

Name..... Age.....

Address.....

City & Zone.....

County..... State.....

223

S
P
O
R
T

not hogging the ball or that somebody else is. If you want to see the ultimate refinement of a skill, bound together with sheer delight in the accomplishment, you see it when Mays engages in pepper practice.

Or perhaps there is Mays slyly tripping Juan Marichal, or goosing Giant trainer Doc Bowman. In San Diego one night a Giant player was earnestly extolling someone's intelligence in the dugout before the game. "He's a smart cookie," the Giant said, "he's real smart. Isn't he the smartest guy you know, Will?" And Mays, who had wandered into the dugout, nodded solemnly and said: "He sure is. He's a smart son of a gun, all right. I know it." Then he turned to me and winked and said, "Who we talkin' about?"

Yet these are the exceptions, these and the bubbling effervescence which never was as bubbly as legend had it, and which is less bubbly today. This is the other side, and it is possible in the tug of war that exists between Mays, the bubbly kidder, and Mays, the loner, a man is being torn apart. He is lonely, and he would like not to be lonely.

The most critical moment in Willie Mays' baseball life occurred last September, during the bitter pennant race, and for a brief few days it appeared that the tug of war had ended, and Mays had been ripped apart by it. Had not Giant manager Alvin Dark reacted with keen insight and a rare concern for one of his ballplayers, Mays might have been lost to the Giants for an indefinite and perhaps permanent period. In the third inning of a ballgame in Cincinnati on the afternoon of September 12, 1962, Willie Mays collapsed to the dugout floor where he lay unconscious for ten minutes. He was carried to the Giant locker room, where he lay another ten minutes, awake, but unable to speak or move. Mays was removed to Christ Hospital in Cincinnati, and for the better part of three days doctors subjected Mays to a series of tests, to determine the cause of his blackout. Photographs of Mays taken in his hospital bed reveal the ballplayer's plight—they show a drawn face, bags under the eyes, an expression of bewildered despair. Dr. George Ballou summed up the attitude of his colleagues at the time: "It is not normal for a finely tuned athlete to black out for five or more minutes. It is cause for concern."

No "physical" ills cropped up during the test. Mays is—and was then—a finely tuned athlete, a man of incredible physical strength and vigor. He was badly fatigued, but other badly fatigued men—without Mays' superb physical equipment—manage to drag their fatigue along with them, playing ball, or working at the lathe, or climbing a mountain. And with the pressure on to get Mays back into the lineup—after all (you kept hearing), he wasn't physically sick—Al Dark insisted his centerfielder continue to rest until he had recovered from whatever it was that had induced his unconsciousness. Said Dark: "If a businessman blacks out over the stress and strain of his job, the doctors tell him to take a week off, and it works, invariably. But a ballplayer is different. He can't hide."

Mays couldn't hide, which sums it all up. He couldn't hide earlier that September, when the Giants came alive, winning six of seven, beating the Dodgers three of four, slicing the

pennant lead—he couldn't hide even though the stress and strain of his job were telling on Mays, sapping his strength, and his batting average was down to .297. The pressures were on the Giants, which means they were on Mays. "Willie is the Giants," Al Dark once said, and he didn't have to say it, so true is it. The pressures mounted, became intolerable, and Mays couldn't hide, so his body came to his rescue, and he slipped into that state of withdrawal which is his necessary defense against a world he sometimes finds hostile and too much to bear. He drew the night around him, this man who says he does not like to play day ball, he does not come alive until nighttime, this man who says he likes to sleep late, eat breakfast in his hotel room, alone, and then go back to sleep. He escaped from the tension which Al Dark had called "inescapable." Inescapable to the conscious state, yes, but when a man can no longer stand it, there is an escape, and the escape is what other people might call breakdown. You have to know Mays, and his life, to understand any of this, and even then, it is surely in the realm of conjecture, where no man can be sure, and where facts are slippery as eels. In a ballgame in Mays' youth, the boy pitched a sandlot team to an extra-inning win and won the game with a home run. As he crossed home plate, he became dizzy, and Mays' father came out of the stands and put an arm around the boy, led him to the bench, spoke gently and comfortingly to his son, and pretty soon Willie was his exuberant self.

You have to know this, to understand the astonishing father-like instinct that guided Al Dark in a far worse situation nearly 20 years later. Willie Mays, the man, had to be comforted in just the same manner as Willie Mays, the boy, and had Al Dark not known the formula—the right words, and the refusal to rush his star back into the ugly, headhunting, shrieking fray—Mays might have had to reach for the pleasant comfort of night, and draw it over him again. Nights like these—when they come too close together—sometimes have no dawn.

You have to know all this, in any study of loneliness and fulfillment, à la Willie Mays, because all his playing life Mays has suffered these dizzy spells. You also have to know that Mays comes from a broken home, that his folks were divorced before Mays entered grade school. That Mays' mother died in 1953, that his aunt Sarah, who had raised Mays from the time of his parents' split-up, died a few months later. You know of Mays'

marriage failure. He is a man lacking in close family bonds; when he had a spat with Margherite in December of 1960, and left the New Rochelle home, carrying his portable television set, Mays went back home to Birmingham, Alabama, but instead of staying with his family, he went to a motel, and spent a month alone.

Aloneness has become Mays' natural state. Aloneness that circumstances have induced. Withdrawal—will-less, yet curiously willed.

You have to know these things, or at least think you know them, to understand the lonely days of Willie Mays and the true story of his fulfillment. Mays rested those four days after his Cincinnati collapse, and in a state of physical weakness that was so vivid that it became a dull ache, Mays pulled the Giants together, and in a display of raw courage contributed key base hits in clutch ballgames against Houston and Los Angeles, and forced his team into one of the most tension-filled World Series of all.

You have to know all this, or sense some of it, but without another factor—an obvious, yet strangely neglected factor in most evaluations of Mays—we know nothing of Mays.

Mays is a Negro.

Willie Mays comes from a suburb of Birmingham, Alabama, a city Martin Luther King calls the most segregated big city in America. He lived in that southern state for 19 years. Later he moved to that mecca of liberality and sophistication, San Francisco, and some people told him they didn't want him living near them. Mays and his wife moved in, but not a single white neighbor spoke to Margherite Mays for 18 months. On June 21, 1959, at 1:30 in the morning, somebody crashed a bottle through the Mays' living-room window. The bottle contained an obscene anti-Negro message. I cannot tell you how this feels, because I am not a Negro, and nobody has ever thrown a bottle through my window in the middle of the night. But I can tell you of the time my wife and I drove across the country, and I was listening to a ballgame on the car radio as we entered the city of Omaha, Nebraska, in the summer of 1955, and the announcer gave the big-league scores, and mentioned that Willie Mays had hit another home run—this was the year he hit 51—and as I nodded in satisfaction, we drove past a housing development, where a sign read: "No Dogs or Negroes."

Jackie Robinson broke the color barrier years before Mays came into baseball, but Robinson didn't change too many minds.

You have to know this, and to know that when Mays was in the hospital in Cincinnati last September, anti-Mays, anti-Negro "jokes" suddenly popped up all over San Francisco. You have to know that it has been another "joke" to refer to the Giants of these past years as "Rigney's jigs, Sheehan's shines, and Dark's darkies."

You have to know this, when you say that Willie Mays is the first Negro baseball player to be paid a salary of \$100,000; it is fulfillment enough for this strangely troubled, strangely alone man who has crested his peak and who will start downhill any year now, and whose success story is in many ways a horror tale, and in many other ways one of the brave sagas of our time.

The SPORT Quiz

Answers from page 58

- 1 Davey O'Brien. 2 (b). 3 (c). 4 Bobby Dodd, Georgia Tech. 5 (a) Philadelphia A's & Phillies, (b) Detroit Tigers (the stadium's name is now Tiger Stadium), (c) Washington Senators. 6 Floyd Patterson and Tom McNeeley fought in Toronto, Canada, in 1961. 7 Art Wall Jr. 8 Yogi Berra, ten winners. 9 Lionel and Jay Herbert. 10 (a) Italy, (b) Czechoslovakia, (c) Ethiopia. 11 (b). 12 Early Wynn and Warren Spahn, seven each. 13 (a). 14 56. 15 Bob Cousy and Oscar Robertson. 16 (b).

SPORT TALK

(Continued from page 8)

tempted to come back after Ingemar Johansson won the title from Floyd Patterson.

"I got excited," Rocky said, "because Johansson looked like he was gonna be one of those real braggarts. He was one guy who was creating a lot of stir and it looked like if he could fight a little bit better he'd be the most exciting thing that ever happened. He was real copy. And as soon as he won, Christmas, everybody started reaching for me. Rocky, you gotta bring the title back to this country!" they said. You know, a thing like that excites you more than money too because it's sorta like the world is depending on you.

"If he'd won the second Patterson fight I know I'd have come a lot closer to coming back than I ever did. I don't say I would've come right out and challenged Johansson, but I think it could've been developed if the right people approached me and gave me the right deal. I probably would've done something about it because I had a lot of time on my hands then."

Marciano has no time now. Between supervising his expanding travel service, doing public relations work for a New York electronics firm, and various other business involvements, plus making speaking engagements, he stays busy. In other words, he does the kind of things Johansson and Pender hope to do now, the kind of things so many other fighters who got tired of boxing weren't fortunate enough to be able to do.

DON'T KNOCK THE BO

Dean Chance was talking about his Angel buddy Bo Belinsky: "I'll tell you something about Bo. I've never heard him knock a player. In three games we got him an average of one run a game. He didn't complain and never knocked anyone. To me the guy is okay."

A few weeks later Belinsky, who had a 1-7 record by then and was rumored as trade material, said, "I should be pitching about .500 ball right now. But the club's going bad and they're looking for somebody to blame. In that last game against the Yankees I should have been out with two runs. The defense gave away another six."

"I had the bases loaded. The catcher comes out and tells me to let the guy hit a fly ball and we get out with one run. Elston Howard hits a fly ball. They mess it up for a double."

The Yankee Stadium sun has bothered many leftfielders, but few left-handers (on the mound) except Bo, who said it could blind pitchers too. "The sun got in my eyes. Every time I'd rear back to throw, I couldn't see home plate."

"It's been like that all year," he concluded, "I'm jinxed. It makes me pressurized."

But at least he doesn't complain.

BASKETBALL WORDS

At this year's Metropolitan (New York) Basketball Writers Dinner, some memorable words were spoken, viz:

"We made several mistakes this year," said one of the association's officers. "One of our biggest mistakes

was that we left our honored guest's (Bob Cousy) name off the program..."

Cousy: "I was talking to Barry (Kramer) about the number of offers a young man gets from colleges today. And I got quite a few offers myself. By actual count I got one..."

RETURN OF THE PRO

It was the fall of 1944 and Joe Nuxhall was discouraged. He was a professional baseball pitcher of sound arm who had just gone through a season at Cincinnati and Birmingham in which he'd pitched a total of one and two-thirds innings. Of course, he wasn't too discouraged, really. He was only 16 years old.

In the spring of 1962 Joe Nuxhall was again discouraged. And again because, though of sound arm, he hadn't pitched enough. He'd been released by the Kansas City Athletics in the winter and by the Baltimore Orioles in the spring. He'd been picked up by the Los Angeles Angels but had pitched only five innings for them by the May outdowndate. With a 10.80 ERA, Joe was outdownd. This time he could have been really discouraged. He was 33 years old.

But Joe was not despondent. When Baltimore had released him in spring training, he'd gone to manager Billy Hitchcock. "Billy," Nuxhall said, "tell me the truth. Do you think I still have major-league stuff?"

"I think you do," Hitchcock said. "We'd keep you if we didn't have these kids."

Nuxhall thought so too. He knew Wes Stock and Art Quirk, both young lefthanders, had had good springs and he understood. In fact, he'd talked to Solly Hemus before an exhibition game about hooking on with the Mets in case he were cut. "Hemus said, 'We have plenty of pitching,'" Joe recalls, smiling. Joe was going to call Phil Seghi, farm director for Cincinnati, the team that had employed Nuxhall his first 16 years in baseball. Seghi called first, asking if he'd pitch for San Diego in the Pacific Coast League. "I'll go if I can start and pitch every fifth day," Joe said.

"Going to San Diego was the thing that helped me more than anything else," the 6-3, 220-pound lefthander says now. "I have to work regularly and I hadn't for a couple of years. I did in San Diego and got my confidence back. It helped my control more than anything and I developed a good changeup."

He'd also developed a 9-2 record by July 21 when Cincinnati purchased his contract. He won five, lost none for the Reds on a 2.45 earned-run average before he pulled his elbow in September. "Hutch gave me a couple of relief shots and then put me in the rotation, so I didn't lose my rhythm," Joe says. "I got more confidence that I've ever had before."

Manager Fred Hutchinson says he's always liked Nuxhall as a pitcher. "When we sent him to Kansas City in the winter of 1960 it was because the fans literally booed him out of town."

"It sounded like Adolf Hitler walked out on the field every time they saw me," says Joe, who had a 1-8 record in '60. "The more they booed, the harder I'd pitch, and the harder I'd pitch, the harder they'd hit. I don't care if you've got the biggest heart in the world, you have to feel that booing."

They don't boo him any more (he was 2-1 when we talked to him) because Nuxhall is a better pitcher now than he ever was. He was taught the slip pitch by Harry Brecheen with Baltimore last spring and he improved his curveball under Jim Turner with Cincinnati this spring. "Next year I'll add a knuckleball," he says, laughing. In his 20th year as a professional at age 34, Joe Nuxhall can look back on three great moments. Pitching in the majors at age 15 ("That was a great thrill even if I didn't know where I was"), pitching in the '55 All-Star Game ("Gene Conley got the win") and returning to the big leagues last year ("That meant the most to me").

He's encouraged about the future.

FAN CLUB NOTES

These people report they have fan clubs for the following: Kathy Grazzini, 16518 Bywood Lane, Minneapolis, Minn.: *Harmon Killebrew*. Jean Koenig, 871 Jessamine Ave., St. Paul 6, Minn.: *Camilo Pascual*. Pat Gajdowski, 6524 Lederer Ave., Cleveland 27, O.: *Doc Edwards*. C.M. Lockwood, 920 Shirland Ave., S. Beloit, Ill.: *Bob Shaw*. Louis Hirschfeld, 902 47 St., Brooklyn 19, N.Y.: *Tom Tresh*. Mickey Nascone, 308 S. Graham St., Pittsburgh 32, Pa.: *Jim Brosnan*. Bruce Wyatt, 590 Yorktown Rd., Chicago Heights, Ill.: *New York Mets*. Stephen B. Kuperman, 245-26 51 Ave., Douglaston 62, N.Y.: *Pumpsie Green*. Jerry Wheeler, 30 Barry St., Brockport, N.Y.: *Jim Mathews* (?). Dan Swanson, Star Rt. 1, Port Townsend, Wash.: *Hank and Tommy Aaron*. Stuart Firstenberg, 1950 Andrews Ave., Bronx 53, N.Y.: *John Orsino*. Steve Cochran, 1079 Berkely Rd., Avondale Estates, Ga.: *Harmon Killebrew*. Danny Rothermel, 11 Boston Place, Fair Lawn, N.J.: *Tom Tresh*. Terry Lantz, Frederic, Mich.: *Cletis Boyer*. Shelly Levin, 1306 Erskine St., Takoma Park, Md.: *"Old Time" Baseball Players*. Leslie Burns, Glenwood, Mo.: *St. Louis Cardinals*. Tommy Cardillo, 1424 Glover St., Bronx 62, N.Y.: *Don Rudolph*. Dave Peel, 48 Beaconsfield Blvd., Beaconsfield, Quebec, Canada: *Choo Choo Coleman and New York Mets*. Barbara Lichner, 8 Meadow Way, White Plains, N.Y.: *Cassius Clay*. (Cassius, naturally, was first to join.)

CONDITIONS AND COMMENTS

Dick Stuart was loudly booed in Boston when he got off to a bad start this year. But Red Sox fans may be looking for trouble when they boo the big first-baseman. In 1958 with Salt Lake City, Stuart struck out four successive times, and each time the booing grew louder. But Dick didn't mind it. As he went up to the plate a fifth time, Stuart walked by the stands with his bat out and knocked over every beer container sitting on the wall.

On Cleveland's first trip to Minnesota this spring, rookie outfielder Vic Davalillo was asked if he'd ever seen Twins' pitcher Camilo Pascual in action. "Oh, yes, many times," Vic said. "But I never can hit him."

"Did you see him in Latin America?"

"No," Davalillo said. "On television."

See you next month.

—BERRY STAINBACK

A PHILLIE FINDS PEACE

(Continued from page 23)
was church music for Don and Betty too, but in church.

Demeter toured Japan with the Dodgers in '56 and played in St. Paul for the bulk of the next two seasons. By '59 he was wincing only slightly at the salty repartee of the dugouts. He never met a man he didn't like, like another Oklahoman, Will Rogers, but he found special solace in a Gil Hodges. "Gil is the kind of a man who if he had rats in the house he'd feed them," Demeter says. With the passage of time, Demeter noticed that players tried to pull their punch lines when he was around, and he became known as "Henhouse" in mocking recognition of his most wicked expletive, "Aw, henhouse."

His problem with the Dodgers, insists Demeter, was more numerical than clerical. "I always felt like I was the 25th-and-a-half player," he says. If he coughed, Walt Alston benched him. After his hot start in '59, Demeter was sidelined with an injury; when he came back he was platooned; and when October came he was hitting .256. In 1960 he was kept idle by more bruises and sprains and hit .274 in only 168 at-bats. Early in 1961 he was traded with rookie Charlie Smith to the Phils for Dick Farrell. Smith, now back in the minors, was touted as the sleeper in the deal.

While Smith indeed slept, Demeter hit 21 homers and materialized as the last-place Phillies' Mr. Big. But he went home early in September with a broken wrist and a .251 average. When manager Gene Mauch announced Demeter would be his third-baseman the following spring, deep-thinkers swooned. If the fragile, china-boned Demeter tried to block baseballs with his chest, it might take surgery to dislodge them. Demeter, at 6-4 and 185 pounds, had similar visions. He extracted a promise from his brother, a dentist, for free bridge-work, when and if.

Fortunately, he didn't need it, and he didn't get killed, defending himself admirably, and he wasn't embarrassed too often, but a major-league

third-baseman he wasn't. More important, as they say, he put all his tools together; which is what a neat carpenter says about a sloppy carpenter too. Demeter began to straighten out all those foul balls.

He also straightened out the skeptics, and possibly himself. "The Dodger Demeter and the Phillie Demeter are two different people," says Mauch. "He has established himself now, especially in his own mind. He really didn't believe it in Los Angeles. He'd look in the mirror and see a sack of bones, and he'd look around and see Frank Howard and Tommy Davis and brutes like that, and he'd think, 'How can I play every day?'"

What they said about Demeter was that he was not only skinny and accident-prone, but maybe there was some hypochondriac in him and he didn't like to play if he didn't feel 100 percent. "He doubted himself physically, because in the pennant situation in L.A. as soon as someone was hurt just a little they could put someone else in who was healthier," says Mauch. "He wasn't satisfied last year with playing part time. He showed himself what he could do. He played when he wouldn't have in the past."

But there were Old Orioles who still weren't sure about Demeter. He was always gulping vitamin pills. And then he sat himself down after playing a game with a sore knee.

"If a man could play and didn't, he couldn't live with himself," Demeter said. "I couldn't look the rest of these guys in the eye. I played when I knew I couldn't move too well because I wanted to be in the cotton-picking game. It turned out bad for the club, because some other guy could have made two of the plays I didn't. Sitting on the bench tears your heart out."

"In the minors I once played three weeks with the ligaments in my hand torn because there was nobody else around to play. It's a little different in the big leagues where there's someone else available to play in your place. If I didn't go out there when I could, I'd be hurting myself finan-

cially, morally and spiritually. It would be an indication it was time to go home."

The rest of the guys looked Demeter in the eye and nicknamed him "Dog," as in dogged. Asked why Demeter gets hit with so many pitches (ten last season), Mauch said, "Because he's a dog—he won't give in." Demeter, who played in 153 games at three positions, is proud of the appellation.

One night in May, Mauch wished he was a little less proud of it. With a man on third and one out, Demeter was hit by a pitch on his hand, drawing blood from two knuckles. He turned around to umpire Vinnie Smith and said, "It hit me, Vinnie, but I want to hit anyway." Smith thought that was a splendid attitude and agreed. Mauch thought no less of the attitude but at the moment he preferred Demeter as a baserunner and argued so vehemently for it that Smith had to eject him.

Demeter has been playing first base and the outfield this season and Mauch doesn't know whether to laugh or cry about that either. He says that after Willie Mays there isn't a better centerfielder in the league "but for us he's more valuable at first base because he gives us tremendous flexibility." Demeter complains not. He's enjoyed the infield, it gives him a new perspective and it might prolong his career.

Gaining in stature as a slugger, Demeter is now subject to the scrutiny that comes to all paragons.

Musclemen with isometric contraction tattooed on their biceps, vertically, want to know where the lean and hungry-looking Demeter gets his strength from. "From the hands," says Mauch. "Shaking hands with him is like shaking hands with Ted Williams. He's got steel springs in them."

Bleacherites, appreciative as a ballet crowd of Demeter's crane-like grace, plead for scraps of minutiae on their hero. Well, he lost his pants sliding in Pueblo once. Fellow pulled a gun on him in Venezuela once. He lost a three-quarter carat diamond from his World Series ring. He tried to cart a baby lemon tree from Florida to Philadelphia but it died en route, in Cincinnati, because a chambermaid decided to water it. He tells funny stories about dogs, dogs that tree their master, dogs that get shot hunting, a dog that ate up his paycheck. He hunts and golfs. His wife Betty is a chic blonde. They have two sons, Russ, four, and Todd, two. In a room of their home in Oklahoma City is a display of over 80 old Bibles in 16 languages. The family buggy is a Cadillac.

Above it all, at the marrow of the life Don Demeter is making, are his convictions. His church is the Southern (sometimes called "hard-shell") Baptist. He has never danced, except for square dancing. "We believe in doing what you think the Lord would have you do if he confronted you right now," he explains, without being pious or righteous about it. "I'd rather let people see a sermon than hear one. It's the old story: action speaks louder than words."

If it sounds foreboding and humorless, you couldn't tell by Demeter. At a 'Y' clinic once he was asked to discuss conditions on different fields. He said he had to play at the L.A. Coliseum on a Sunday after a Friday football game and a Saturday rodeo, and you had to be careful of what you stepped in. "I meant holes, but I



"This investigation business is getting out of hand!"

couldn't get out of it," he says. "The kids howled." So did he, blushing.

Yet he also says, "I've never had a thrill out of baseball itself. I enjoy playing, and I get satisfaction out of it when I do well, but I've never had a thrill out of it. The best thing that's happened is the doors it's opened for me."

When Demeter talks about doors opening, he doesn't mean the U.S. Mint's, the safe at L&M's or even the Union League's. His pet peeve is the practice of using a name publicized by baseball for personal profit. "I want people to know me for my own value," he says. He refuses any and all commercial endorsements. When

the Phillies had a command performance at the Union League recently, Demeter showed up for dessert. He avoids functions where liquor is served.

The kind of door he referred to opened in 1961 for a meeting with evangelist Billy Graham. It led to a junket Demeter and Bobby Richardson of the Yankees took to Japan last winter for the church. When he returned, Demeter spoke to church groups in five states. He also teaches a Sunday school class.

"I'm very happy with baseball now," Don Demeter says. "I'm doing exactly what I wanted to do."

— ■ —

WHAT ABOUT THE JOHNNY UNITAS RUMORS?

(Continued from page 17)

touched his pride. He had some things to get off his chest, and I was his audience.

He said, first, that he was no less skilled in '62 than he'd been when he won world championships for Baltimore in 1958 and 1959. "There's never been any doubt in my mind that I couldn't do the job if given adequate time," he said. By time, he meant adequate pass protection.

How about his passing—has it slipped? "Nah!" he said. "I throw the same. The middle finger is swollen, sure, and always will be, but it's no problem. Weeb tried to come up with something. The ball was getting away from me sometimes. He said that instead of pointing my foot toward the receiver, I was pointing away. Which may have been right or wrong. I don't know. I try to keep it in mind. But lots of times, you go back seven yards, the blockers give so much ground that when you have a man open you can't step straight ahead because there's a butt sittin' in front of you."

Well, didn't the discouragements of '62, when the Colts had a 7-7 season, affect his psyche at all?

"Nah. The thing that hurt me was that the man (Ewbank) kept me out of there. Because I know I could do what I had to. One of the games in Baltimore, the first ten times I threw I completely missed. But I ended up 18 out of 32. If the man doesn't have enough confidence in you to let you go, he only hurts himself and hurts you at the same time."

"Against San Francisco in Baltimore, we had the ball 19 plays in the first half. They just killed us. Our defense couldn't hold 'em. So he took me out and put Lamar McHan in starting the third quarter. I didn't play any of it. I never stayed out of a game that long. The little time I was in the fourth quarter we scored two quick touchdowns and were on our way to another when the game ended." (San Francisco won, 21-13. For the first time in his seven-year career Unitas was booed.)

In 1962 Unitas and Ewbank could no longer agree on how football games should be run. No open hostility. Johnny still appreciated how Weeb had given him a chance when he came from the sandlots to the Colts. But in '62, after a pair of disappointing seasons, Weeb seemed convinced that gambling, as a basic football strategy, was out of style. Unitas didn't agree.

"As a quarterback," Unitas said, "I got to take orders and do what the

hell he wants. Before the season started, in training camp, I'd been under a lot of criticism from newspapers, maybe it was from Weeb. I don't know. He comes out and says I never followed game plans to the letter. I guess you get a little touchy because the man says you don't do what the hell he tells you."

"In '58 and '59, I'd throw from the end zone if I knew I could hit the man and get him open. I had a situation against Green Bay when we beat them in Baltimore a couple of years ago. Fourth down and a yard to go. We were on their 35-yard line, score tied. Weeb sent in a quarterback sneak. I couldn't get through with a bulldozer. We lined up and faked the fullback in the line on an off-tackle play and I told Lenny Moore to slant in and take off, then bust the sideline out for about 15 yards. I held for half a count, then spun around and hit him on the 12-yard line. We got the first down and went for the score on the next play. I could have been a bum."

Unitas said he strongly resented the '62 shift in Ewbank's strategy. Much of Johnny's reputation was built on daring and improvisation, the flare for springing the big play when the Colts were in a jam. He could do it as long as he had freedom on the field. But he had lost the freedom. Early in the season, for example, when the Colts played Detroit, Weeb told Unitas not to throw anything around Night Train Lane, the Lions' veteran defensive back, and to limit himself to short passes.

"If you don't throw at a man," said John, "you give him an easy day. He got nothing to worry about. But if you work on him a little bit, he's got to play it cautious."

The Colts lost to the Lions, and by the time they played them again late in the season the strategy had changed. In their 11th game the Colts lost to Chicago, 57-0, and went under .500 with a 5-6 record. Owner Carroll Rosenbloom couldn't take the discord any longer. He was already angry over Weeb's conservatism. Before the Colts played the Lions in the 12th game, Rosenbloom took Unitas aside. "Look, you're the boss," he said. "Call the plays any way you want to. You're in complete charge on the field once the game starts." It was a drastic step for an owner to take and was the tipoff that Ewbank was about to be fired.

Given the go ahead, Johnny pumped a covey of passes in Lane's territory and beat him twice on deep patterns for touchdowns. After the game,

OPPORTUNITIES FOR YOU



For ad rates, write PCD
549 W. Washington
Chicago 6

BUSINESS & MONEY MAKING OPPORTUNITIES (PMC Aug '63)

BIG PROFITS—PLUS Oil Royalties—From Oil and Gas Leases which you may now obtain from the U.S. Government for 50 cents per acre. Immediate Buyer will pay Premium Prices. Complete Information Free. Write—Central Southwest Oil Company, Box 13611-A, Dallas 24, Texas.

\$100 WEEKLY POSSIBLE. Compile mailing lists and prepare envelopes for advertisers. Home-spare time. Particulars free. National Service, 81, Knickerbocker Station, New York City.

ASSEMBLE ARTIFICIAL LURES at home for stores. Materials supplied. Free. Profitable! Write: Lures, Ft. Walton Beach 20, Florida.

MAKE \$25-\$50 week clipping newspaper items for publishers. Some clippings worth \$5 each. Particulars Free. National, 61, Knickerbocker Station, New York City.

LOANS BY MAIL

NEED MONEY? DO as thousands of people are doing—borrow money you need from National Loans by mail, quickly, confidentially. Easily arranged, repay in small monthly amounts. Borrow \$100.00 to \$600.00 without collateral or co-signers. Write—tell us how much you need now. National Loans, Dept. 10, 101 S. Tejon, Colorado Springs, Colorado.

BORROW \$1,000 AIRMAIL! Repay \$44.82 for twenty-nine months. State licensed. Postal Finance, Dept. 62-P, Kansas City 1, Kansas.

EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES

COMPLETE HIGH SCHOOL at home in spare time with 66-year-old school texts furnished; diploma, no classes; booklet free. Write American School, Dept. X64, Draxel at 58th, Chicago 37, Illinois.

ELECTRONICS COURSE ONLY \$14.95. Includes all tubes, parts, tools, instructions. Write for full information. Edu-Kits, Dept. 601 DF, Hewlett, N.Y.

MATHEMATICS SIMPLIFIED. EASY To Follow Instructions \$1.95. Research, Box 96, Hazelwood, Mo.

HYPNOTISM

HYPNOTIZE UNNOTICED. QUICKLY, effortlessly, or refund! Thousands delighted! \$2.00. Minter, Box 244-M, Cedarburg, Wisconsin.

FREE ILLUSTRATED HYPNOTISM Catalogue. Write Hypnotist, 8721 Sunset, Hollywood 69W, California.

FREE HYPNOSIS, SLEEP-Learning Catalog. Letcher, 2407 Catherine, Dallas 11, Texas.

PERSONAL & MISCELLANEOUS

SAVE YOUR HAIR Through Proper Care! Copyrighted Instructions, \$1.00. Renfran Publications, Box 637-PM, Detroit 31, Michigan.

"GIANT ARMS" Dr. Young's, D. C. Revolutionary discovery. \$2. Satisfaction or refund. Gaucha, Box 9309, Chicago 90.

SALESMEN WANTED

SELL ADVERTISING BOOK Matches. Write us today; we put you in business By Return Mail, handling complete line Ad Book Matches in demand by every business right in your town! No investment; everything furnished Free! Top commissions daily: Superior Match, Dept. Z-863, 7530 S. Greenwood, Chicago 19, Ill.

AGENTS & HELP WANTED

BEAUTY DEMONSTRATORS—TO \$5.00 hour demonstrating Famous Hollywood Cosmetics, your neighborhood. For Free samples, details, write Studio Girl, Dept. 28C38, Glendale, California.

MUSIC & MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

SONGPOEMS WANTED For Musical setting. Free examination. Get "the Nashville Sound" in your songs and records. Send Poems: Music City Songcrafters, 6145-C, Acklen Station, Nashville, Tenn.

STAMP COLLECTING

TERRIFIC STAMP BARGAIN! Israel-Iceland-San Marino—plus triangle set—plus Antigua-Borneo-Virgin-Scots-Congo-Russia—plus large stamp book—all four offers free—Send 10c for mailing cost. Empire Stamp Corporation, Dept. MB, Toronto, Canada.

EMPLOYMENT INFORMATION

FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT. CONSTRUCTION, other work projects. Good paying overseas jobs with extras, travel expenses. Write only: Director, Foreign Service Bureau, Bradenton Beach, Florida.

INVENTIONS

INVENTIONS NEEDED IMMEDIATELY for manufacturers. For additional information write Kessler Corporation, C-128, Fremont, Ohio.

FRANCHISING

AMAZING NEW WAY to own your Own Business. Send for Free copy. Modern Franchising Magazine, 549 W. Washington, Chicago 6B, Ill.

YOU DISCOVER

how to earn extra money in spare-time by writing for FREE information: **MACFADDEN-BARTELL CORP., 205 E. 42 St., N. Y. 17, N. Y.**

POEMS WANTED

To Be Set To Music

Send one or more of your best poems today for FREE EXAMINATION. Any Subject. Immediate Consideration. **Phonograph Records Made**

CROWN MUSIC CO., 49 W. 32 St., Studio 164, New York 1

which the Colts lost by only one touchdown. Unitas recalls that Ewbank said, "I don't think we've been throwing the ball deep enough."

"I don't want to speak out of turn, Weeb, or show disrespect," Unitas said, "but you've been telling me all year, 'Keep the ball short. Don't throw it deep.' If it was up to me, if I had my way about it, I'd throw the ball long eight or nine times a game because you're going to hit one or two."

When you talk to Ewbank, who was hired last spring to rebuild the New York Jets of the American Football League, he says, "Our basic philosophy never changed. We throw short and the long ones come. Defenses changed. Teams made greater penetrations and forced us to make John go back further. It cut down on his throwing time. Raymond Berry was taking longer to execute his patterns. Defensive linemen got bigger and narrowed the throwing lanes. The pass protection wasn't as good, particularly in the backfield, so we didn't have time to go for the long ball."

"Now, John is great on the long pass. I mean he just doesn't throw it. He's a long 'passer.' But he's also been hurt for two years. First his hand, then his back."

Ewbank is reluctant to get in a verbal sparring match with his former quarterback. "I like to take credit for making the guy," says the man who trained Johnny. "You know, some coaches didn't want him. If Johnny has a fault, it's that he won't tell you when he's hurt."

On the business of avoiding Lane on pass patterns, Ewbank shrugs and notes that Night Train had hurt the Colts a couple of times with interceptions, that game strategy was based on the fact that they could beat the Lions' other halfback, so what sense did it make to attack them at their strong point.

Unitas' efficiency, Weeb says, began to slide after Johnny took a severe physical beating from the Chicago Bears a couple of years ago. The after-effects weren't physical timidity. "John just seemed to lose confidence in the line after that," says Weeb. "They didn't coordinate between themselves. The line coaches complained and said he was taking too much time to throw."

Baltimore's offensive line from tackle to tackle is virtually the same as the one on their championship squads. It hasn't been hurt by age since Alex Sandusky, at 31, is the oldest regular. So how do you account for the way they've sloughed off? Maybe, it has been suggested, the Colts aren't hungry enough, maybe they lose the close ones because they don't put extra effort in their work. Against Green Bay last year, they had five different first-down situations within the ten-yard line and failed to score each time.

"The guys forget to concentrate on what they do," said Unitas. "They get up there and blow an assignment. This guy'll blow one. Next play someone else will blow one. Instead of everybody just dropping dead on one play, they take turns. Consequently, I'm on my rear end all day long."

"What're you going to do? I talk to 'em. I holler at 'em. I tell 'em, 'Goddam, pay attention to what you're doing.' It runs right off the top of their heads."

Baltimore's swift pass-receiver, Jimmy Orr, from his position on the

flank, has been a detached observer of Unitas' troubles. Orr suggests that John isn't tough enough on the guys. Unitas' tremendous self-confidence has always been transformed into leadership, but he's not a Bobby Layne type, a top-sergeant taskmaster. "I'm not built that way," Unitas said.

"John doesn't want to be different than anybody else, with special favors," says Orr. "He wants to sit around and be one of the crowd, treated all alike. But a quarterback is different. He can't be one of the boys."

It must be getting through to Unitas. He shows an impatience that could mean a crackdown this year.

"I'm tired of patting 'em on the butt," he said. "Tired of begging them to do this and that. That's for the birds. I got to go out and do what's necessary, like blocking. The man next to me should do the same thing. There's no priority for anybody. Ten other guys go along with the quarterback. He's only as good as the men standing in front of him. If they don't give me time to do my job, forget it."

Late last year Unitas began to get tougher. One back kept complaining he was hurt. John turned to him in the huddle and said, "You okay? If not, get your butt out and send me someone I can use."

"I've always been that way," John

told me. "I used to send guys out of games in high school. Give me any lip, I told him to get out of there. I probably humiliated one kid. He started to give me a lot of horse manure. I told him, 'Get off the field.' He come running out and the coach says, 'What are you doing here?'"

"The kid answers, 'John sent me out.'"

The coaching switch on the Colts brings back a climate Unitas used to thrive in, a climate which will allow him greater authority on the field. Ewbank's successor is Don Shula, who was a defensive back on the 1956 team. When Shula's appointment was announced in January, Unitas was in Los Angeles practicing for the Pro Bowl. Shula quickly phoned the quarterback. "I'd make you an assistant coach, too," Shula said. "Only you got too much to do. How well I do as a coach depends on how well you do as a quarterback."

Shula's plan is to control the preparations and let Unitas control the game. Both men hope they will be able to bring Baltimore back to its 1958 and 1959 prominence, a prominence that ended abruptly just when the Colts seemed at the peak of their collective talent.

Since 1959, Baltimore has won exactly two more games than it lost. The skid of the Colts and/or Unitas began in 1960 when they seemed headed for an unprecedented third straight National Football League championship. Baltimore led the Western Conference with a 6-2 record going into a November game with San Francisco. The 49ers were behind late in the fourth quarter but won, in an upset, with a long pass play and lateral. It started with a third-string quarterback, Bobby Waters, and ended with a substitute rookie end, Dee Mackey.

Next came Detroit. With ten seconds to go, Lenny Moore skidded on his belly and grabbed a long pass from Unitas in the end zone for what seemed like a 15-13 win. Fans overran the field, and the cops sent them off. Detroit still had one chance at the ball and capitalized on it. Two Colt defenders banged into each other, leaving Lion end Jim Gibbons free over the middle and he caught a 65-yard touchdown pass from Earl Morrall.

That killed the Colts. They lost the next two on the West Coast and sank to fourth place with a 6-6 record. Nobody blamed Unitas, though. In the Detroit disaster, fullback Alan Ameche had torn the Achilles' tendon on his right heel and had been lost for the season. "You lose a guy like that," said Unitas, "you can't replace him. The Horse was a tremendous blocker as a fullback. And he was also a great runner. They couldn't key on me alone. They'd have to watch for Ameche slipping up the middle on a draw or taking a screen."

In the third game of the 1961 season, Unitas dislocated the middle finger of his throwing hand. "The thing swelled up so much," John said, "that I couldn't put any pressure on the ball to hold it. The first two fingers are most important in guiding a pass. Without pressure on it, the ball sometimes just flew away. It took off like a pitcher throwing a fastball. On the handoffs I would get it hit every play. It stayed sore and swollen all the time."

The Colts lost four of their next games. Although Unitas didn't miss

if he lived next door
WOULD YOU
HELP?



Open your door...to the
53 minute march
UNITED CEREBRAL PALSY



a minute of action and completed a career high of 229 passes in 420 attempts, his work suffered. His touchdown throws were cut in half, from a peak of 32 in 1959 to 16 in '61. He had 24 passes intercepted, double his norm.

Other things were happening to the Colts, too. Raymond Berry had a knee operation before the start of the '61 season, missed the first two games and didn't catch a touchdown pass all year. Two years earlier he had caught 12 touchdown passes. Jim Mutscheller, the invaluable tight end, played out his last season on limping legs. The offensive line missed the leadership of left guard Art Spinney, who had retired. Baltimore couldn't find a full-back replacement who could come close to matching Ameche's overall skills. Lenny Moore, the most feared flanker in the league, had to stay in the running back position because the Colts didn't have another dependable ball-carrier.

These changes affected Unitas' performance with the Colts, but not his basic abilities. He proved that in the Pro Bowl in January, 1962. The West team, losing 30-24, got the ball on the East 41-yard-line with a minute and a half left in the game. Unitas threw 15 yards over the middle to Mike Ditka, then gained 14 more yards with a flair pass to Lenny Moore. Moore squirmed for the sidelines to stop the clock but couldn't make it. Johnny quickly huddled the West and threw the ball into the ground to stop the second hand on the clock at 10. There was time for one more play.

John called a slant pattern to Ditka in the end zone. He rolled out to his right and looked for the end. All he saw was a wall of red East jerseys. From John's left, or blind side, defensive end Andy Robustelli of the Giants charged in. He grabbed the quarterback's ankles. It looked like Unitas had to go down. But a split second later he was up, Andy was down, and on the run Unitas threw to Jon Arnett, standing alone in a corner of the end zone. Arnett caught the ball for the winning touchdown.

"There is only one quarterback who could have made that play," said Elroy Hirsch, then general manager of the Rams. "And you saw him."

But in the 1962 season a strange conservatism gripped Unitas and took away his excitement as a quarterback. There was a game in San Francisco on November 4 for example, that, said the local phrasemakers, threatened to bring back college football. The Colts won, 22-3, but were so uninspired that owner Rosenbloom, sitting next to me during the game, threatened to strangle the coach every time Unitas handed off to another back diving into the line. It was an afternoon of many threats. The Colts ran the ball 42 times from scrimmage. Unitas threw 17 times, mostly on third downs. The halftime score was 5-3. Until Lenny Moore caught a six-yard pass in the end zone in the third quarter, the Colts came within 49 seconds of playing eight straight quarters of National League football without scoring a touchdown.

Such dull signal-calling didn't fit Unitas' image. "I'm not a conservative type player," he said. "I can't worry whether my passes are going to be good. Otherwise I'd keep the s.o.b. on the ground all day and let someone else take the criticism. You've got to do something to break the routine, to let them know—'Hell, I

can't count on this guy for a down-and-in every time there's a third-and-five situation.' I've got to play a little cautious, maybe watch for a down-and-out takeoff or down-and-in takeoff or boom, straight back."

Unitas was talking about the different pass routines a defensive back has to guard against. He was a pioneer in throwing the outlandish pass at the most unexpected time, like on third down with a half yard to go. His success at making such daring maneuvers work had made him a superstar. And around the National Football League people believe he can still make the maneuvers work.

"I still rate Johnny the finest quarterback in the game," says Harland Svare, coach of the Los Angeles Rams. "I don't believe he has lost a thing. What else can you say about the greatest? He called a beautiful play against us in the Coliseum last November, a draw when we least expected it."

The Colts had a fourth down and goal-to-go on the Ram nine-yard line. Faking a pass, Unitas ran fullback Mark Smolinski up the middle on a delay. "Nobody even looked at him," John said, laughing. "They knew we were going to pass. Definitely. In fact, Weeb had even sent a pass in."

"Johnny looked every bit as good to me as ever," says Bill McPeak, coach of the Washington Redskins. "The distinction between him and other quarterbacks is that he is physically more a part of every contest. He's not looking to eat the ball or throw a harmless incompleting if the pocket is invaded. He's more willing to take off and find a secondary spot to throw from, to sacrifice himself. I have to rank him first in the league. A few have better arms at this stage (like Norm Snead, Sonny Jurgensen, Y.A. Tittle, Billy Wade), but none combine his savvy, reflexes and great spirit as a competitor."

The Colts' new coach, Shula, was Detroit's defensive coach the last three years. "We were scared to death of Johnny," he says. And, of his new job, Shula says, "Who else can start with a Unitas in his first year? He'll be in complete charge on the field and incorporate his thinking and experience into our offensive planning."

Unitas' shoulder sprain cleared up. He will once more have complete command on the field. He will no longer be able to use excuses to squelch the rumors that he's washed up. He will have to use his skill.

— ■ —



FOUND MONEY

If you want to find an easy way to make extra money regularly, mail to the address below today.

We will send you FREE information, showing you how to make \$50, \$60, \$70 regularly, in your spare time, by helping us take orders for magazine subscriptions. It's easy to do. No experience needed. We supply everything you need FREE. Send today for information. There is no obligation. Address:

SPORT
205 East 42 St.,
New York 17, N. Y.

Chamberlayne JUNIOR COLLEGE
CO-ED. IN BACK BAY, BOSTON.
Est. 1892
2-YEAR PROGRAMS:
• Liberal Arts • Bus. Adm. • Advertising-Sales-Marketing • Accounting • Technical
• IBM DATA PROCESSING LAB.
• Retailing • Interior Design • Secretarial
Dormitories • Social/Recreational Activities
FOR CATALOG WRITE: J. H. CLARKE
128 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.



BURIED TREASURE & RELICS

Powerful electronic M-SCOPE locates hidden loot, gold, silver, coins, etc. Used world-wide by experienced explorers since 1932. Transistorized, lightweight. Terms. Guaranteed. Write for FREE illustrated booklet of fascinating customer reports.

FISHER RESEARCH LAB., INC.
Dept. 15E, Palo Alto, Calif.

SONG IDEAS NEEDED

Songwriters with publisher contacts need song ideas—in any form. Share Royalties. More than \$50,000,000 earned by Songwriters in 1962. Free examination—send ideas NOW!

SONGWRITERS' ASSOCIATES
Studio 15A, 1650 Broadway, New York 19, N.Y.

Get to the Root of Athlete's Foot

RINGWORM, OTHER FUNGUS INFECTIONS

with NP-27®

Doctors in two leading clinics proved NP-27 clears up athlete's foot, ringworm and other fungus infections, often in as little as 7 days!

NP-27 Liquid and NP-27 Cream contain Tergitol Penetrant, the penetrating ingredient . . . to penetrate deep, under skin surface, and root out fungus—the cause of athlete's foot. NP-27 works where many remedies cannot reach. Stops itch fast, re-

lieves pain, promotes healthy tissue. New NP-27 Cream helps heal and soften dried, peeling skin, helps stop athlete's foot from spreading. NP-27 Medicated Powder soothes chafing soreness, guards against new infections, helps keep feet healthy!

Get NP-27 Liquid . . . Cream . . . Powder. Effective relief guaranteed—or druggist will refund your money.

THE BURDEN OF BOOG POWELL

(Continued from page 31)

post cards to the family back home in Rochester. She was a shy, soft-spoken girl who didn't know a shin splint from a muscle strain when she met her husband at a party. He was the boy wonder of Rochester then. And afterwards, in Baltimore, she didn't know whether she'd married a ball-player or a band-aid.

"First," she said, warming up, "he ran into a wall in Detroit. He was beamed in New York. He was spiked in Cleveland. He hurt his shoulder diving for a ball in Kansas City and he couldn't throw for a while. He also suffered bronchial spasms in Chicago. And then he had trouble with his shins.

"I don't," she sighed, "ever want to go through anything like that again."

When it was over Powell had hit 15 home runs and batted .243, hardly what people had expected. But he still had his supporters. "I don't care who writes what," Lee MacPhail, the Oriole president, said this spring. "That was not a bad rookie year for a boy who was 21 years old, who was learning to play a new position and who had to walk around with all that publicity on his shoulders."

"You never know," says Sisler. "Who can be sure in this crazy business? But it seems to me it proved he can do it. All I know is that the year before I saw him get nine hits in a doubleheader. He's a lefthanded hitter and he put three in the seats and picked up three doubles—all off lefthanded pitching."

But to Powell who lived it, 1962 was a long, hard, frustrating experience. "I'd get depressed because I kept bouncing in and out of the lineup and most of the time it was nobody's fault. In the beginning, I didn't hit." Whitey Ford welcomed him to the big leagues by striking him out on three pitches his first time at the Stadium that season. "I was so nervous and upset he could have thrown a watermelon up there and I would have missed it.

"But later on, every time I started to go good I'd get hurt and I'd be on the bench and then I'd have to start all over again."

Trying to make the most of each ambulatory moment that long summer, John Powell stumbled onto the beginning of his maturity. He started coming to the park early for extra hitting and Billy Hitchcock, his manager, began to notice it.

Hitchcock got in the habit of cranking up his semi-active arm on occasion and pitching to Powell. At night there were long talks about the care, culture and development of youngsters with size, potential and the need for a little faith.

These things helped. But nothing alleviated the natural tendency for John Powell to keep looking over his shoulder for that next wall, that flu bug, that next ticket to the bench. He pressed and so it read .243 when the season ended.

"I think," Powell said, cautiously looking around the hotel room, "that everything started to change in Puerto Rico." The Orioles sent him to play with Mayaguez in Puerto Rico after the '62 season and urged him to look for self-confidence and the strike zone. "I used to stand on the sidelines with a bat in my hand," he said,

"and watch other hitters take pitches. I'd try to call each one a ball or strike in my mind. I guess it helped because I found myself hitting the ball regularly. I didn't play a lot there but some nights I'd get three or four hits."

He hit regularly enough to bat .295. His legs, unfortunately, still triggered little darts of pain up his shin bones and for that reason he played first base most of the time, not the outfield where his Oriole future lay.

"Shin splints," Powell said, sitting up and rubbing his leg bones reflectively, "just happen. Nobody seems to be able to tell me why or how. Somebody said it was because of my size but I never had them before. All I know is that they hurt like hell but this year they've disappeared and I'd rather not know any more about them."

There was also a slight modification in Powell's stance which the purists will appreciate. In Rochester, against minor-league pitching, he was a crowding, fighting kind of swinger. This spring he shifted to a slight spread which he feels has helped.

But this is a niggling sort of adjustment and the results would be negligible if John Wesley Powell hadn't begun to identify the strike zone during the winter.

"Hey," he said suddenly, "I'll tell you a funny story that happened dur-



Shirley Temple Black

GIVE HOPE!
MS
MULTIPLE SCLEROSIS
HOPE CHEST

Send contributions to MS c/o Postmaster

ing the winter." His sudden outgoing attitude was surprising. He laughs easily but he is shy with strangers. This is a throwback to his high-school days, where he was preoccupied with the duties involved in living up to his reputation. ("He was," said his old coach, Beckman, "a big, easy-going kid, but we remember him more for his ability and his appetite than his conversation.")

"We were in Panama for the Caribbean World Series," Powell said, "and somebody had lined up a mess of fireworks on top of one of the dugouts. I'm not sure how it happened but early in the game, they shot off by mistake. I didn't know what it was. All I heard was the noise and I figured somebody was shooting at me so I dove on my belly and covered my head with my hands."

And now there was John Powell, who had shin splints all over North America, spike wounds, bruises and colds, crawling around in the Panamanian dust and suddenly struck with the ridiculous thought that maybe everything was going to end right there, a passport away from Baltimore's Municipal Stadium.

"But it was nothing but the fireworks," he said grinning. "I guess we were lucky at that. A base coach lost an ear lobe."

"Well," a visitor wondered, "you have a new batting stance and new health and new confidence. Do you realize that maybe you still have an old problem? You had the buildup as a rookie and you've got it again and isn't it just possible that the old pressure is going to be there all over again?"

Janet Powell stopped writing post cards and looked at her husband. He thought for a moment, then said:

"I don't think so. The first year is over. I don't think you can let things you read about yourself upset you after that."

"And did it get you before?"

"No . . . well, maybe a little if you're human. I don't think it should now, though. They're giving me my chance. Now it's just up to me to go out and try to do it."

Long ago, at least in relation to John Powell's 22 years, the Giants had an outfielder named Johnny Rucker, who got the big buildup as a rookie and as a second-year man and as a third-year man, and who stuck around five or six years but never had the real big one they were looking for. Conversely, there have been the bonus babies, who tucked their money silently into the bank and melted away.

Neither situation is analogous. For one thing, Rucker lacked the magnificent physical equipment which Boog Powell is beginning to learn to master. For another, the vanishing bonus babies were never around long enough to learn the lesson of the busses.

This is no small part of a ball-player's education. Larry Jansen, who came up the long way with the Giants and is now their pitching coach, expresses it best. "That kid," somebody once said of a big bonus pitcher who stepped into the majors and ultimately faltered, "needs a good spanking," Jansen smiled. "No, I think he just needs to ride the busses."

John Powell took his bonus as a young, eager high-school graduate in 1959 and rode the busses for two years. He rode them first at Bluefield, West Virginia, in the Appalachian League where, he says, "we had two-and-a-half weeks of spring training. I guess I expected glamour. It was a lot different. But you know, a Kaline or somebody like that can jump right in the majors. In my case I think this way was best, finding what it's all about. I think it will help me in the long run."

His second year was in a place called Fox Cities in the Three-I League.

"We had a 27-passenger bus," he says, "and we carried 25 men and all the equipment. Between Appleton, Wisconsin, and Lincoln, Nebraska, we drove 19 hours non-stop. I guess that's the only time I began to wonder about the whole thing. Mostly you get bored but sometimes, when you're going bad, it gets a little depressing too."

There was, of course, an added item which compounded Powell's emergence as a major-leaguer. The Orioles, at some long-forgotten command meeting, had decided to make him a first-baseman and at Clearwater, Florida, one spring, Eddie Robinson pointed to the bag and said: "This is what it looks like and here's how you play it." Then he proceeded to hit him 150 ground balls each day.

The education continued until the spring of 1962 when Powell reported to camp, picked up the newspaper

and discovered that all he had to do to knock down a job with the Orioles was to claim it. The job, the paper said, was in the Baltimore outfield. The transition has been gradual. For one thing, a 6-3, 235-pound outfielder is not exactly common garden variety. The moves do not come easy but he works at them.

"I'll admit," Powell says, "that I'm not the fastest outfielder in the league but I think I'm getting better. I want to learn and I hope I am. Now I think of myself as an outfielder."

Part of any learning process is repetition. You do not catch line drives or throw to a relay man from the bench and Hitchcock's decision to give Powell the full ride has been a tremendous help both in learning the job and dusting off that shiny new confidence.

Here again there was immediate evidence that 1963 is indeed a fine

new year for Boog Powell. The day before the season opened, Hitchcock had decided to go with Joe Gaines in the outfield for the first game.

But on that same day, the Orioles played their final exhibition game of the spring against the Mets in Baltimore. Joe Gaines put one in the seats to win that game but rounding first base something went zing. With luck, pluck and a tail wind, Gaines was able to limp across home plate. But he became the first major-leaguer on record to homer himself out of the starting lineup and John Powell opened the season in the Baltimore outfield.

"It makes a difference," Powell says, "going to the park and knowing that you're going to play."

But even when he wasn't playing, he was conspicuous. "People from all over the country kept writing to me not to get discouraged," he said in his

hotel room. "It was all good mail . . . you know . . . keep trying and stuff like that."

"Tell him about your family reunion," Janet said, giggling.

"Oh, well, I got a letter from a guy way out in Oklahoma somewhere who had a brother. They were named Powell and he said his brother had named his kids Boog and Shig. He wanted to know if I was his nephew. I wasn't. I know all my family."

"You can't miss them," Janet explained. "There's Charley. He's big and he signed a contract and he's in the minors. Then there's Carl Taylor, his step-brother, the Pirates signed him. And then there's Richard."

Richard Powell is 13 years old. He is five feet, five inches tall and he weighs 165 pounds.

Naturally, he is the biggest kid on the block.

— ■ —

THE IMPORTANCE OF PRIDE IN SPORTS

(Continued from page 26)

Hoak sat upright. He spat out purple, lavender, and scarlet exclamations at the reporter, concluding, "I'm a professional. I get paid to hit."

So far as Hoak is concerned, to be a professional is much more than to receive a salary for playing. There comes to mind an evening when Hoak, standing in front of the dugout during batting practice, suddenly turned on a teammate who appeared big enough to break him in half. Hoak bawled him out and chased him into the dugout. The player's crime had been that he had walked onto the field capless. To Hoak's way of thinking, pros dress the part or they become bushers.

Most athletes, of course, are sufficiently proud of themselves if they are merely able to hold a job in the big time, but here and there one runs across a performer who regards himself as nothing unless he is winning championships. Quarterback Bobby Layne, who retired this year, put it this way:

"You can spot a winner the way he walks down the street. When you're a winner you don't have to park your car yourself; somebody parks it for you. When you're not a winner you have to stand in line for picture shows, but when you're a winner you go in the back door with the manager."

Layne hated standing in line for picture shows as no athlete I have known. The New York Yankees stand in line less than anyone in sports, except perhaps the Boston Celtics, and if the public has been told once, it has been told a thousand times by Yankee players that nobody can really understand what being a Yankee means until he has put on those Yankee pinstripes. I have not put them on myself so perhaps I should not say that it is nonsense to suggest that average players become outstanding by changing into a New York uniform. Nevertheless, the reason they become outstanding is that they are continually surrounded and complemented by such excellent players as one might expect so wealthy an organization to have. Today many organizations are wealthy and it remains to be seen whether vertically lined flannel will suffice to carry the Yankees to great heights. Let us not mix up pride with haberdashery.

The fact is, everything is relative and a guy can take as much pride in winning a pennant for Keokuk as for New York. A man named Bob Rice actually did—he managed Keokuk to its first championship of the Class D Mississippi Valley League in 1931 and he was button-popping proud when the fans held a special night for him at the ballpark and presented him with a seven-piece set of sterling silver. "Of course, a little of the glow of victory had worn off by then," says Rice. He was given the special night 19 years after he had won the pennant. "They don't like to rush things in Keokuk," he explains.

If ballplayers were not such proud people life would be more pleasant for sportswriters. Pride breeds sensitivity, and ballplayers are as touchy as symphony conductors about the reviews given them by the press. (Both symphony conductors and ballplayers frequently claim they never read their reviews, but newspaper boys will tell you they stand on the front porch in their bathrobes waiting for the morning paper.) In any case, Billy Loes, the eccentric pitcher, was never accused of displaying excessive pride in his work; quite the contrary, Billy once expressed horror at the thought of winning 20 games, because then he might be expected to win 30 the next year. Still, Billy was more or less proud of his lack of pride and refused to renounce his indifference. On the eve of a World Series between the Yankees and Dodgers, he was quoted in the newspapers as predicting the Yankees would win in six games. This caused a certain amount of sharp comment in the Dodger front office, particularly because Billy at that time pitched for the Dodgers. Anyhow, when he saw the newspapers he screamed that he had been misquoted.

"I did not say the Yankees would win in six," he declared. "I said they would win in seven."

One shudders to think what violence might have happened to Billy had he been working for Fred Hutchinson, the well-known dealer in thrown furniture. Hutch puts considerable store in pride, as Don Newcombe learned when he pitched for him at Cincinnati. Newk had his heart set on seeing the theater telecast of a championship fight between Floyd

Patterson and Ingemar Johansson and was sorely disturbed when Hutch scheduled him to pitch a mid-season exhibition game the night of the fight. He behaved rather badly on the field. He shouted his displeasure and slammed a bat on home plate and pitched so lackadaisically that the Reds' front office received nasty letters from fans. Newk, however, was not around to read them. For Hutch had yanked him from the game, chased him into the clubhouse, and then gotten rid of him on waivers. Hutch said something to the effect that exhibition or no exhibition, nobody on his club would get away with showing so little pride in his big-league status.

Hutch, however, does not attach as much importance to major-league behavior as did one of his Cincinnati predecessors, Rogers Hornsby. Like Roberto Clemente, Hornsby loved baseball and therefore had great pride in the game; he objected to seeing it befouled by the presence of anyone who amounted to less than what he expected of a major-leaguer. Unfortunately, this eliminated all but about six players in the entire Western Hemisphere. So high were Hornsby's standards that one night he yanked pitcher Herman Wehmeier out of batting practice for, of all things, wildness. Hornsby said Wehmeier was disgracing him.

But Wehmeier, too, had a little pride. He marched to the edge of the dugout, in which Hornsby sat, and dared the manager to come out, offering in no uncertain terms to unscrew his head. Hornsby, getting along in years, remained where he was, merely saying over and over: "Wehmeier, you're wilder than an outhouse rat. You're wilder than an outhouse rat."

Pride, of course, has been called one of the seven deadly sins, because it may take distorted shapes that cause man's downfall. In its healthiest sense it takes the form of self-respect, a word nicely used by A.J. Liebling, the erudite boxing reporter, to describe the performance of Ezzard Charles against Rocky Marciano. When Marciano floored Charles for the first time, Liebling had the feeling that Charles would stay down just as an unenthusiastic Jersey Joe Walcott had stayed down when clouted by The Rock. "But he didn't," Liebling later wrote of Charles. "He had too much self-respect. However, he didn't take the count of nine, to which he

was entitled, and this may have been because he didn't trust his self-respect that far."

Some athletes have trusted their self-respect too far. And when they do their pride becomes obstinacy, which is fatal. Robin Roberts, even in his notable pitching years with the Phillies, constantly was bombed for home runs because, many baseball men believed, he refused to knock down batters. Roberts took the virtuous position that if he had to throw at batters to stay in the big leagues he did not belong there—that his fast-ball, of which he was mighty proud, was good enough to win games without being aimed in the direction of a batter's head. Consequently, batters dug in and hit home runs off him. Even when age overtook Roberts and he began to slide pathetically, he refused all advice that he change his style and resort to deceptive junk pitches. Shuffled from the Phillies to the Yankees to the Orioles, he finally abandoned his exaggerated pride last year and became once again a winning pitcher.

In its worst form, even worse than obstinacy, pride becomes vanity. Shakespeare, in much of his writings, belittled him whose pride runs to vanity. Where does the one end and the other begin? Well, it is fine that Don Hoak insists major-leaguers should dress in full uniform but it is vanity when a major-leaguer becomes carried away by his manly image. At Detroit, Reno Bertoia once had a roommate who lifted weights and considered himself a sparkling athletic specimen. One night the two men got into a bitter argument. "Listen," said Bertoia. "If you don't shut up, I'll break every mirror in this room."

But we are talking here of honest, healthy pride—not of obstinacy or vanity, but of an emotion that some few men today feel down in their gut and act upon. Bob Cousy was no longer a spry kid in 1960 when it was being said that the Cincinnati rookie Oscar Robertson was challenging Cousy's long reign as ruler of professional basketball's backcourt men. The night Robertson came to play in the Boston Garden for the first time, Cousy sat in the locker room before the game and said:

"It's pride. I've thought about it all

week long and talked to myself about it. 'Better get yourself up, Bob. Better be at your best, Bob. Oscar's coming to town to play in your arena before your crowd for the first time.'"

Cousy made his aging legs work that night. He outscored Robertson, 27 to 25. He would not continue to outscore him in the future, but he had to show Robertson this one time that strong kings are not deposed easily.

If an artist were to paint a picture of pride on canvas, he could find his model by looking at the video tape of last year's Archie Moore-Cassius Clay fight. Clay, having predicted he would knock out the great old Mongoose in the fourth round, had floored him in the third and was clearly en route to fulfilling his prediction. Moore knew it, too. He was very old and without strong legs; all he had left was his pride. A few years earlier there were cynics who had cried fix when he was knocked out by Floyd Patterson, but such a charge was preposterous for two reasons: First, had Moore won the heavyweight title from Patterson, he would have made far more money in the long run than he could have possibly won by illicitly betting on Patterson. Secondly, it is impossible to believe that a man of Moore's giant ego would willingly lose to the likes of Patterson after having spent decades fighting all over the world to at last win the recognition he had all the time deserved. Now, the fourth round was coming up and Archie was going to be knocked out by Clay, a flip 20-year-old kid.

The Mongoose did not sit between rounds. He stood, turning his back to Clay's corner. He lifted his arms and rested his elbows on the ropes. His chest heaved for breath and sweat ran heavily down his forehead and dropped over his watery eyes. His lips drawn tight over his mouthpiece, the old man held his head high and fixed a burning gaze on the jammed Los Angeles arena, seeing thousands of faces silhouetted in the dimness but seeing no one, really—seeing rather the dim faces that had cheered him in Tasmania, Cordova, and North Adams, Massachusetts, over two and a half decades. This was pride in a cameo. Then the bell rang and the old man heaved his chest hard for one last breath and turned and went out and

took his beating until, after three knockdowns, he could arise no more.

Sports, some tell us, are for kids, not grown men. Certainly we ought not to take games too seriously. Yet this is the age of the pension and the unemployment check, the age of inferior quality and don't-careism, and strangely, a lot of hairy ballplayers whose work is not particularly elevating in the usual sense stand a cut above the mob. You don't produce quality, you don't stay in the big leagues. There is no job security program to guarantee a few more years of work, no helping hand to the man who slips. Early Wynn is classic proof.

Last year he needed only eight more pitching victories to become one of the few men in history to win 300. He had a beautiful home in Florida, a swimming pool, a boathouse, and sound investments. He also had gout in his elbow, his hand, and his knee. But this was a bear of a pitcher who had as much pride as anybody who ever put on a uniform, and he wanted those eight more wins so badly that he lay on the floor while his wife ran a rolling pin up and down his legs to toughen the muscles. He won seven.

He went to the Chicago White Sox training camp again last spring, 43 years old. He could not win a job. As the season began he was begging every club in baseball to give him a shot at one more win, the 300th. As this is written, a club has yet to give him the shot. In the big sports there are no handouts, and that is why those guys on the back of bubble-gum cards really do have something to be proud of. But hark! What voices are these we now hear?

They are the voices of ballplayers beginning to ask the government for special tax concessions. Their bonus money stuffed away in the bank, their salaries generous for a half-year's work, their business investments and capital gains accumulating, their middle-age careers already being plotted and fashioned in the off-season, they are saying they need special tax favors because they cannot play ball forever. They should hush up. They should value their pride, hard won, and then they will truly stand out in the age of gimme as American heroes.

— ■ —

THE AMERICAN LEAGUE MANAGERS' SECRET PLAYER RATINGS

(Continued from page 11)

arm. Hasn't hit yet, but he's young, intelligent and improving.

9—WOODIE HELD, Cleveland. Playing a new position. Strong arm will help him on double play. Sound ballplayer, good long-ball hitter.

10—MARV BREEDING and CHUCK COTTIER, Washington. Breeding better hitter of two. Cottier better fielder. Neither has exceptional all-round skills.

THIRD-BASEMEN

1—BROOKS ROBINSON, Baltimore. A superlative performer. Good field, good hit, highly competitive, adept baserunner. Startling fielder who makes every play. No one in league better at charging topped grounders.

2—CLETE BOYER, New York. Earned

one less first-place vote than Robinson. Excellent fielder. Can make diving stop, then throw runner out from prone position. Exceptional arm. Improving at bat. Latent power.

3—RICH ROLLINS, Minnesota. Rated a better hitter than fielder. Has fair power at bat, but must learn to hit to right field. Average baserunner. Very determined to improve.

4—FRANK MALZONE, Boston. Best in league a few years ago, but has slipped. Has good power. Smart fielder. Good hands. Good at fielding bunts.

5—BUBBA PHILLIPS, Detroit. Good hitter who won't give in to pitcher. Aggressive in field. Better-than-average speed on the bases.

6—ED CHARLES, Kansas City. Dangerous hitter. Good power. Has to improve fielding. Fairly good on bases.

7—FELIX TORRES, Los Angeles. Adequate fielder and good clutch hitter. Improving as breaking-ball hitter, but better at hitting fastballs.

8—PETE WARD, Chicago. Rated a "can't-miss" prospect by 80 percent of the managers. Excellent hitter. Has to improve his fielding.

9—MAX ALVIS, Cleveland. Doesn't have Ward's batting skill, but is a better fielder than Pete. Potentially good long-ball threat. Good hustler.

10—Washington. When Chuck Hinton (see rightfielders) plays here, Washington gets a No. 5 rating on his hitting alone. Otherwise, no rating.

SHORTSTOPS

1—LUIS APARICIO, Baltimore. Still the best despite off-year in 1962. Excellent fielder: strong arm, exceptional

speed, exceptional range to either side. Best base stealer in league. Dangerous hitter.

2—TONY KUBEK, New York. Close runnerup to Aparicio. Hits ball sharply and consistently. Highly intelligent and competitive. Makes play in hole as well as anybody in baseball. Fast on bases. A while ago he couldn't hit low breaking pitches, but he is improving.

3—ZOILO VERSALLES, Minnesota. Up-and-coming star at his position. In many ways, has the same talents as Aparicio. Not big but has amazing home-run power. Best fielding potential in the league. Has speed on bases.

4—DICK HOWSER, Kansas City. Fair hitter but compensates by star-sized contributions in field and on the bases. One of best base stealers in league.

5—EDDIE BRESSOUD, Boston. Steady take-charge player who leads by example. Has right kind of swing to hit well in Fenway Park.

6—RON HANSEN, Chicago. Had one great year, but hasn't been able to match it. Excellent range to either side. Good arm. Good power. Lacks consistency.

7—DICK McAULIFFE, Detroit. An aggressive hitter. Will look bad on a pitch first time at bat, then hit same pitch safely next time up. Needs to improve fielding. Feeling is that he will.

8—JIM FREGOSI, Los Angeles. One of best young infielders in the league. Quick hands. Gets the ball away fast. Showed good batting potential last year (.291 in 58 games).

9—TONY MARTINEZ, Cleveland. Rookie has fine minor-league record and great natural talent. Exceptional range to either side and hits well. Man to watch.

10—EDDIE BRINKMAN, Washington. Fringe big leaguer. Fair fielder. Must prove he can hit in major leagues (batted .165 last year).

LEFTFIELDERS

1—TOM TRESH, New York. Biggest surprise in the balloting. Managers say his versatility and switch-hitting power make him No. 1 over such established stars as Rocky Colavito and Harmon Killebrew. Good fielder. Exceptional baserunner. Accurate arm. Very determined.

2—ROCKY COLAVITO, Detroit. Tremendous batting power. Great throwing arm. Not fast in field but gets good jump on the ball and is sure-handed. Always a threat to break up a game with a home run.

3—HARMON KILLEBREW, Minnesota. One manager predicts he will hit 62 home runs. Spectacular power but won't hit much for average. Poor fielder.

4—TITO FRANCONA, Cleveland. Solid ballplayer. Good hitter. Skilled at hitting to opposite field. Fair in field. Poor arm.

5—CARL YASTRZEMSKI, Boston. Could become a star. Has improved every year. Now beginning to hit left-

handers. Pulling the ball with power. Good arm. Good fielder.

6—JOHN POWELL, Baltimore. Slow in field and doesn't have much of an arm. Has home-run swing, though, and every manager rates him as an outstanding prospect.

7—GEORGE THOMAS, Los Angeles. Smooth fielder, but hasn't arrived yet as a consistent big-league hitter. Consensus is that Thomas will improve if he gets to play regularly. Good hustler.

8—CHUCK ESSEGIAN and MANNY JIMINEZ, Kansas City. Essegian plays best in the spring, say the managers. They fear him in the clutch early in the season, but not toward the end of the year. Jiminez is good, consistent hitter, but poor fielder. Poor arm. Doesn't cover much ground.

9—DON LOCK, Washington. Strikes out often but has tremendous power. Low breaking ball gives him trouble. Average fielder. Highly competitive.

10—DAVE NICHOLSON, Chicago. Could be outstanding long-ball hitter. Strikes out too much. Adequate fielder.

CENTERFIELDERS

1—MICKEY MANTLE, New York. Unanimous first-place pick. Can hit home runs from both sides of plate. Plays despite assorted aches and pains. Has outstanding on-base record. Accurate and strong arm. Feared baserunner. No better competitor in baseball.

2—JIM LANDIS, Chicago. Exceptional on defense. Very fast. Has strong arm. No player better going from first to third on hit. Has home-run power, but lacks consistency. Tends to swing at bad balls.

3—JACKIE BRANDT, Baltimore. Could be superstar if he applied himself more consistently. Lots of power. Fine outfielder. Excellent at going back for fly balls.

4—BILLY BRUTON, Detroit. One of the best all-round players in the league. Fine outfielder, but arm beginning to lose some strength. Dangerous batter. Good speed going down the line. Has trouble when pitchers jam him.

5—ALBIE PEARSON, Los Angeles. Most underrated outfielder in the league. Can beat you at bat and in the field. Has excellent power.



ENJOY 16 ISSUES
ONLY \$4.00

Save \$1.60 Under Newsstand Prices

Mail This Coupon Today
SAGA, Dept. SP 8-63
205 East 42 St., New York 17, N. Y.
Yes, Send me 16 issues of SAGA at the special price of only \$4.00.
☐ \$4 Enclosed ☐ Bill me
Name.....
(Please Print)
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....

Topps 1963 Baseball Cards

Complete set (about 600 cards)—2¢ each
Fleer Ted Williams—79 cards for 95¢
Fleer 1960 Baseball Greats (80) 95¢ set
Free 4-page price list.
WHOLESALE CARDS
346 E. 78th, Room 3A New York 21, N. Y.

FIND HIDDEN TREASURE
GOLD • SILVER • RELICS • TOOLS • PRECIOUS METALS
WITH THE WORLD FAMOUS
DETECTRON DETECTORS
POWERFUL • LIGHT WEIGHT • ULTRA-SENSITIVE • LOW COST
Write for complete detailed information. DEPT. MBB, P.O. Box 243 • SAN GABRIEL • CALIFORNIA

MAGIC IS A GREAT HOBBY
Only 10¢ starts you on the greatest thrill you ever had. It's fun mystifying others! Make money too! Get World's Greatest Magic Catalog, 160 Pages! Over 1000 Tricks, Jokes, Magic, Mysteries. Rush name, address and 10¢
10c
HOUSE OF 1000 MYSTERIES • Dept. 558-63, Monroe, Conn.

DETECTIVE PROFESSION
Opportunities everywhere for trained investigators, both men and women, private and police. Send now for free information about easy home study plan, lapel pin, certificate and rewarding future. No salesmen will call.
PROFESSIONAL INVESTIGATORS
PO Box 41197-A, Los Angeles 41, Calif.

New 'Vapor-Action' Medication kills ATHLETE'S FOOT

Just spray on FEAT®. Amazing new FEAT—with its exclusive "Vapor-Action" medication—kills Athlete's Foot fungi even without direct contact! Its medicated vapors penetrate broken skin surfaces and kill hidden fungi as it relieves itch. Helps prevent reinfection from socks and shoes as no other Athlete's Foot medication can. Also in powder form. Long lasting—inexpensive. At all drug stores.



Copyright 1963, Cellax Laboratories (Div. of Shulton)

6—LENNY GREEN, Minnesota. Average arm. Has difficulty at times in coming in for ball. Excellent leadoff batter. Better-than-average baserunner.

7—JIM PIERSALL, Washington. Has slipped at bat. Arm not feared as it used to be. Still great glove man.

8—JOSE TARTABULL, Kansas City. Outstanding speed. Better-than-average fielder. Improving batter.

9—ROMAN MEJIAS, Boston. Good power. Adequate fielder.

10—VIC DAVALILLO, Cleveland. An outstanding rookie. Has potential to become star. Speedy on the bases. Better than average in field.

RIGHTFIELDERS

1—AL KALINE, Detroit. Unanimous first-place pick. The complete ballplayer. Fiercely competitive. Can hit long ball and hit for high average. Outstanding in the field. Has great throwing arm. Exceptional speed on the bases.

2—ROGER MARIS, New York. Placed second on every ballot. Has everything Kaline has except faculty for hitting .300 consistently. Perfect home-run swing for Yankee Stadium. Strong man in clutch. Generally underrated as fielder. One of best at his position.

3—BOB ALLISON, Minnesota. Good power and capable of hitting .300. Tendency to hit in streaks. Gets very unhappy with himself when he's not hitting. Good arm. Capable fielder. Exceptional baserunner for a man his size.

4—AL SMITH, Baltimore. One of best clutch hitters in the league. Hits for good average every year because he knows how to hit the good pitchers. Good breaking-ball hitter. Adequate in field. Clever baserunner despite lack of outstanding speed.

5—CHUCK HINTON, Washington. Rated as ready to step into star class. Very dangerous hitter with good power to all fields. Described by several managers as "an outstanding new hitter." Better-than-adequate outfielder. Average arm.

6—LOU CLINTON, Boston. Can hit ball with power and consistency. Average outfielder. Fair arm.

7—LEON WAGNER, Los Angeles. Excellent home-run power. Has some trouble hitting changeups, but wallops fastball. Average fielder.

8—FLOYD ROBINSON, Chicago. Hard to pitch to. Hits ball where it's pitched and good judge of strike zone. Very fast on bases. Good fielder with accurate arm.

9—WILLIE KIRKLAND and ELLIS BURTON, Cleveland. Kirkland is a good long-ball hitter, but has tendency to swing at too many bad balls. He's a good outfielder. Burton is a newcomer. Feeling is he won't hit enough to merit steady employment. Good fielder.

10—GINO CIMOLI, Kansas City. Erratic streak hitter. Stands back from plate and pitchers have good success working in and out on him. Average fielder.

CATCHERS

1—ELSTON HOWARD, New York. Long-ball threat and reliable RBI producer. Strong arm. Apparently has corrected flaw in blocking low pitches. Slow afoot, but agile behind plate.

2—EARL BATTEY, Minnesota. Strongest and most accurate throwing arm in league. Fine on foul pops. Good at fielding topped balls in front of plate. Good long-ball hitter. Could use more batting consistency.

3—JOHN ROMANO, Cleveland. Dependable hitter. Usually hits better in the spring than during last two months of season when he appears to bog down because of overwork.

4—BOB RODGERS, Los Angeles. A switch-hitter. Best young catching prospect to come up in years. Fast afoot and has good arm. Managers say he will make rapid improvement.

5—DICK BROWN, Baltimore. Rated fifth mostly on defensive skills. Accurate arm and excellent handler of pitchers. Hits well against lefthanders.

6—CAMILO CARREON and SHERM LOLLAR, Chicago. Carreon average receiver. Fair arm. Won't do much long-ball damage. Sharp hitter and dangerous in the clutch. Lollar just about at the end of his distinguished career. Still dangerous pull hitter and one of best breaking-ball batters in league. Very slow. J.C. Martin may be best by the end of the season.

7—GUS TRIANDOS and BILL FREEHAN, Detroit. Triandos has had two off-seasons in a row. Not the hitter he used to be. Still good receiver with good arm. Freehan has a strong arm and seems to have developed as a leader. No one doubts his potential as a consistent hitter.

8—BILL BRYAN and HAYWOOD SULLIVAN, Kansas City. Bryan has long-ball potential. Poor receiver. Erratic thrower. Sullivan's receiving not rated high either. He is dangerous swinger, though, and is tough to pitch to when on a hot streak. Trouble is, he doesn't have them often enough.

9—BOB TILLMAN, Boston. Arm isn't accurate. Not good at blocking low pitches. Strong righthanded hitter.

10—KEN RETZER and DON LEPPERT, Washington. Retzer is a dependable hitter but lacks power. Fair receiver. Leppert is good receiver, throws fairly well. Should hit enough to keep himself employed.

PITCHING STAFFS

1—BALTIMORE. Has excellent group of starters. Steve Barber, Chuck Estrada, Milt Pappas and Robin Roberts rated as best starting quartet in the league. Barber, Estrada and Pappas have what all young pitchers should have—good fastballs. Barber rated the toughest lefthander in league. Stu Miller is key man in relief corps, which, with Dick Hall and Wes Stock, is rated much weaker than starting staff.

2—DETROIT. Solid starters in Jim Bunning, Hank Aguirre, Don Mossi and Frank Lary when he's healthy. Paul Foytack and Phil Regan are two

more good starters. Aguirre could be 20-game winner with his sharp control and new screwball. Extra starters make middle-line pitching more effective. Staff hurting somewhat for short relief strength in bullpen. Terry Fox is reliable reliever, but there is a tendency to overwork him.

3—NEW YORK. Rates just a shade under Baltimore and Detroit. Whitey Ford and Ralph Terry are excellent starters. Bill Stafford and Stan Williams are potential stars. Bullpen is strongest in the league with Hal Reniff, Luis Arroyo, Marshall Bridges, Jim Bouton and Steve Hamilton.

4—MINNESOTA. Solid starters in Camilo Pascual, Jim Kaat, Jim Roland and Dick Stigman. The club improved staff's balance by acquiring righthander Jim Perry from Cleveland for Jack Kralick. Needs more quality in bullpen where Ray Moore, Frank Sullivan and Joe Bonikowski are rated only average.

5—CHICAGO. Ray Herbert and Juan Pizarro are excellent starters, but club lacks depth. Joel Horlen and John Buzhardt, the third and fourth starters, are unproven. Frank Baumann has potential. Club has strong relief pitching with Hoyt Wilhelm, rated the toughest reliever in baseball, Eddie Fisher and Jim Brosnan. Dave DeBusschere and Gary Peters rated highly on potential.

6—LOS ANGELES. Ken McBride, Dean Chance and Bo Belinsky rated highly. McBride prospers most against the good clubs in league. Chance has live fastball and good control of curve and slider. Belinsky erratic but excellent when he's concentrating on baseball. Don Lee has fine potential. Relief pitching sound with Dan Osinski, Art Fowler, Jack Spring and Tom Morgan.

7—KANSAS CITY. Athletics could use more lefthanded strength. Ted Bowsfield only lefty. Ed Rakow, Diego Segui, Dave Wickersham, Dan Pfister and Orlando Pena good righthanded starters. John Wyatt and Bill Fisher good relief pitchers.

8—CLEVELAND. Dick Donovan, Jim Grant, Jack Kralick and Pedro Ramos have experience and skill, but only Donovan has been dependable. Donovan still has best slider in league, plus the control to get maximum efficiency out of the pitch. Gary Bell and Barry Latman good short relief men. Middle relief depth questionable. Sam McDowell has excellent potential.

9—BOSTON. Bill Monbouquette, Gene Conley and Earl Wilson three consistent starters. Monbouquette has fine fastball and fine curveball. Two managers say Conley is the most underrated righthander in the league since he gained confidence and control of his changeup pitches. Dave Morehead, a rookie, shows promise. Dick Radatz may soon be the best righthanded relief pitcher in the league.

10—WASHINGTON. Not much proven quality. Could use big pitcher in starting rotation as well as in bullpen. Dave Stenhouse, Don Rudolph, Ben Daniels, Tom Cheney and Claude Osteen make up starting crew. Cheney, a veteran righthander, is the best.

Shoppers Guide

The editorial portion of the SHOPPERS GUIDE is not composed of paid advertising.



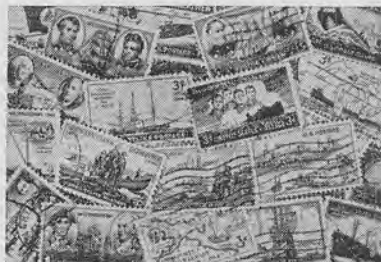
U.S.A.F. SURVIVAL MOCCASINS—Wear these without or over shoes. Soft cured deer-skin, wool foot liner, laced canvas tops. Wear 'em rolled down inside, laced up when camping, working outdoors, etc. Make feet feel great. New surplus "mukluks" fit all sizes. 1/3 Gov't. cost. Only \$2.95 ppd. Day Co., Dept. MF, Box 311, Gracie Sta., N.Y. 28.



BASEBALL FANS will prize these 2 Old Timer's baseball photo albums. More than 600 photos of favorites like Ruth, Wagner, Cobb, Williams, DiMaggio, etc., plus facts and figures. Vol. I & II both different, each \$1.50 ppd. Baseball Album, Dept. SP, 838 River Ave., Bronx 51, N.Y.



PRO-GRIP GOLF GUIDES wrap around club handles, give never-failing guide to correct grip and stance for a straight, powerful swing. Transparent acetate, can be easily attached or removed. Set of 8 (for every club but putter), \$1.98 ppd. Alexander, Dept. MF, 140 Marbledale, Tuckahoe, N.Y.



STAMP COLLECTORS will want to own this exciting collection of 19 scarce U.S. commemorative stamps featuring ships. You get stamps showing first ship built in U.S., Hendrik Hudson's "Half Moon," first steamer to cross Atlantic, etc. 10¢ ppd. Garcelon Stamp Co., Dept. SSC, Calais, Maine.



PLAY 1963 big league baseball games—pitch, hit, field, run and manage. It's easy to play real thrilling, exciting baseball with Strat-O-Matic. 400 big league players perform according to their actual abilities and your managerial decisions. For free samples and information write: Strat-O-Matic Game Co., Dept. MF, Box 715, Great Neck, N.Y.



WIDE WIDTH CASUALS for men are this company's specialty. They offer a full line of casual, dress or work shoes in widths from E to EEEEE. Blue canvas casual above has cork and rubber sole, sizes 5-13 in full EEE width, at \$6.45 ppd. For free catalog write Hitchcock Shoes, Hingham E-31, Mass.



MONEY IN YOUR POCKET can be worth a lot more than its face value. What people don't realize is that coins do not have to be old to be valuable. Thousands of dollars have been paid for coins as recent as 1940 to 1956. For example, certain nickels issued prior to 1945 are worth \$6,000, certain dimes prior to 1946, \$5,000 etc. Be careful not to spend pocket change that may be worth more. The illustrated 1804 Silver dollar is worth \$9,985.50 and there are nearly 19,000 of them unaccounted for. Is one yours? Catalog lists prices paid for all U. S. coins. \$1 ppd. Best Values Co., Coin Dept. A330, 285 Market St., Newark, N. J.

Check the Kind of Body You Want

... and I'll Show You How EASILY You Can Have It!

Just tell me in coupon below the kind of body you want—and I'll give it to you SO FAST your friends will be amazed! "Dynamic Tension," my easy 15-minutes-a-day method, will make your chest and shoulders bulge... your arms and legs surge with power... your whole body feel "alive!"

FREE BOOK Learn how "Dynamic Tension" made me "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"—and how I can change YOU. Mail coupon: **CHARLES ATLAS**, Dept. 2678, 115 East 23rd St., New York City 10, N.Y.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 2678
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.

Dear Charles Atlas: Here's the kind of body I want:
(Check as many as you like)

<input type="checkbox"/> More Weight—Solid—in The Right Places	<input type="checkbox"/> Powerful Arms, Legs, Grip
<input type="checkbox"/> Broader Chest, Shoulders	<input type="checkbox"/> Slimmer Waist, Hips
<input type="checkbox"/> Better Sleep, More Energy	

Send me absolutely FREE a copy of your famous book showing how "Dynamic Tension" can make me a new man—32 pages crammed with photographs, answers to vital questions, and valuable advice. No obligation.

NAME.....AGE.....
(Please Print or Write Plainly)

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....ZONE.....STATE.....
In England mail to: Charles Atlas, Chitty St., London, W. 1.

WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

Then Advertise Your Product in the SHOPPERS GUIDE.

It's Your Chance To Get Big Sales.

For Full Information Write:

SHOPPERS GUIDE
Room 2905, 122 E. 42nd St., N. Y. C.

EARN MORE MONEY!

FULL OR PART TIME!

No experience necessary, no investment, daily cash commission. Big steady earnings, repeat business. Be a direct representative of the world's largest exclusive manufacturer of advertising Book Matches. Every business a prospect for new Teenagers, Glamour Girls, Hillbillies, safety series and dozens of other styles. All sizes, 20, 30, 40 stick matches. New FREE Master Sales Kit makes selling easy. WRITE TODAY for full details.

SUPERIOR MATCH CO.

DEPT. X-863 7530 S. GREENWOOD, CHICAGO 19



BARBELLS

100 POUND SET \$12.80

Extra Plates Only 12c Pound

140-Pound, CHROME DELUXE Barbell-Dumbbell set only \$19.80. This is our feature set and is the finest ever manufactured. Training with adjustable weight is the BEST way to keep fit; the ONLY way to develop great strength and a perfect body. It is amazing to see how fast the use of barbells in High Schools and Colleges is spreading—not only for body building but as training for other sports. The modern coach has his men use barbells—ask your coach about this. At home, a Barbell Set is the only means of getting a really good workout in a small amount of space. Get the best barbells at prices no other company can equal.

BUR is the oldest and best equipped Barbell Company. No other company has as much capital invested in barbell manufacturing equipment.

SEND FOR FREE CATALOG
BUR BARBELL CO.
Lyndhurst 3, New Jersey

TIME OUT

WITH THE EDITORS

STEVE GELMAN
Managing Editor

FRED KATZ
Associate Editor

AL SILVERMAN
Editor

BERRY STAINBACK
Assistant Managing Editor

JIM BENAGH
Associate Editor

ON PRO BASKETBALL'S CHANGES

TWO EVENTS of significance occurred recently in professional basketball, and both of them are bound to have important implications. In one, Maurice Podoloff, commissioner of the National Basketball Association since its founding in 1949, stepped down in favor of Walter Kennedy. In the other, the Syracuse Nationals' franchise goes to Philadelphia, thus leaving Green Bay as the last of the small big-league sports cities.

First of all, we wish Maurice Podoloff well. Over the years, this magazine has had its disagreements with Commissioner Podoloff. We were unhappy with some of his policies, we remain dissatisfied with certain basic aspects of NBA basketball. But during Podoloff's reign, professional basketball made giant strides, hardened into the kind of permanence that belongs today to professional baseball, football and hockey.

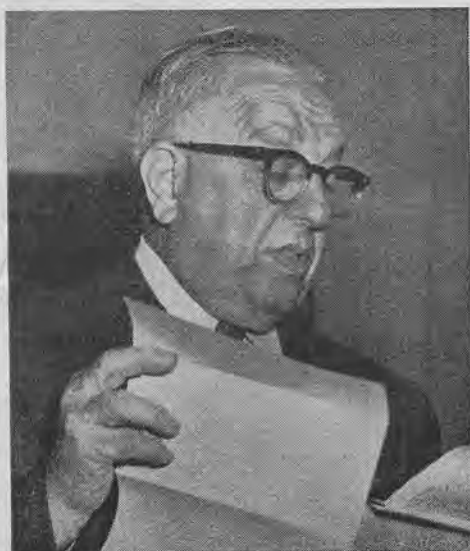
As we wish Maurice Podoloff well, so do we wish Walter Kennedy the best of luck. The challenge ahead of him is enormous. Despite its solid status, the NBA faces major difficulties. Some franchises are in financial trouble. The reasons are easy to see. One is an imbalance in competition—too many have-nots, not enough haves. The NBA lost a lucrative national television contract for this reason. Another is the overstuffed schedule, followed by an equally overstuffed, and almost meaningless set of playoffs. Walter Kennedy will have to address himself immediately to these problems. We believe he will. He is young (49) and energetic. He knows basketball, he loves basketball. The one thing he must do first, though, is to assert his authority over the NBA club-owners. We have always believed that NBA basketball needed a strong commissioner, a Judge Landis type, one who would base his decisions on the long-range needs of the *league*, not on the short-range needs

of the club-owners. Walter Kennedy says, "If I hadn't been given a free hand, I certainly wouldn't have taken the job." If Walter Kennedy is allowed to use that free hand, then the game can enter a golden era.

What about the NBA moving out of Syracuse after 17 years? "It's enough to make you cry," said John Kerr, the Nats' veteran center. And so it is, but it is also a move dictated by logic. No longer can a small city adequately support a big-time sports operation. Costs are too high. The Syracuse arena was simply too small to insure the success of big-time basketball in the 1960s and don't tell us about Green Bay. That is a very special case. And the Packers only play four of their seven home games in Green Bay; the other three are played in big-city Milwaukee. Syracuse had to play 28 games at home.

So the NBA should be strengthened by the Syracuse move to Philadelphia, but that doesn't mean we can't shed a tear or two for the old order. There was a wonderful homespun quality about big-time basketball succeeding in small-town locale. Remember Tri-Cities and Providence and Sheboygan and Fort Wayne and Rochester? Wasn't it something for the mayor of Syracuse to say, "I always arranged my schedule around the Nats' schedule." Wasn't it something to watch the Nats' president, Danny Biasone, sit on his bench and chew out the referees, or whoop it up with his boys in the dressing room after the game or, when it got rough financially, sell bonds to the public?

We support progress and the NBA's latest changes spell progress, but we'll miss the little, round, cigar-smoking Commissioner, and we'll miss Syracuse. As the wife of Syracuse star Dolph Schayes said when she heard the news: "I'm in mourning." We are a little, too.



Ex-NBA commissioner Maurice Podoloff, at left, and ex-Syracuse Nationals' star forward Dolph Schayes, at right.

MAN SIZE!



MENNEN *SPEED STICK*®

**stops perspiration odor so effectively
it actually keeps skin odor-resistant!**

Speed Stick—*the* deodorant for Men! Really helps stop odor! One clean dry stroke lasts all day—so man-size it protects almost 3 times the area of a narrow roll-on track. No messy drip, no tackiness. Never cracks or crumbles, won't stain or irritate. Fast! Neat! Businesslike! Get the wide-oval deodorant for men...Mennen Speed Stick.



All it takes is one clean stroke daily!

Mennen Speed Stick also available in Canada

CAMEL

EVERY INCH A REAL SMOKE !

There's no cigarette like a Camel. Its taste is distinctive. Alert. All there. You'll find Camel's got swagger—yet it's smooth. Get the clean-cut taste of rich tobaccos. Get with Camel. Every inch a real smoke ...comfortably smooth, too!

GARY GOULD—

Skilled water sportsman...
deep-sea fisherman...
Camel smoker!

The best
tobacco
makes the
best smoke

